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FEBRUARY, 1941

WINTER TRAVEL ISSUE

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

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THE OLD WINE MASTER SAYS:

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Select the LEGEND Wine you like best — and
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SUPERB!**

**COCKTAIL AND
DESSERT WINES***

Sherry • Port
Muscatel
Dry Sherry
White Port
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Sauterne
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*Alcoholic Content
20% by Volume



you most, and enjoy it whenever and wherever you like. No expert knows *your* taste as well as you do!

Whatever wine glasses you have are



"correct", too. No need to have a cabinetful of fancy glassware just to satisfy out-dated traditions or habits.

Copy. 1941, Golan Wines, Inc., Los Angeles, Cal.

**THE WINE YOU
ENJOY IS
ALWAYS "CORRECT"**



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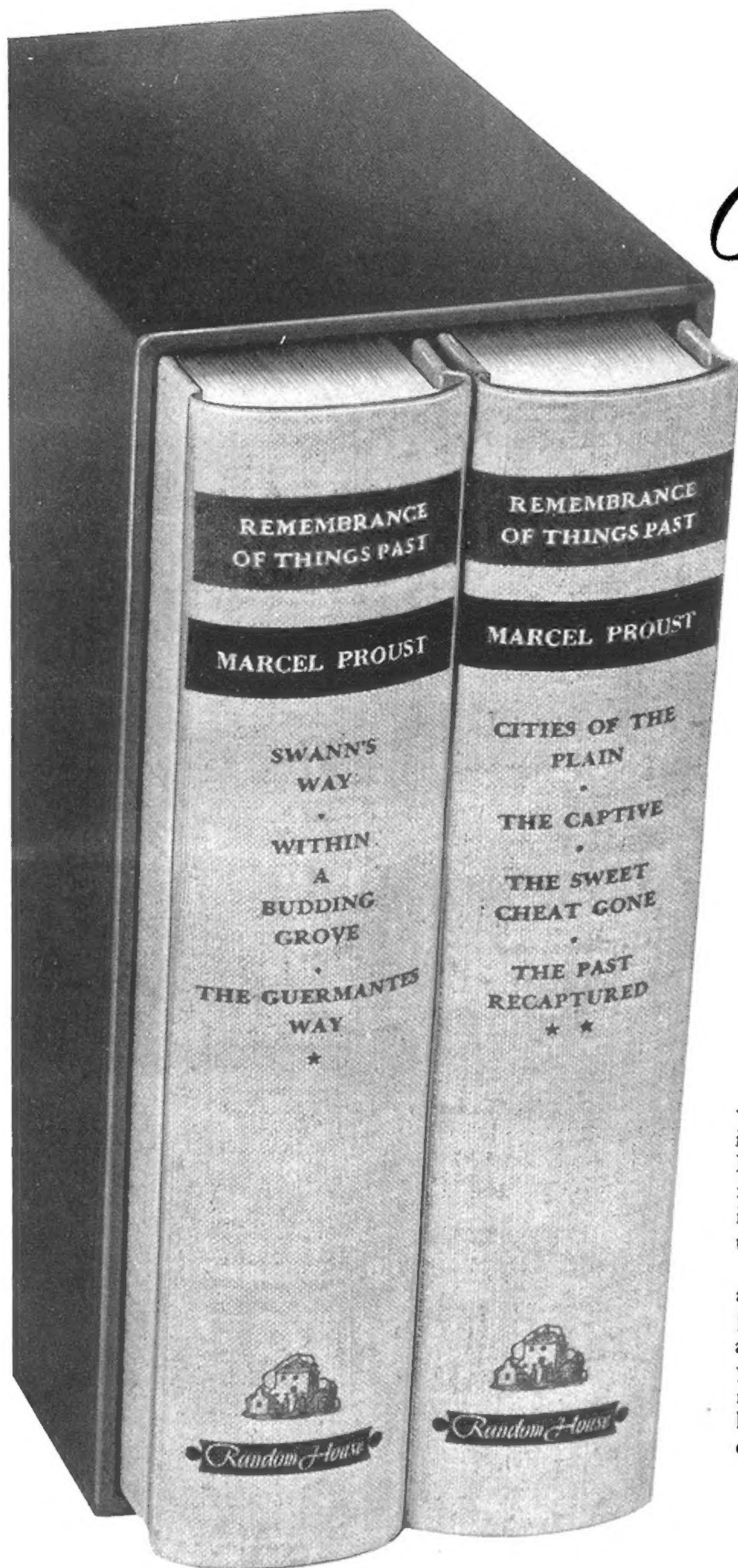
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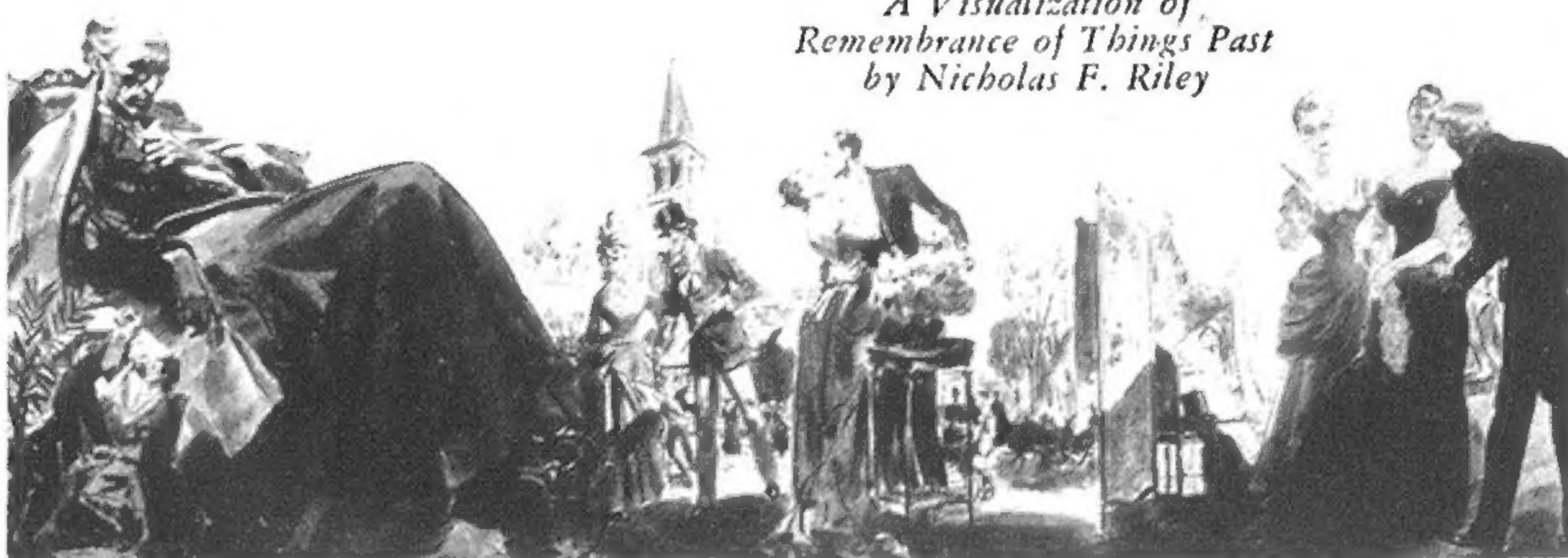
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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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EDITORIAL: Of the changes that the new day will bring

As Phil Stack's obbligatoro to this month's Varga drawing shows, this issue went to press just after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor.

As this page is written the Axis war on us is just a week old. Our war on the Axis has hardly begun. As America's war effort gets under way, the changes in this magazine may be many and startling. We can hardly tell, now, what they may be. But something of that inevitability of future change, in adaptation to the impact of impending events then sensed if not actually foreseen, was in our mind when only two months ago we used this space to bid hail and farewell to our December issue as perhaps the "last of its kind," at least for a long time to come.

And just last month, in discussing contemplated changes in this magazine for the year 1942, we prepared the way for a probable change in paper, due to the fact that even then, before Defense had come to mean War, we were faced with the necessity of confining our use of coated paper to the same amount we used last year. (Even before the recent thumping rise in circulation at which we again "record astonishment" on this page, Esquire's was the largest single order for coated paper in the world—and coated paper contains ingredients that are essential to the war effort!)

Now, it almost goes without saying, the metallic ink on our front cover will have to come off as soon as our present stock of it has been used.

Yet these things are so trivial, when placed in perspective against the horrendous importance of the totalitarian job which our democracy has now had forced upon it, that we are almost ashamed to dwell upon them.

We cite them, then, only in passing and by way of preamble to an explanation of the fact that *Esquire* was already in a process of retooling, editorially, of a kind calculated to enhance its utility in a time of increasing national tension, when the war broke out. That the war might later have added the whip of necessity to the changing of our pattern that had already been started by the spur of our own wishes is, of course, purely coincidental.

Esquire's role in wartime is perfectly clear. Its function has been put to the test by the British armed forces over the past two years.

This magazine's primary job is to purvey diversion, not as an escape but as a tonic. Hence its value as a morale factor to the soldier or sailor is as obvious as that of, say, a carton of cigarettes. At least, that is how it has often been appraised by British officers. When the European phase of this war began, the English at first stopped the importation of *Esquire* into England as a "non-essential." They quickly revised that opinion, and reversed that decision, in view of the resultant clamor from their fighting forces.

The temptation exists, just because the war with the Axis has at last become open and avowed, to dig back in the files and reprint now, in this space, some of the things we've said here, about Hitler and Mussolini, over the years. We admit to a certain pride in having recognized the Axis as America's enemy, and having said so frequently and frankly, for several years before the Axis wished to be so recognized. We are proud that it is over four years since this magazine was banned from all three of the Axis nations, and almost three years since we first saw, in print, the inevitability of the fact that beating Hitler would ultimately be up to Uncle Sam. And we are very proud that one of our editorials got us elected to Himmler's black list a full four years before that list was enlarged to include all 132,000,000 of us Americans.

But such satisfactions are pretty juvenile, after all. No adult American can now decently claim any special status as an enemy of the

...the
...press run in our
... We record astonishment that the maga-
zine's circulation is over four hundred thousand ...
(March, 1936)

Axis. Since Wednesday, December 10th, that is an honor we all share equally.

That it happened to be Hirohito, the hind end of the Axis horse, who kicked the U. S. first, rather than waiting, as might have been expected, for the other end to bite us, is a happenstance that affects only the beginning of the fight. The outcome must still be the same. And whether Hirohito, the heel, is hurt first, or whether Mussolini, the evil beast's malodorous mouth, is silenced soon or late, doesn't matter much. It is Hitler, its malignant heart, that must be stopped. When that happens, the Axis horse will die all over. But not until then. And until then, actions should enjoy priority over

BULLETIN -- DEC 5, 1941 - WE MAY NOW RECORD
ASTONISHMENT THAT THE CIRCULATION OF ESQUIRE
HAS NOW -- FOR THE FIRST TIME -- PASSED
THREE-QUARTERS OF A MILLION

all words. Or almost all. All but these five:
Buy Defense Bonds and Stamps.

* * *

Resisting the temptation to look back, let's look forward instead. This month, as you see in looking through this issue, and as we told you last month, *Esquire* begins the addition of four extra color inserts in each issue. But that's only the beginning of the change that is in the making. Next month, while the newly added color inserts will again be featured, the magazine's pictorial elements will again be enhanced.

The change is in the direction of increased smileage. We are enlarging the smileage content, spreading it out at the same time, from the front of the book clear through to the end. And we are varying its nature, and broadening it, while increasing its importance as an element of our editorial content as a whole.

There will be more cartoons than ever, but in addition there will be other new smileage integers as well. There will be more textual humor, along with the visual type.

In the process there will be some, relatively little but some, reduction of the actual total of text matter. The magazine will still merit the old slogan, "All you can read for fifty cents." But the actual word count, the yardage (or maybe we should say the mileage) of straightaway reading matter, will be somewhat reduced. But the increase in smileage should more than make up for the relatively slight reduction in "mileage."

All this is in line with both the temper and the tempo of the times. As we once said in this space some years back, when the seriousness of the situation deepens, the need for laughter grows. And beginning next month, the magazine as a whole will be more tightly smileage-packed than ever. It will be easier to enjoy. Without appreciably decreasing its reading time, its looking time will be greatly increased. And its laughing time, we hope, will be upped by half.

Meanwhile, of course, we hope you enjoy this month's issue, with its added pictorial dividend. But next month's is the one we'd really hate to have you miss.

In the meantime -- Buy Defense Bonds and Stamps.

We record astonishment that the magazine's circulation is almost three hundred thousand. . . .
(December, 1935)

We record astonishment that the magazine's circulation is almost three hundred thousand. . . .



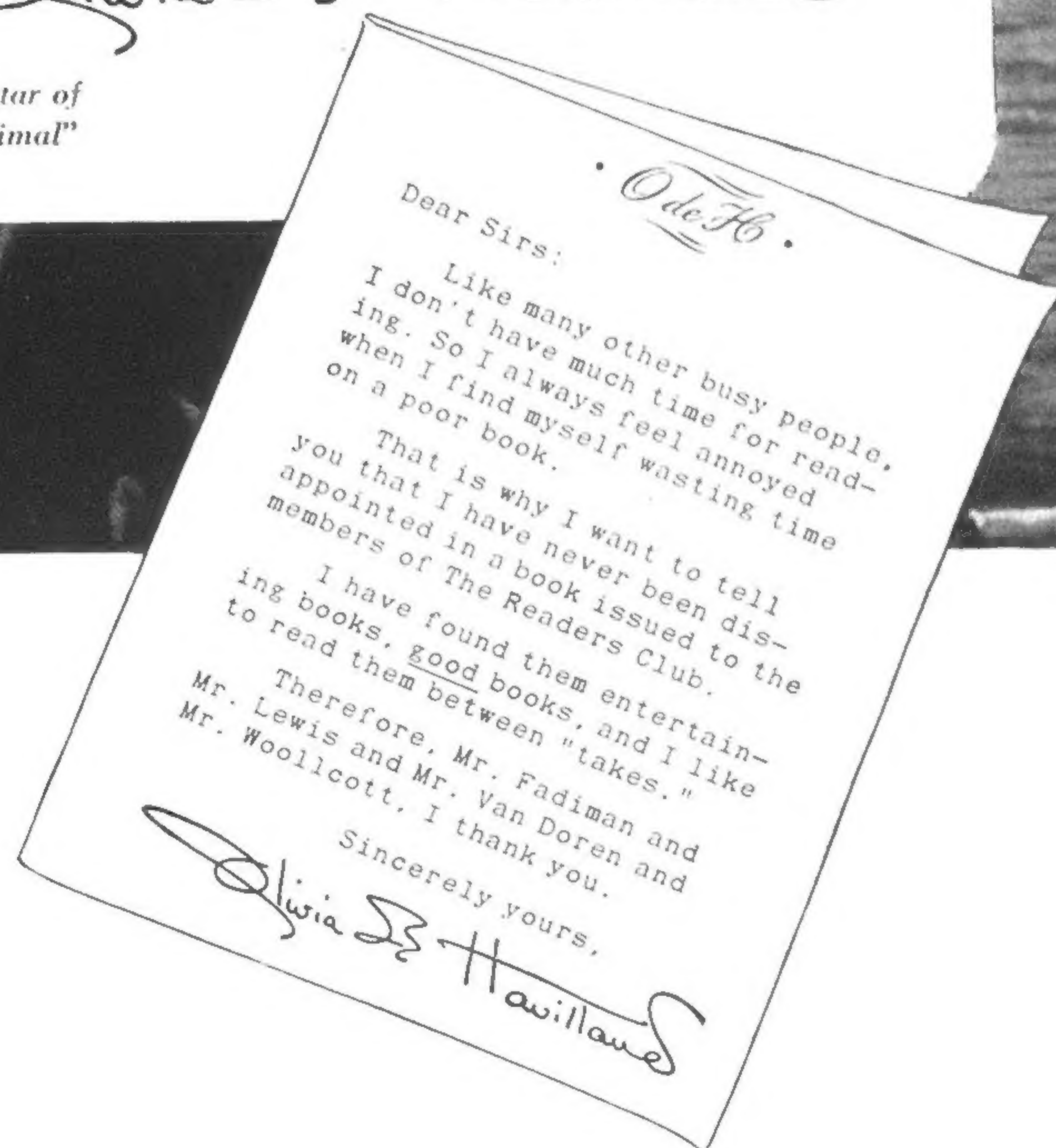
"Mr. Clifton Fadiman,
Mr. Sinclair Lewis,
Mr. Carl Van Doren,
Mr. Alexander Woollcott,
I thank you."

Olivia de Havilland

Warner Bros. star of
"The Male Animal"

Like Olivia de Havilland, YOU can now obtain the entertaining books, the good books selected by these four famous men-of-books—and for only

\$1



WELL! THIS IS certainly topsyturvy! Here is a fan letter which is written, not to the beautiful Olivia de Havilland, who gets them by the million; but by the beautiful Olivia de Havilland, and she doesn't write them often!

It is written to four men.

These four men are famous men-of-books. They are the four men who have just organized The Readers Club.

Of course, you know who they are:

CLIFTON FADIMAN

Famed interlocutor of "Information, Please!" and Literary Editor of *The New Yorker*.



SINCLAIR LEWIS

Winner of the Nobel Prize, author of such great books as *Main Street* and *Babbitt*.



CARL VAN DOREN

Editor and winner of the Pulitzer Prize for his best-selling *Benjamin Franklin*.



ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

The man who gave radio its first literate broadcast: wit, raconteur, and critic.



which you never heard about. Often, the book is just a good book. Sometimes, the book is a great book; there is a lift of the heart, when one comes into contact with greatness, which these men know, which you know.

Yet, by some accident, these books often fail to come to your attention. Who knows why? Their publishers may not have given them sufficient advertising or publicity. They may have been published at times when the reading public was buried in some 1,000-page book like *Gone With the Wind*. They may have been published at times when the newspaper headlines prevented anybody from caring about any books.

Here are a few examples!

WHEN *Moby Dick* was first published, nobody paid any attention to it. Seventy years after its first publication, critics like Carl Van Doren began to write in its praise. Although *Of Human Bondage* is now considered one of our great classics, it lived in a state of oblivion for twenty years after it was first published. *Lost Horizon* was published amid utter silence, until Alexander Woollcott "town-cried" about the book on the radio.

It has happened before, it is happening now: good books (sometimes great books!) fail to come to your attention. Yet you would enjoy reading them.

How can you hear about them?

NOW you can hear about them by joining The Readers Club. Now, each month these four men select a new title for republication by the Club.

Each month they will tell you about this book; they will send you a copy of the Club's monthly magazine, in which the book is described. If it seems to you

that they are right, that you will enjoy having this book, you will receive it during the coming month. If it seems to you that they are wrong, that you won't enjoy it, you have only to say that you don't want it.

But the book is *guaranteed*! Even after the book reaches you, if you find it does not please you, you may return it. And you do not even have to take a specified number of books! That's a scheme you can't help but admire; they take the risk; as for you, you can't lose!

Beautiful books for \$1

JUST because these books cost only \$1, please don't think of them as cheap reprints. They are full-sized books, and

not pocket editions. Each is designed by one of America's most famous designers of books. Each is set up in new type and printed from new plates on good paper and staunchly bound in cloth.

All of this is made possible because so many people have joined The Readers Club already: far more than 100,000!

You would be wise indeed, to send in the coupon so that these four famous men may have your name and address. It is likely, then, that you will find yourself reading better books than you ever read before, enjoying the reading of books more than you ever did before; and all for one dollar a book! You may even feel impelled to send the four men a fan letter—just as Olivia de Havilland did in the letter printed above!

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

THE READERS CLUB, 41 EAST 57 STREET, NEW YORK:

Please enroll me as a member. It is understood that you will publish for the members one book each month, selected for publication by the Committee consisting of Clifton Fadiman, Sinclair Lewis, Alexander Woollcott, and Carl Van Doren. You will send each book to me for one dollar, plus a few cents for wrapping and postage. You will also send me a copy of the Club's monthly magazine, in which I will find a description of the forthcoming month's publication; I may then send you word to refrain from sending the book to me, or may even return the book to you within five days after receiving it.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

ON THE ALERT AT SLEEPYTIME

I am a member of the fair sex—the side which is not supposed “to wear the pants.” Despite this obvious lack in my get-up (being feminine, not the pants) I enjoyed (past tense for reasons forthwith) Esquire very much—so much that I never looked at a new copy until I felt just right to digest it properly. Thus I was neither in a funk nor was I high strung; I was then able to cope with the “more savage” aspects of your mag. Present tense: this so-called man’s mag. is assumedly “hot, rip rarin’ and ready” at all times. Bah! (Registers deep disgust.) Your modern issue is as tame as the Kiddies’ Kute and Kuddlesome Kurl-up Kutouts Book.

O. K. Esky—my pet peeve: let’s have more “raw meat” stories. Throw a little red blood, pep and vitamins our way. I chanced upon a several year old issue recently and read three or four stories. A couple of them were risque enough to be interesting. One was positively a cure for lack of energy, run down feeling, bashfulness and no interest in the opposite sex. Imagine! I kinda got myself in quite a quandary when I read it. Gadzooks! Where’s my self control?

So how about it? Usually the man about town (Of which Esq. is a fading member) likes his likker smooth, his women smooth and hot, ditto his reading. Are you gonna assert your maleness or are you gonna let us females wear the pants?—whup! Sorry. Do us red-blooded gals have to take over and tell you what your constituents want? (Bet a dollar you won’t print this—you’ve become so high minded.)

Sleepy time gal,
Chillicothe, Ohio ANNABELLE LEE

ADD MSS. FOUND IN A BOTTLE

This is the first time I have ever written myself a fan letter, and I wish to say that Lawton Mackall, Esquire’s lion of the libation department, is responsible. I have not had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Mackall, yet he has had an enormous influence not only on my character, but on the characters in the stories which I have written for Esquire, namely Uncle Jeff Coongate, the one-eyed poacher, and his friend in crime, Zack Bourne.

Since I began following Mr. Mackall’s drinking instructions, it seems that Jeff Coongate, Zack Bourne, and I, have all had a lot more fun out of life. A mere casual reading of a Mackall Tom Collins recipe caused me to quit work early one hot day and venture at an unseemly hour into Uncle Dick Rahar’s Inn, a local refuge from storms real and imaginary. Everyone looked at me with scorn and I was accused of shirking my work. The accusation was false. After the fourth Tom Collins, I was working—mentally, that is—on a Jeff Coongate story which later appeared in Esquire under the title *Breath in the Afternoon*.

“Though I haven’t even seen so much as a picture of Mr. Mackall, I feel that we are collaborators, and at times we carry on conversations of a most pleasant nature.

“Mack,” I once said, “what’s your dope for a cold weather drink?”

“You can do wonders with rum Ed,” Mack replied, and straightway limned a drink, which Louis Duffy, one of Uncle Dick Rahar’s geniuses, mixed up for me. After only two of Mack’s concoctions, I fell to wondering how they might affect Uncle Jeff



Coongate and Zack. The story which resulted in Esquire was titled *The One-Eyed Poacher’s Paradise*.

Last summer, on a northwoods trip, Mack and I got together again. We were forty miles from the nearest liquor store, and in a cabin I met Mack in an old Esquire.

“It’s a shame,” I told Mack, in fancy, “for you to be telling me about these swell drinks, and four lakes full of nothing but water between us and the nearest power house.”

“There’s a story in it, Ed,” Mack seemed to reply. “Why don’t you make Zack Bourne go on the wagon, and—?”

“Zack wouldn’t do such a thing, Mack. You know he wouldn’t.”

“True,” said Mack, “but his wife, Sarah, might make him promise.”

“Okay. Then what?”

“Well, Uncle Jeff gets indignant. He feels it’s an outrage for Zack to take the veil, even if Sarah made him. So the story is how Uncle Jeff proves to Sarah that drinking is a noble institution, necessary to life.”

The upshot of Mack’s suggestion is *Uncle Jeff Coongate’s Trump Card*, which went off recently to Esquire’s editor. At this writing, I do not know if the editor received the story with open arms or brickbats, but in any case, it ought to be signed Mackall & Ware.

Respectfully yours,
Northampton, Mass. EDMUND WARE

FRESH PROOF THAT ESQ GETS AROUND

I wish to thank you for publishing my letter; it has been a big help toward increasing our members. At one time, I thought the Esquire was for men only, but after finding more than a hundred letters each day in the mail, I have begun to wonder.

I received so many letters that I am not positive that every girl received an answer, so if any were neglected would you mind telling them to drop another line? Please emphasize that I have run out of tall men. The army builds men, but it doesn’t make them all six feet tall, handsome, non-drinkers, religious and kind to dumb animals.

That is exactly what one girl asked for. I wrote her a card and told her superman was ten cents a copy. I put her letter on the bulletin board and the next day it was gone. Two weeks later, I heard from her and she said, “I got a superman, so why devastate ten cents?” All well and good, but please tell them it is impossible to find 608 of them, for that is the number asked for to date. Even if the girl is small, her choice seems to cater for the taller men.

Also, please tell them it is impossible for me to answer each letter. I am writing to 171, and that keeps me quite busy. Thanking you again, I remain, your friend “south of the border.”

Sincerely,
STAFF SERGEANT GEORGE RUSSELL
N.C.O. in charge of Recreation
6th Bomb. Group Recreation Center
Office of the Recreation Officer
France Field, Canal Zone.

ECHO OF A SENTIMENT

The editorial, *Hail and Farewell* in your December issue, doubtless has already brought considerable comment. This letter is one more reaction to a most interesting and significant page of contemporary literature. While the choice of the unforgettable *Lost Halo* is not to be trifled with, it is the Editorial page of this issue that rings truest to our thoughts this season.

Very truly yours,
McMinnville, Ore. B. H. CARLETON

TABLE OF A FOX AND A HERRING

Mr. William Scott Stewart’s article in the November issue of Esquire is an excellent example of smart writing without substance. To anyone with more than a superficial acquaintance with lie detectors his charges and comments show an astonishing lack of information, downright ignorance and intellectual dishonesty.

Mr. Leonard Keeler, Chicago’s best known operator of polygraphs, more than 10 years ago wrote an article for *Journal of Criminal Law and Criminology* entitled “*Debunking the Lie Detector*” and now Mr. Stewart leads off by calling lie detectors the bunk! They no more detect lies than a physician’s thermometer detects pneumonia. Mr. Stewart’s charge is a red-herring—and he knows it!

The prize boner comes in the middle of the article when the Nixon-McCall case is being reviewed. “Physicians later discovered that he had a low emotional center at the base of his brain” (page 158, column 3). Ask Mr. Stewart what quack doctor told him that. The statement is ridiculous first, because brain specialists are disagreed as to whether there is a single center for emotions, second, because a brain operation would be necessary to determine its position, and third, there is no reason to think that a displacement of the center (if it exists) would affect the emotions.

My only interest in this controversy is in presenting polygraph records in their true light. Mr. Stewart seems to have viewed them as a racket. From my own knowledge derived from several years experimentation with existing devices and new ones now in the developmental stages they are far more accurate in getting at the truth of an issue than third-degree methods or the dramatic farces staged by criminal lawyers in court. By implication Mr. Stewart sanctions the continuation of third-degree methods in preference to the use of polygraphs that are only useful in cases where the suspect gives his permission. Actually, of course, the polygraph is the best weapon for combating the third degree.

In advising the innocent as well as the guilty to confuse the operator of a polygraph Mr. Stewart lives up to his reputation of being the “Fox.” Leave it to a lawyer to do his best to make the law difficult to administer.

Hamilton, N. Y. F. K. BERRIEN

THE SYSTEM UNDER FIRE

In case you missed the inevitable fallacy of “*All This and Seven, Too*,” or gave up in justified disgust before reading that far, here it is brother: “Saroyan declares that only by watching thousands and thousands of rolls of the dice did he determine that the 8th roll to bring up a Field number after 7 successive misses is as sound as the Bank of England...”

Stripped of its complicated padding and its surface aroma of philanthropic mysticism, the entire article reveals its phony aspects in this one sentence. The odds are admittedly 19 to 17 against you on each bet, yet this statement dogmatically implies that for some occult reason existing only in the befuddled brain of an unnamed and Yehudi-like character, this disadvantage will not only be overcome, but that a profit will be made, simply by making your bet at an auspicious moment. I need waste no words disproving this grotesque statement. The proof, if needed, can be



found in ‘mutually exclusive events’ which is one portion of the chapter on ‘probability’ in any advanced book of algebra.

Mr. Foundling, the author, like the astrologers and clairvoyants, left himself an out. He stated at great length, and on premises as weird as those in the above-quoted sentence, that should you lose playing his ‘system’ it is only because the game is crooked.

If you still insist upon playing, come see me and bring your own dice. (Which I will put through all the tests because I don’t trust you either.)

Or would you be interested in my perpetual motion machine?
Washington, D. C. JOHN E. WORDEN

THE VARGA GIRL OF RENSSELAER CAMPUS

Enclosed is a photograph of the cup given the winner of the beauty queen contest at our Inter-Fraternity Ball here at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. As you know your art staff very kindly acted as judges for this event, awarding first place to Miss Dorothea M. Bruning of Elizabeth, N. J., whose portrait as made by your Mr. Varga is shown alongside the cup.



As chairman of the committee, let me express the thanks of the whole school for your part in making this event an outstanding success.
Troy, N. Y. G. J. MCTIGUE

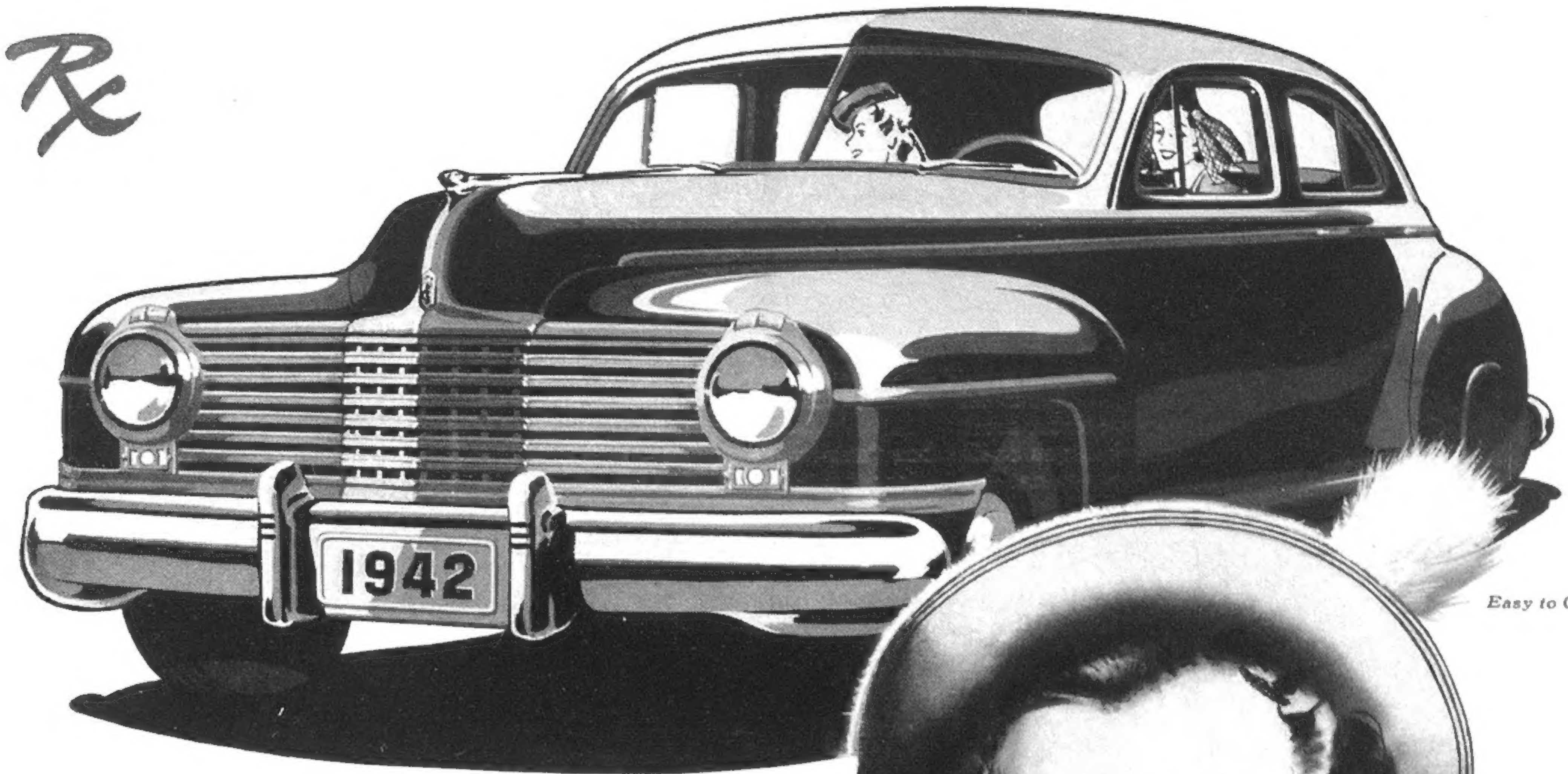
THE AMEN CORNER

The extraordinary article appearing in Esquire (current issue) entitled *How to Beat the Lie Detector* by a distinguished Chicago lawyer, Mr. William Scott Stewart, is a revelation in its stark and naked exposition of the lengths, phony, hill-billy, intelligentsia, will go in the attempt to inoculate our system of true and tried juries’ prudence with mechanical devices to substitute the status of juries.

As a specific example of my query is how can the operator of the “lie detector” familiarize himself with the congenital structure of the brain to determine if the subject is a normal person or (for instance) a schizophrenic personality afflicted with a paranoia and enjoying a lucid interval or period of remission during his subjective examination.

In my practice as a Chicago lawyer, for over a period of twenty years and intimately acquainted with Mr. Stewart I say he has courageously attacked a “cancer” in so brilliantly exposing the frauds perpetuated by this false machine in the name of “Justice.” In my practice I have occasion to see disproved confessions of guilt made by defendants later known to be absolutely innocent. I respectfully urge the efficacy of the lie detector is not demonstrable as a legal truth agency.
Chicago, Ill. JAY J. MCCARTHY





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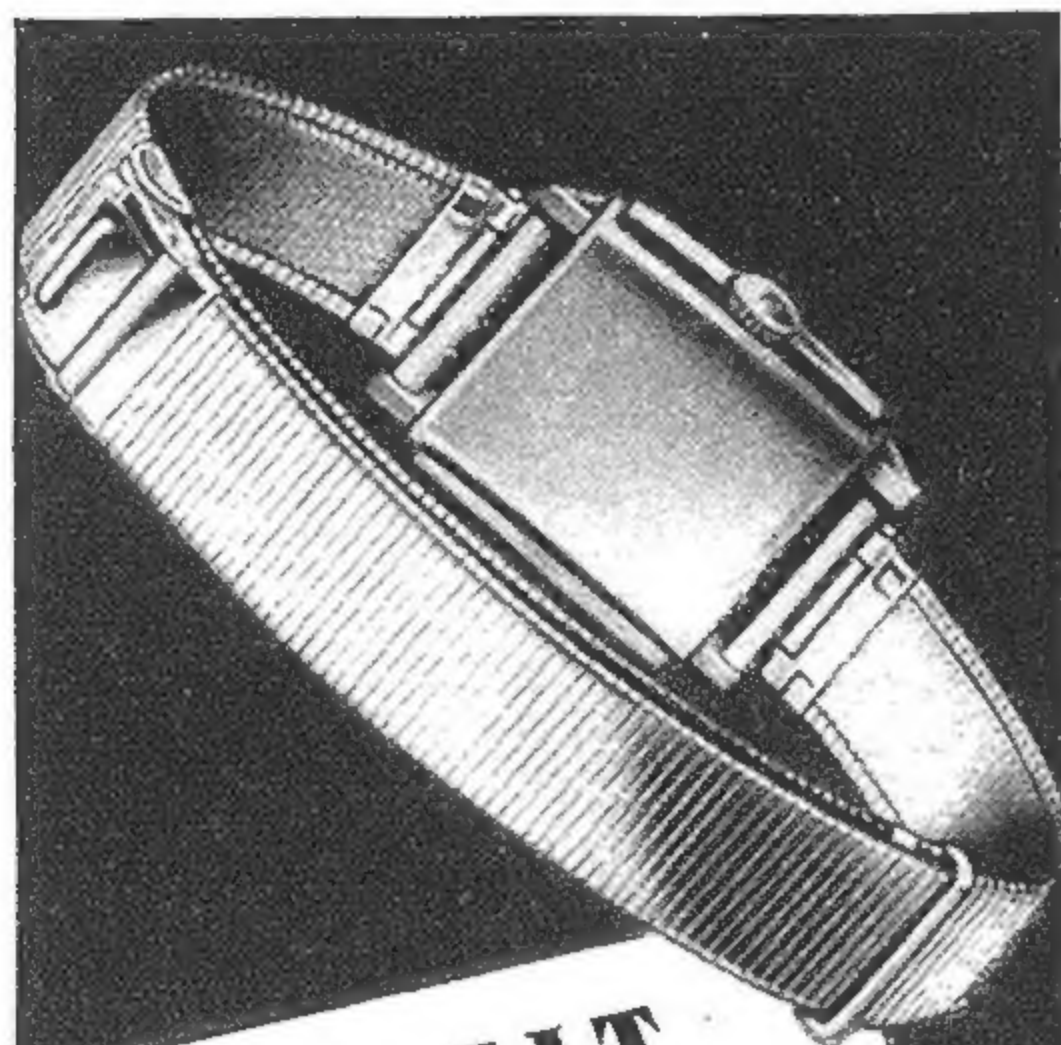
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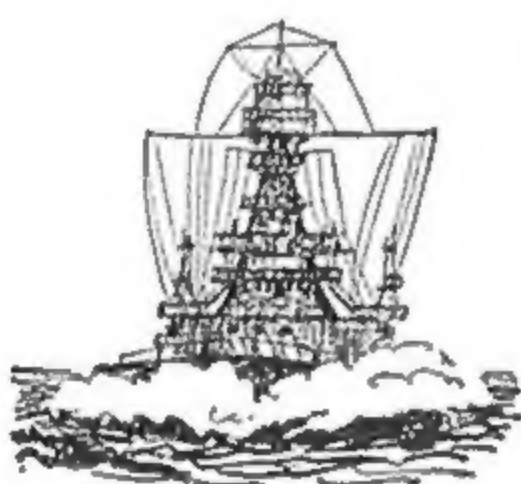
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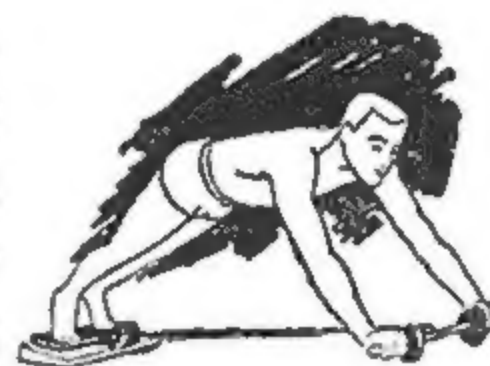
SPEAK WITH GESTURES. Not many citizens have mastered the art of anchoring a telephone against their shoulders while they light cigarettes, look in desk drawers for papers, or make notes. Yet it's handy to have both hands free while you phone. Comes aid to the party line—it's a rubber harness, one end of which snaps over the handle of the phone, the other being grooved to fit on the shoulder. It brings the phone up close to your face, so that your ear, next to the hearing end, makes it stay put.



NEVER A DULL MOMENT. The party season being on you in full swing, it behooves you to think of new diversions for your guests. If you haven't a little Elsa Maxwell in your home, you may be hard put to it to round up enough bright ideas to keep the party going—which is why some bright boys got together and shipped up a whole sheaf of party ideas for you. These include word games, drawing games, brain baffleers, action games, and forfeit suggestions. They vary in complexity to suit the temper and condition of your guests, and almost all have a unique, original twist. 53 games, 12 stunts, and 25 forfeit suggestions come neatly mimeographed on separate sheets, and there are even party recipe suggestions, illustrated in color.



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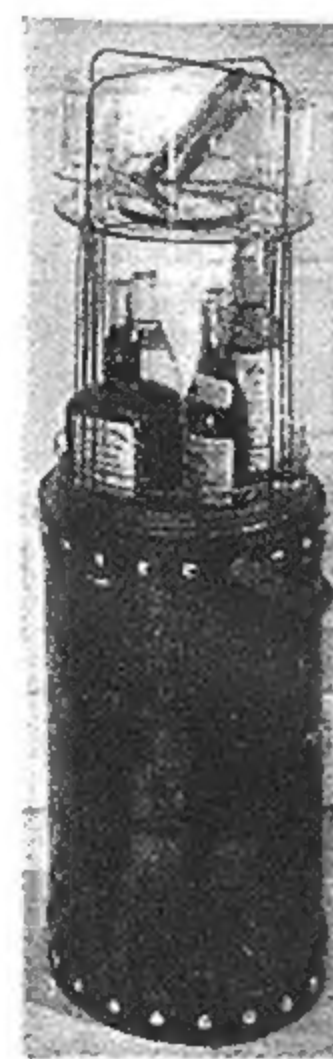
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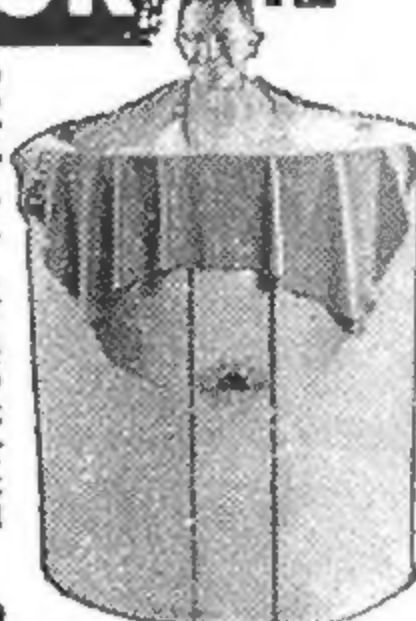
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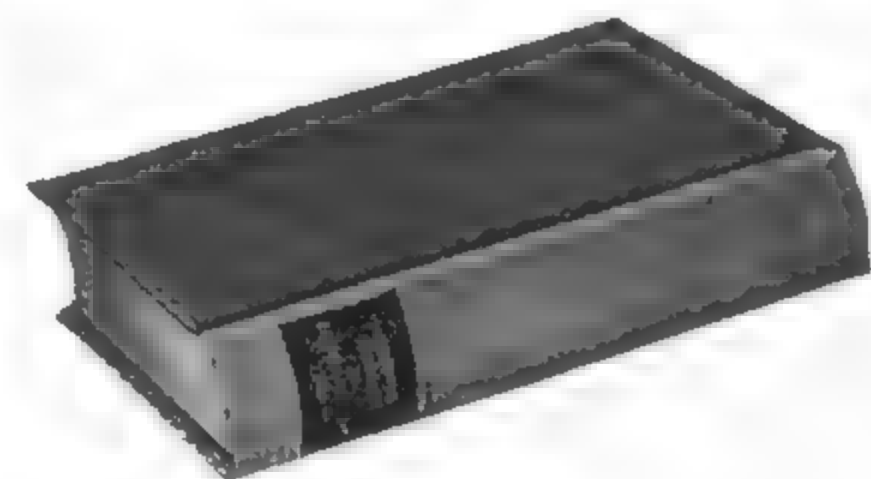
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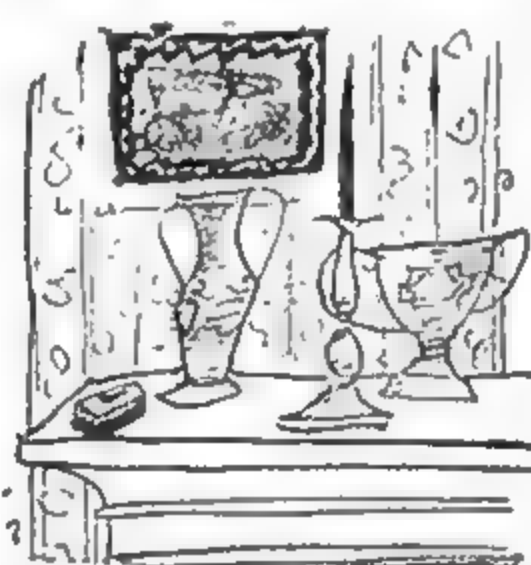
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SAVE THE EXTREMITIES . . . and you save all—at least in freezing weather. Frozen hands take all the fun out of skiing or duck hunting, or even jest set-in'. But you won't have them if you carry a "stove" in each pocket. This could be described roughly as a small metal object that looks like a perforated, oversized cigarette lighter. Fluid is poured in and lighted and the top replaced. Even heat of 120 degrees will be maintained for twenty to thirty hours. In desperate cases, if outdoor sports take you tramping cross-country in zero weather, a pair can be put in your boots to take the chill off your feet.



UPLIFT. Just when shoes that make you look taller are almost traditional as well as providential, along comes a new development to make you prick up your cauliflower ears. This enters into the field of pugilism, where psychological factors often add up to a knockout punch for somebody. Height being a psychological factor of equal importance with a lantern jaw and a nasty scowl, same can be acquired through boxing shoes especially constructed to make you five feet five inches instead of five feet three and a half, or otherwise raise the ante over what you've got. If you do most of your battling in night clubs, this obliging concern will also make patent leather boxing shoes on special order, with the same uplift feature.

BAR TIMING. We think this idea is as clever a one as we've seen for some time—a clock, of all things, set in an authentic liquor bottle. The way it's done commands as much respect as the method used to get ships in full rigging inside bottles, for the clock, its hands, numerals, and 15-jewel movement, are all attached to a strip of lucite which goes straight up through the center of the bottle. This gives the effect of the clock being suspended in the air, defying all existing laws of gravity. The bottle itself is represented by three popular brands of libations—even the label remains. It's packed in a miniature packing case. A natural, of course, for bar or recreation room.



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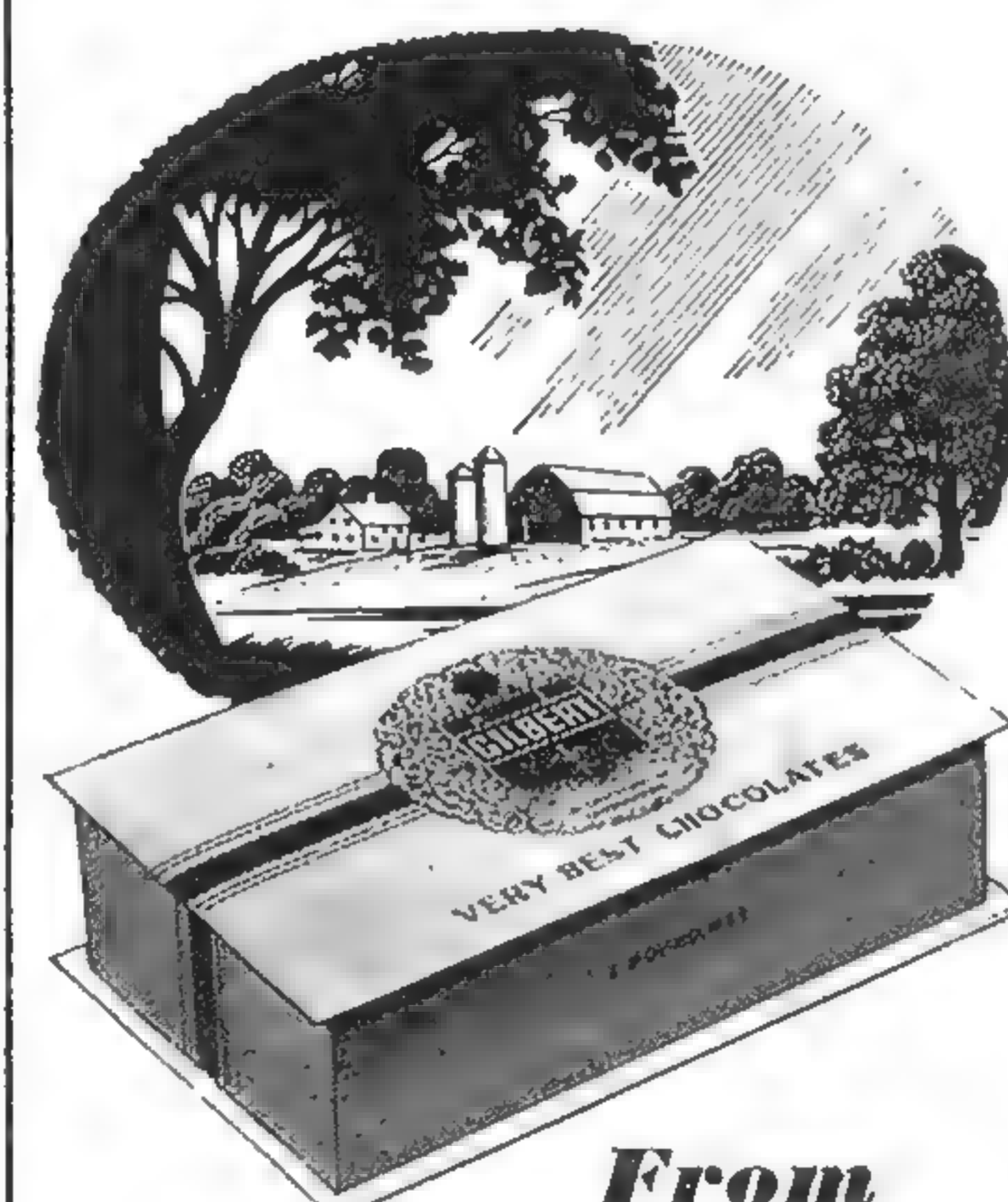
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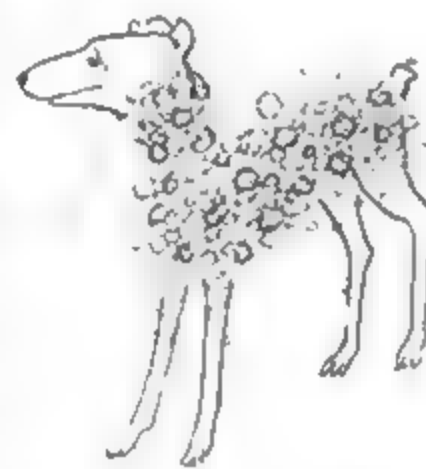


A SLIGHT CASE OF FRAMING. Nearly everyone with a print or photograph to hang knows by now about the adjustable ones that hold only the top and bottom of a picture. Made of aluminum for the most part until recently, they have been subjected to priorities like so many other products; but ill winds being what they are, these functional, inexpensive frames are now made of lucite



and also of ivory and black plastic. We are particularly smitten with the lucite ones, for they are the last word in smart unobtrusiveness. The accent is where it should be—on the picture itself. One of the best features of these frames is that pictures can be changed around quickly and easily, giving your walls the variety they are entitled to.

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FOOT FEATURE. Here's an extra convenience to help you catch the 8:22 without having to run for it. This time it's a metal, fold-up prop that attaches to the wall and lets down to form a foot support. When you want to give your shoes a matutinal once-over-lightly, you hoist your foot up on it, thereby saving your wife's best chintz slip-covers, besides making things easier for yourself. The buffer being right there all the time, there's no need to scrabble around for it in the closet. When not in use, this folding foot support stands flat and unobtrusive against the wall, wherever you want to attach it.

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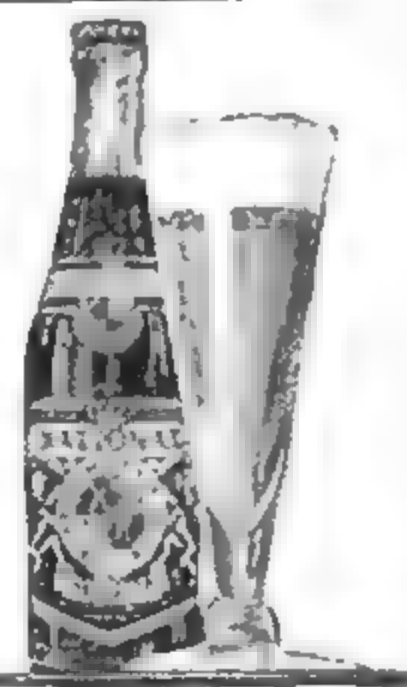
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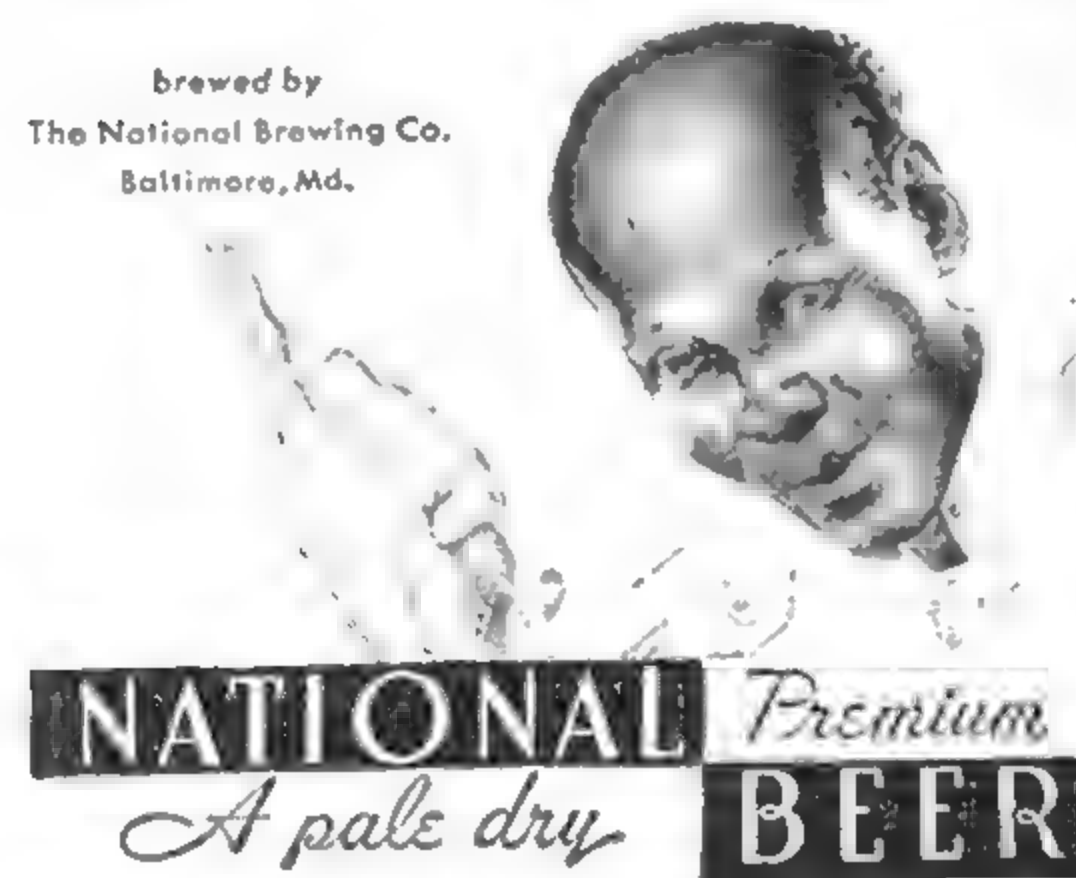
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Painting the Town with Esquire



Quite a change since the days when all a guest expected of a hotel was shelter from the elements and something reasonably assimilable to stow into his famished stomach. Today it's limitless luxury, seraphic service, and lightest whim pamperment, with music and entertainment to keep one's mood ticking. The directive shoulders that carry this multifarious mantle of responsibility have to be of



genius breadth, or else. Hence our hearty admiration for the oh-so-knowing administration of Resident Manager George Suter of the thousand-roomed, million-eleganced Savoy-Plaza, who sees all, does all, anticipates all and yet wears the poised air of one who hasn't a care in his world.

It's an art he was born to in Switzerland, where at the ripe age of fifteen he was a student under the old masters at the famous Ecole Hôtelière in Lausanne—emerging as a grand hotel kitchen apprentice with grand ambitions, fulfilled in due time in London, Paris and New York, notably at the Ritz-Carlton and Park Lane, whence his call to the Savoy-Plaza. Here, as part of his manifold capacities, he has revealed gifted showmanship, picking the jewel for the Café-Lounge setting by signing up Hildegard (exclusively) who's had smart enthusiasts packed around her ever since. Right gal in right place. In fact, such is Suter keenness the whole house bristles with rightness.

Prandial bottle of Napa Valley Cabernet (our taste-buds' buddy) was in congenial company at Restaurant Crillon, 277 Park Avenue: small piping mushrooms pasted with Virginia ham; chilled Vichyssoise Rosée (i. e., dashed with tomato); succulent rack of lamb with fresh veggies including Chinese cabbage; Frou-Frou, meringue draped with whipped cream and purée of chestnuts. Offhand we'd have supposed that a sweet dessert and a wine of the Claret breed might clash but they fell into each other's charms. Otherwise the Crillon management just wouldn't have countenanced the combination . . . Correspondent, signing himself "Anxious," wants to know if the revolving of the smörgasbord table at the Three Crowns Restaurant (which he scores as seven) is real or mere Aquavit illusion . . . With brash altruism we mentioned those zabaione-filled midget creampuffs at Zucca's, and gluttonous raiders promptly cleaned him out of them, leaving none for us. So we are practically cutting our throat's interest when we report that a tidy establishment called Jack's, basemented at 344 in the brownstone backwash of West 46th Street, is a triumphant find for the foodwise who here fall upon fondly prepared jumbo shrimp, oysters Casino, legs of frog à la Jack, wild riced guinea hen and pheasant, and the classic rum cake which travels under the quaint name of Zuppa Inglese. But not even the cagiest silence on our part would cover up what's cooking at the Commodore—upstanding he-guy Vaughn Monroe rising-starring as a collegiate bandleader with a touchdown voice. Plus revue . . . Bouquet czarina Jeanne Owen of the Wine and Food Society, whose *Wine Lover's Cook Book* made our palates amorous, has reheated them with a new snazzy *Jeanne Owen's Book of Sauces* for debonair dunking.



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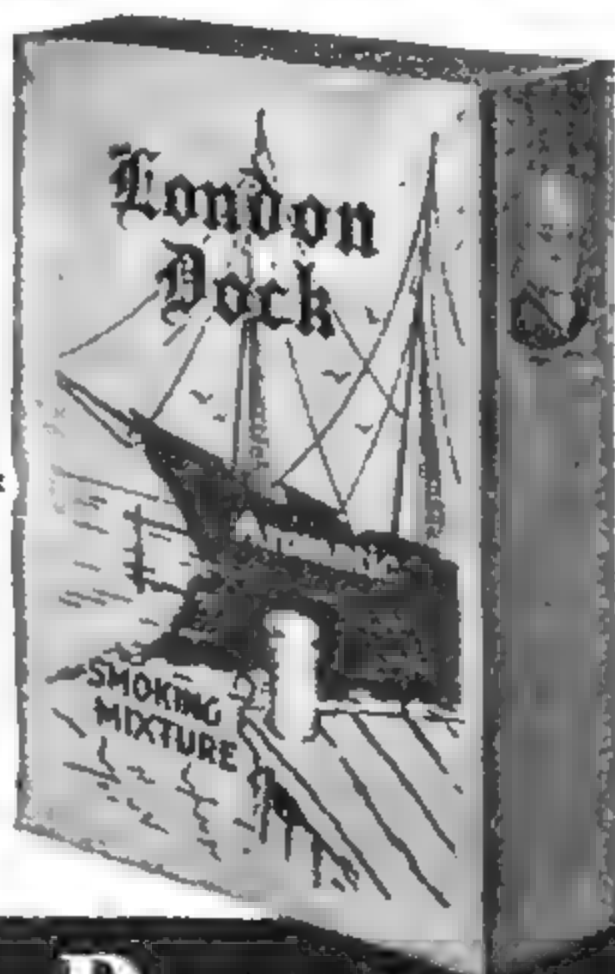
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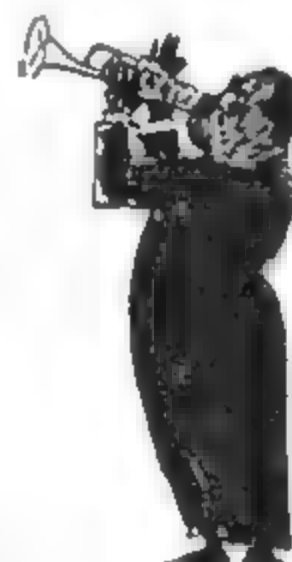


Serene above town, the color-conditioned Rainbow Room is purring its prestige to the music of well-groomed rhythm boy Carmen Cavallaro and assistants; on the Latin side, betweenwhiles, there's Clemente's feverishly busy rumba crew. Brazil interpretress Elsie Houston is back with a fresh instalment of her lyric repertoire. Balletist Charles Weidman and company unfold vivid aesthetics-in-motion. Sons-of-Funmen Walton and O'Rourke, who scored here before Olson & Johnson bagged them, trot out their sophisticated puppet extravaganza. And headwaiter François's janisseries maneuver gladsomely from the famed kitchen and wine-bins. You can scour a lot of nocturnal sky without finding any place so pleasant.



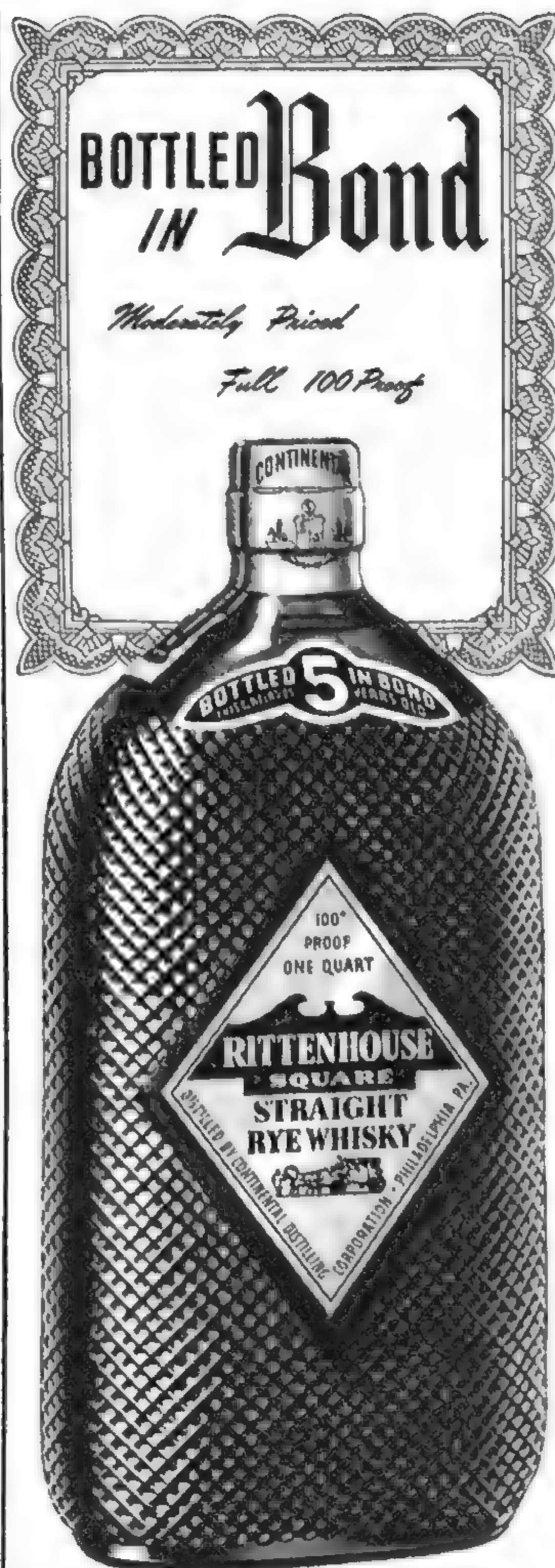
Daiquiris at Hampshire House (where every bath towel has to be beautiful or Dorothy Draper won't tolerate it) bear delec testimony to the virtuosity of the elegant fantasied Bar's presiding mixologist, Tom, a worthy who has been consultant to bluest bloods in the matter of what to stock in a gentleman's drink larder and how to do it full justice in the proffering. On down the baroque trail, the gorgeous dining room has invaluable Noël to convoy you to your scene of epicurean conquest. A string symphonietta plays discreetly while you ply knife and fourchette upon filet mignon or maybe a sweetbread as of Empress Eugénie, and the rattle of Champagne ice is heard in the land.

Why must Café Society Uptown (that is to say, East 58th Street) be so disruptive of our roundgoing? In the middle of a perfectly good evening elsewhere, there comes the thought, "How about dropping in for a quarter of an hour at that Sepian art center?"—and presently we're ringsided in the familiar groove, watching and listening to saucy cherub Hazel Scott as she swingily proves herself the Johann Sebastian Bacchante of this here continent. And thumping John Kirby and his merry men at their frenzied tune tasks (especially the bullet-headed trumpeter with ballooned cheeks and pop-orbs). And fiddler-maestro Eddie South and his slickamoors.



One of the town's phenomena: the eyes-aloft expression with which people speak of the cuisine of André Pagani's verra-select Brussels Restaurant, 26 East 63rd. Why can't they be calm about it? After all, food and drink are just food and drink—though at the Brussels they do seem like enchantment . . . Genial Bill Naue's social New Jersey Chanticleer (township: Millburn) is once more slaying the fatted son-of-a-cow anent the homecoming of singing batoneer Mace Irish. It's gotten to be an old Mace Irish custom.

Picturesquely, authentically early-American in a stone and columned way is the Bird & Bottle Inn beside the Albany Post Road (U.S. 9) at Garrison, N. Y., 9 miles north of Peekskill as the car flits. Established as a tavern Anno 1761, this building has been restored without desecration of its original character, the present owners, Charles and Constance Stearns, being folks of taste and discernment. A Great Dane plays assistant host as you sip your pre-meal drink beside the open fireplace in the Grog Room, and there's low-beamed heartiness of the choicest best in the dining room. As a week-end refuge from the irks of civilization, it's a natural with all the niceties.



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Painting the Town with Esquire



What New York hotel flung the first ice spectacle? We did, says the Biltmore with justifiable chest expansion. 'Twas twenty-six years ago this month and its location was on the sixth story outdoor garden terrace overlooking Grand Central, with a glassed-in refreshment department, the skaters being the guests themselves. (Skirts of shoe-top length were the mode). And now ye noble Biltmore has gone slippery again, this time in the trundle-out manner in its impressive Bowman Room, with an oh-so-professional cast of gliders who perform off the frozen as well as on. Called "Ice-Capers," this revue has the co-starred talents of those vastly genteel lads the Heasley Twins—Jack and Bob—enough alike to confuse their best girls. Here they have a gracile line of lady friends sharing the spotlight with them and the music of Val Olman and his orchestra. Featured skatrix is medal-winning Londoner Hazel Franklin. Maureen Holmes sings songs. But if you are headed there don't stop in the Men's Bar or you'll run into so many friends you will be delayed.

Speaking of bars, the small but neat one at Theodore's (2 East 56th) bribes cocktailers with toasted crackers spread with gouge loads of a particularly salubrious American soft snappy cheese. But white-coated Albert would be criminal if he let you cheese away your appetite's edge, because headwaiter "Papa" François has a reliably relishable roster of dish selections which he is prepared to prescribe for you in his fondly interested way: canapé of the house, soup of onion, casserole of chick, steak of venison, chestnut coupe, etc.—with wines dispensed in informal carafes as well as bottles. Dapper host Anthony Mele does the social honors agreeably from table to table—if you can get one.

Reeking of romance and lit with luridly luscious shashliks and juggled daggers, the Casino Russe, which snuggles next to the rump of Carnegie Hall on West 56th Street, is a soothing yet stimulating haunt for those who like to meet Tschaikowsky on his own grounds amid arpeggios of vodka. (Try one of those cocktails à la Louis, wherein the vodka is teamed with apricot brandy and lemon juice). Magnetic chanteuse Nina Tarasova bares her heart secrets in sundry languages; balalaikas are thrummed to a frazzle. Demonic violinist Harold Sandler from London's Claridge sobs and skitters the strings. Turkish Chris Kay's orchestra is small but swell. Chicken cutlet à la Kiev is served on a float worthy of a mardi gras. And first thing you know it's tomorrow morning.



When wintry winds roar their way down the gulch of West 52nd Street, there's comfort in beholding the glowing frontage of the Hickory House, within which we are greeted with logs blazing under supergrade slabs of sirloin. Baked Idahos burst open to meet their butter and paprika. Pies are anything but puny. And the paddock sized bar, looped in the center of the room, is abounce with bounty. Because the substantial habitués who toy with morsels here prefer to converse in peace while dining, all distractions are held off till ten o'clock. Then come the hep-cats, and do they have kittens out loud.

Shank of the evening divertissement at Cerutti's, 643 Madison, is purveyed by Paris pet Bricktop and other international talentists. Not lonesomely either.

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Going Places with Esquire



Killarney, Ireland, suffered a great loss when one James Moriarity, a fine broth of a lad, left for America and joined the U. S. Army to find himself confronted with the job of feeding some thousands of hungry companions in khaki on the Mexican border. He never meant to be a restaurateur, but look at him all these years—first at Moriarity's Opera on East 61st and then at the cherished Marlborough House (same street), and now for the past three years at the Norman Bel Geddes mirror-illusioned Barberry Room, ceiled with a mystic midnight milky way of stars that look down on unstrutting stars in the flesh. Such a psychologist, this Jim, directing the wondrously attentive yet unmolestive service from his sideline bench the way McGraw used to run the Giants. Food is what you will, but superb. Instance: cold wild boar ham with figs; boula boula (turtled cream of pea) gratiné; squab guinea hen Souvaroff with potatoes Lorette and new-born peas; fresh California asparagus Parmigiana; "Floating Heart" Barberry (fruited-sherbet-mousse marvel, brief sojourner on the tongue); bedeviled coffee. And later there's Gin Rummy, piano music, and Backgammon (whose introducer into New York's evening scene was J.M.).

Bringing its bar decor up to the instant, the ever-agreeable Coq Rouge (65 East 56th) has retained by request the New York Skyline theme murals, contenting itself with changing everything else. Entertainment is now varietal and plentiful; food by chef Mario, author of *La Cuisine Pratique*.



John Perona's El Morocco, where chinchilla and vicuna rub zebra and Sec jostles Brut, has been faring so spiritedly under the musical incitement of Chauncey Gray and his orchestra, prospects are the spring robins will find him still rhythming there... Curtain-time promptitude without malnutrition is fostered by the Theatre Dinner served in the Hotel St. Regis's zizzy Maisonette ("La" to you)—four courses of pronto cuisine paragons calculated to sustain you through any drama or musical including Shakespeare unclipped. For those bound nowhere else, there are chanson-rogueries by guitar-toting de Gaulle-ic Mme. Claude Alphand. A certain Maximilian tucks a fiddle under his chin with good effect. Dancing is powered by Paul Sparr and orchestra of same... Dario and Vernon's La Martinique (57 West 57th) has gone femme-gammy in the Nat Karson revue manner, transforming the place into a pulchritudio... Guests at the Barbizon-Plaza—"the house that room-served breakfast is on"—wish that cutlets and minute steaks in the grand dining room were also donated with the management's gracious compliments. Unfortunately this is just a damn swell hotel, not a Utopia... Ever meet Chicken Robert and emerald noodles (fabricated of spinach out of tactful regard for your waistline) chez the little glassbricked establishment called Chez Robert, 74 East 55th, where moonfaced Carlo radiates his benignity? No? Then you're a self-cheater.

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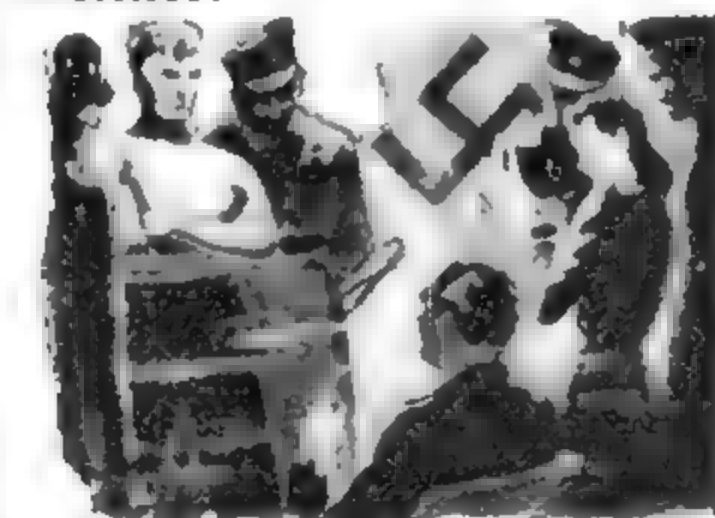
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rum running, passion, physical combat, starvation, fanatical loyalty. An overlaid merchantman in a storm at sea, with no one aboard who could pilot her! A desperate return to his wife's bedside, with every back-door, every roof-top under the hawk-eyed surveillance of the Gestapo! Fiendish, sadistic tortures in a concentration camp! Revelations of sinister espionage activities which ONLY NOW are coming to the surface!

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE



Count Ferdinand Czernin

Since coming to America, COUNT FERDINAND CZERNIN has become Chairman of Austrian Action, Free Austrian Movement. Among this country's most distinguished refugees from Hitler, he is the son of Ottokar Czernin, Franz Joseph's last foreign minister, and the author of *This Salzburg* (1937) and *Europe, Going, Going, Gone* (1939).

FRED MURPHY was born in Chicago. "When I was ten," he explains, "it seems there was a lapse in the family fortunes and, instead of doing anything logical, we moved to what had been our winter place on the St. Lucie River at Stuart, Florida and tried to raise oranges. Nice country to grow up in, that—lots of water, piney woods, jungle, 'gators, snakes and elbow room. During this period I acquired a passion for sailboats and began learning something about architecture and construction (see *Design for a Bachelor's Roost*, page 72) by rebuilding the Murphy homestead from the scattered bits left after a tropical hurricane. Previous to the past eight years in the advertising agency business I have been a commercial fisherman, yacht broker, daily columnist, reporter, bank messenger, press agent. I own a small remote island in the



Fred Murphy

Bahamas up north of Abaco and if old age catches up sixty or seventy years from now I shall retire to it and experiment with a diet of conch salad and jelly coconuts. A seagoing bum by temperament, I have been painlessly domesticated by a Latin lovely from Oriente Province, Cuba, and our small son. I feel sorry for other people with ordinary wives and children."

Educated at schools in England and the United States, G. E. W. JOHNSON managed to sneak into Harvard without an entrance exam. He was graduated in 1928 *magna cum laude* and, he adds, *parva cum pecunia*. He says, "I was a Junior Executive for a few years till I satisfied myself that captaining industry wasn't my forte. I traveled in Europe and spent some time trying to find out what made Hitler tick." He was a regular contributor of articles on international affairs to the old *North American Review*, and is now working on a book.



Forrest C. Allen

After playing basketball at the University of Kansas, FORREST C. ALLEN stayed on to coach the varsity team there and also the Haskell Indians (located in the same town of Lawrence). From 1912 to 1919 he was Director of Athletics at Central Missouri State Teachers College and in 1920, he returned to the University of Kansas where he has remained since, as basketball coach. He is founder of the National Association of Basketball Coaches, and a member of the National Collegiate Basketball Rules Committee of the United States and Canada.

CRADDOCK GOINS compares himself to the farmer's daughter—with not much of a future, but such an interesting past. He began a journalistic career in his home town, Atlanta, on the *Constitution* in 1916. Since then he's done newspaper work in St. Louis, Chicago, Milwaukee, Texas and Mississippi, and "had contacts with some of the most interesting

public figures in the South—editors, politicians, Ku Kluxers, priests, scientists and a varied assortment of screwballs." He is now settled in Mississippi with his wife and son.

ARTHUR GOODFRIEND boasts that he has been almost everywhere in the world (only New Zealand and Australia have escaped his visits) and been arrested in more countries than any living man. He knows intimately every nook and cranny of South and Central America, Asia, Africa and Europe, which he left last year just one step ahead of Hitler. An advertising man by profession, he has been writing travel stuff for the *New York Times* since last fall. His New York home is, he informs us, a fragment of Guatemala (the country described in *Dollar-a-Day Paradise Lost*, page 36). His costume sketches have appeared from time to time in *Apparel Arts*. And he did his own illustrations for his current story.



W. C. Heinz

Since W. C. HEINZ appeared in these pages last February, he has been married, and moved to Stamford, Connecticut. A sports writer for the *New York Sun* for the past five years, he covers skiing during the winter months, and while he was on this beat, got acquainted with Torger Tokle, ski jumping champion of America, whose exploits he describes in *He Flies Through the Air*, page 28.

Our apologies to ROBERT CARLTON BROWN and his son, CARLTON, for running in these columns last November a picture and dope on Junior instead of his Dad, who wrote *Four Bits a Day in Santarem*.

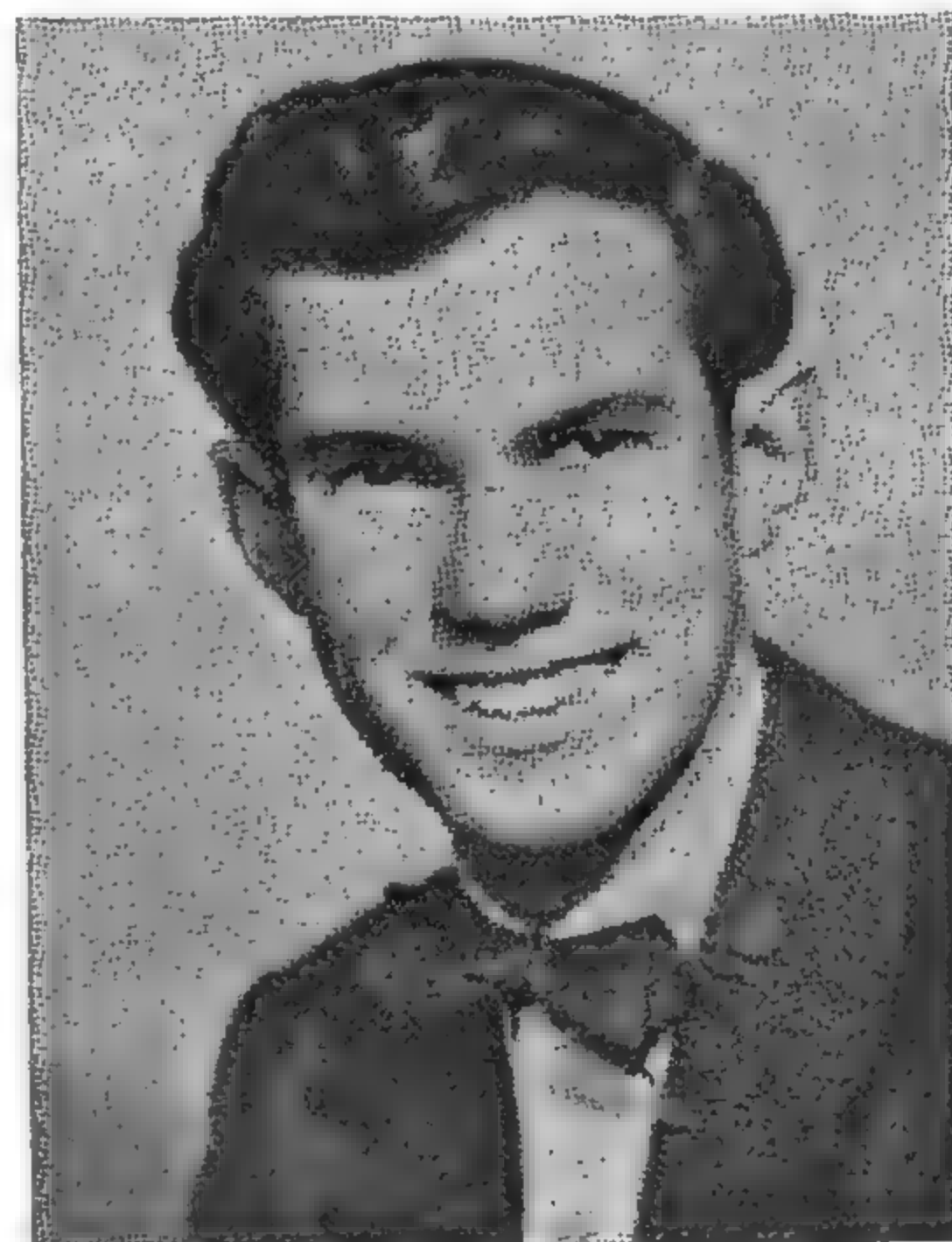
Following World War I, ALFRED POLGAR, noted Austrian essayist and critic, started in Vienna a magazine called *Friede* (Peace) which was opposed to the still raging war and which specialized in getting past censorship articles attacking the military and political leaders of the Austrian and Ger-



Alfred Polgar

man monarchies. He lived in Berlin for a time but was forced to flee from the Nazis, who had burned all of his books, in 1933. Five years later he had to leave Austria and lived in Paris until in 1940, he made an adventurous escape into Spain, and finally came to America. He now lives in Beverly Hills, where he works for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer as a writer. But he is chiefly famous outside his homeland for his short stories, eleven volumes of which have been collected and published with the motto: "Stories are never rightfully experienced, though they're sometimes rightfully told."

ASHTON GREGG graduated from Rollins College in Florida last June, and is now studying playwriting at Yale. (Subject to change, in the event of a scholarship from Uncle Sam.) He says: "I did the usual things in college, edited the school lit'ry magazine and wrote unpleasant little items for the paper. I've lived in Los Angeles for the most part, and am involved regularly with summer theatres. I've been writing since I was seventeen; and, to do a bit of paraphrasing, I'd rather write than be president." His contribution to this month's *Esquire* is *The Grand Finale*, appearing on page 48.



Ashton Gregg

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"THE greatest pleasure," Voltaire once said, "is the pleasure of not being pleased." If you believe this, turn the page. Skip the Varga girl's newest incarnation. Look the other way.

But if you live to pluck bright pleasures under pale faced moons . . . if you like warm siroccos, and the gentle stroking of the sarungi . . . under the banyan tree—then sandpaper your fingertips, messires:

For the Varga girl, whose skin is softer than the fuzz of a duckling, is being readied by the seneschals . . . to slip into your hands in a way more tacitly-enticing than ever before.

Intriguingly limned on *new* playing cards, cards that are slicker, smoother, and permanent as the play-instinct itself—she will run roudades on your conscience, strengthen your hand, levitate your table.

These are strange, magical cards. When luck is against you, turn up the Varga girl . . . and rub her pellucid cheek gently—as Aladdin rubbed

his lamp. Instantly, and without unnecessary genuflexion . . . your fortunes will rise—like a pee-wit from the brake.

The new close-up, double-double, non-soil, non-trouble Varga cards will fill every social need of the born *bon vivant*. Mailed to your friends, they will combine business with imagination and tact. Sent to potential enemies, or the needy-in-spirit—they will act like a Vitamin-fed hula-hula . . . playing boola-boola on the tom-toms of goona-goona.

They cost more than the previous series of Varga cards—but just because the quality of the cards themselves is that much better this time. At a dollar a deck they're an even better buy. But you'd better buy them now, for delivery about February 10th. Because after that, when people begin getting their hands on these cards, the usual Varga stampede will be on.

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Winston Churchill's Strategy

Anyone who reads *The World Crisis* can find these five guiding principles by which Hitler will finally be defeated

by G. E. W. JOHNSON

• ARTICLE •

"BEHOLD," cried Job long ago, "my desire is that mine adversary had written a book!" Modern psychoanalysts agree with Job. Be his subject never so impersonal, a man cannot write a book without revealing a great deal about himself. And when he has written a book in which he consciously tries to set forth his outlook on life, he has put into the hands of his adversary an invaluable weapon—if only the adversary knows how to use it. It is an extraordinary coincidence that, at almost the same time, two men neither of whom could foresee that within a decade and a half he would be at death grips with the other, should have sat down to expound a scheme of grand strategy for the conduct of diplomacy and the waging of war. Never before has it happened that each of two great leaders has given his foeman a like opportunity to fathom the deepest recesses of his mind. We may be sure that the book that Winston Churchill studies most assiduously is Hitler's *Mein Kampf*. And we may be equally sure that the book that Hitler pores over most feverishly is Churchill's *The World Crisis*. If there is one thing in his life that Hitler must bitterly regret, it is that he ever unlocked the secrets of his soul for a Churchill to scrutinize them: *Mein Kampf* is the deadliest weapon in Churchill's armory. And if there is one thing that Churchill must bitterly regret, it is that he ever laid bare the secrets of his strategy for a Hitler to profit by them: *The World Crisis* is the most formidable weapon in Hitler's armory.

Every general knows that the worst thing that can happen to him is to be taken by surprise. An astute commander's chief preoccupation is to find out in advance what the enemy is planning to do. Every conceivable device is resorted to to obtain the desired information—reconnaissance, espionage, the interrogation of prisoners, the bribing of traitors. If external information in one form or another is lacking, he tries to put himself in his adversary's place. He seeks to anticipate what the opposing general—given his level of intelligence and his psychological make-up—will do in a given set of circumstances. Stated thus baldly, the art of putting oneself in another's place seems a very easy one to practice. Actually it is one of the most difficult arts in the world. Very few generals ever master it. When an ordinary grade C general—let us call him General C—tries to apply this method to solving the intentions of his opposite number, General Q, he invariably falls victim to his own wishful thinking. He has hopes, and his hopes lead him to impute to General Q just those moves, or those failures to move, which will most redound to General C's advantage. In practice, unless General Q happens to be a fool, General C is

perpetually baffled by General Q's stubborn refusal to conform to his wishful thinking.

A general of a somewhat higher order of intelligence—let us call him General B—will banish wishful thinking from his calculations. But there will still be a flaw in his analysis. He will see the situation clearly, but the course of action he will impute to General Q will be unconsciously based on the assumption that General Q is a man of the same mold as himself, and that he will decide just as General B would decide. If General Q is cleverer than General B—or even if he is stupider—he may make some unexpected move that throws General B off his balance and puts him to rout.

The leader of genius—whom we shall call General A—is not content with merely putting himself in General Q's place: he projects himself into his mind, disjoins himself from his own brain and temporarily powers his faculties with Q's brain. This gift of seeing a situation as one's enemy sees it is extremely rare: it calls for deep psychological insight, imaginative fecundity of a high order, and a strong dose of that intangible something we call intuition.

Both Churchill and Hitler, however they may differ in temperament and in the moral climate they inhabit, possess that high order of intelligence which we have imputed to General A. From the moment Hitler came into power in 1933, he marched from one

diplomatic victory to another, from one military victory to another, through his seemingly uncanny faculty of reading the minds of the mediocre politicians and generals who faced him. Not until he ran up against Churchill did he confront a foeman worthy of his steel. Churchill again and again has predicted Hitler's next move, and again and again the prediction has been verified by the event. At the beginning Churchill's predictions were scoffed at by those who had not read *Mein Kampf*, or read it with no more understanding than General C would have brought to it. Years before the outbreak of war, Churchill charged that Hitler was secretly engaged in building up a gigantic army and air force. Mr. Baldwin, the then British Prime Minister, pooh-poohed the notion; he pleaded that he had no information that would bear out such a portentous allegation. Churchill's imaginative ability to project himself into Hitler's mind, and to deduce what a man of Hitler's intelligence, temperament and ambitions would do with the tremendous power at his disposal, led him to conclusions far more accurate than those arrived at by a pedestrian politician with all the resources of the British Intelligence Service at his fingertips.

Since the outbreak of hostilities in September, 1939, Churchill has correctly forecast the invasion of the Low Countries (being fretfully chided by them for his pains), the assault on

Continued on page 133



"Freddie offered his services to the government as a 'Dollar-a-Year-Man' but they wouldn't pay it"

White Mountains and Purple Cities

For a jaunt of contrasts, fly from prim, snow-clad Vermont to lush, sweet-scented Charleston and cosmopolitan New Orleans

by MARK ASHLEY

• ARTICLE •

CHARLESTON is the only city in America where provincialism has been made into a fine art. For Charleston is both insular and egocentric. It preserves magnificent illusions, holding that the whole universe is a satellite, revolving about a pivot formed by the intersection of the Ashley and Cooper rivers—those slumbering bodies of water which carry the decadent dreams of the city of Charleston into the Atlantic Ocean.

The sons of Charleston never leave it . . . and always return. For people are inseparably bound to the past; and Charleston is a living past. Through its narrow, winding streets, fragrant in spring with the commingled scents of wisteria and the soft, salt sea . . . gentle spectres dance.

If you wander through them at night, in those rare hours when dead things live and live things sleep, you will meet purple pageants and strange sweetnesss such as are to be found nowhere else in this high-octane land.

Charleston is The Remembrance of Things Past crystallized, disembodied, enchanted. Charleston has no real existence, no functional essence—like Detroit . . . or Pittsburgh . . . or Kharkov . . . or London. Charleston is a fragrance, a state of mind, a bandbox of fantasies which have died unborn.

If you look at Charleston too closely, you will be foredoomed to disenchantment. There is no life of ideas, there; no new design, industry, music, architecture; no life of experiment . . . or desire for experiment. You will never hear the Debussy Quartet in Charleston—except on records; and if Picasso should turn up there, he would turn up as a tourist . . . at the Ft. Sumter Hotel.

But that, somehow, doesn't matter. You can see all the Picassos you want at the Museum of Modern Art, in New York; you can hear the Debussy Quartet played by the Budapest group . . . on the radio of your car; you can see creative research and experiment in Detroit, Dayton, and Dannemora. In Charleston, you can re-dream old dreams in peace.

But too much dreaming makes for madness; and Charleston is a bit mad. Conversation overlong with any native will drive you to drink—unhappily, for there is no viticulture between the Ashley and Cooper rivers.

Three out of every seven Charlestonians have St. Vitus Dance . . . or some compulsion neurosis. Most of them have an irrepressible

urge to talk—a depressing habit, for few Charlestonians have anything to say. The average Charlestonian has the manners of Lord Chesterfield, the accent of a North Irishman, and the world-view of a ferry boat captain.

The Charleston accents have no equal . . . anywhere in America. You will sooner find Shostakovich than a drawl in Charleston. Charlestonians speak either Charlestonese or

Gullah. Charlestonese sounds like a potpourri of Elizabethan English and the jargon of a radio sports announcer. Spoken, usually, at riveting hammer pace, it authorizes such pronunciations as "gee-yahden" for garden, "cee-yahds" for cards. It makes "boat" and "soap" two-syllabled words.

Gullah is the patois of Porgy. It is to be found in its purest polyglot essence on the Sea Islands—the pin-point archipelago which clings to the Carolina coasts. A compound of African dialects and forgotten English, it has everything but a grammar. "Bo-ah wuh fah yuh no ea da soop; unt ut fuh no hab to-

mahtuh puss?" is a simple phonetic Gullah rendition of "Boy . . . why didn't you eat your soup? Doesn't it have any tomato pulp?"

No one can be said to have lived . . . who has not spent time in the gardens of Charleston. Unearthly, polychromatic, hypnotic, they weave spells, paralyze the mind, and treat time as a peccadillo.

There are three great gardens, each with its own private charm, its special magic. Magnolia Gardens, perhaps the most famous, hangs delicately over the meandering upper reaches of the Ashley River. Informal and lush, festooned with white, purple, pink and magenta azaleas rising fifteen or more feet from the ground . . . with massed japonicas . . . with garlands of Banksia roses climbing to the tree tops; with hundred-hued flowers on every side—and the whole blended with awesome giant live oaks, hung with Spanish moss, it makes the massing of adjectives a prelude to understatement.

More than a hundred years older than Magnolia Gardens, Middleton Gardens reflect the fine French hand of the famous botanist, André Michaux—who first flourished in the gardens of Versailles, when Louis XIV was king. Michaux introduced the camellia japonica to the United States. Four of his plants, set out more than one hundred and

fifty years ago, will bloom again this April.

Cypress Gardens lie twenty-three miles to the north of the city. Developed within the past twenty years they are, in essence, a vast cypress swamp . . . banked everywhere with the most brilliant dots and small masses of color to be found outside the canvas of an impressionistic painting.

To see them properly, you step into a small boat . . . and row, or have yourself rowed . . . through high vaulted arches of Spanish Moss and giant cypress trees. The air is silent, except for the occasional inventions of a visiting mocking bird. The slow breezes stir the indolent moss. Rare fragrances pass over your boat, as it ripples through the mirror-like lagoons. A strange *dolce far niente* comes over you like a morphine dream.

There is no space, in these columns, to split the hairs of sensation. Nor can the architecture of Charleston . . . French, Georgian, and Classical-Renaissance . . . be given its just due.

Charleston is an essence and an experience. And to you who plan to spend your spring weeks abroad, at home . . . no more sage advice can be given than this: See Charleston.

From Charleston, fly, drive, or swim to New Orleans . . . New Orleans and Charleston supplement each other—English and French poles of a bygone era. Their difference, in terms of dynamics, is that Charleston has resisted change. New Orleans, like all things French, has adapted itself to a changing world, is modern as well as archaic; uptown it's a skyscraper city. Only the section

bounded by Esplanade Avenue; the Mississippi, Canal Street, and North Rampart Street, is directly comparable to Charleston.

And it is significant to note that this quadrilateral is drained by an artery known as "Elysian Fields Avenue."

New Orleans, nevertheless, is a more colorful and amusing city than Charleston. The French tradition has always been easier to live with than the English.

There is a gourmet quality about New Orleans . . . a quality which extends from bouillabaisse and absinthe drips to joys less easy to describe.

Since the days of the Eighteenth Century, when the Marquis de Vaudreuil attempted to set up, there, a miniature Versailles—New Orleans has held out its welcome arms to things European. It took no part in the American Revolution and only became part of the United States by virtue of purchase.

One of the most important attractions in



New Orleans is the food. The food in Charleston, despite tradition to the contrary, is routine. The rice and gravy, it must be conceded, is excellent . . . unmatched by anything to be had outside of Lum Fong's, in New York. Further, with the possible exception of the restaurant of Villa Margharita, on South Battery, there is no restaurant in Charleston deserving of a second visit.

But in New Orleans! There . . . dishes are prepared which would make Brillat Savarin sing Hosannahs. Take, for example, the Gulf pompano, which Mark Twain called "as delicious as the less criminal forms of sin." Consider for a minute *huitres en coquille à la Rockefeller* at Antoin's, the century-old, gas-lighted, gable-roofed restaurant. Consider the *poulet Chantclair* (chicken marinated, before cooking, in red wine), the *bisque d'écrevisses à la cardinal*, and the omelet soufflé.

After a dinner at Antoine's, Will Rogers once said, "Why, listen. They got a soup they herded in front of me that was crawfish boiled in white wine and aromatic herbs. Why, they got tortoise shell terrapin that is served in its own shell. And Omelette soufflé . . . historiee! Say they make all of them out of golden pheasant's eggs."

Arnauds, on Bienville Street, will serve almost any significant French or Creole dish. Specialties include shrimps Arnaud, *filet de truite Amandine*, breast of turkey *en papillote*; oyster Whitney; *langouste* Sarah Bernhardt; stuffed crab Rejane, and *crêpe suzette* Arnaud.

If you have time, by all means drop in at *La Restaurant de la Louisiane*, at 725 Iberville Street, and feast on *canapé* crab Louisiane, redfish court-bouillon, turkey Rochambeau, baked Alaska, and *filet de truite marguery*. *La Louisiane* is located in a quaint ironwork-bedecked building that was once the mansion of the merchant prince, Zacharie.

Another interesting New Orleans restaurant is Maylié's—which is patronized by a "stag" clientele. Located on Poydras Street, not far from the old Poydras Market, it has a unique architectural feature—a wisteria vine, seventy years old, rises out of the hallway . . . and climbs up through the roof. The dishes to order at Maylié's are *bouilli* (boiled beef) . . . and hardshell crab stew.

At Galatoire's, try the Messrs. Gabriel, Leon, and Justin Galatoire's *Marguery* sauce, crab meat *au gratin* . . . and their so-called Dinkelspeil salad—which is built up on a base of crab meat and hors d'oeuvres.

The night life of New Orleans has Creole harmonies, Parisian grace notes, and a great American treble. It has cockfights and "Sazaracs," mad, merry Mardi Gras; gambling and gracious girls; pimps, imps, and shrimps.

"Have you ever been in New Orleans?" an old song asks. "If not you'd better go. It's a nation of a queer place; day and night a show."

And now that we have had dessert first, let's look at this business of domestic vacations in terms of time and schedule.

Distances don't matter, any more. A plane can cover the longitudinal dimensions of this country in less time than it takes a good cook

to make *boeuf à la deutsch*. And since good travel, like good dining, calls for balance, why not prelude the urbane, sophisticated part of your trip with something prim, severe, unspoiled and pristine: *e.g.*, Vermont.

Snow still falls in Vermont, in March and April. This means that if you haven't yet broken your leg skiing—there's still time, this year. In which case you can forget about the South. And, by way of an aside, if you haven't yet seen a beautiful woman snugly clad on a pure white day, your gamut of esthetics is not yet run. There is a compactness there . . . a promise of high contrasts to come no pellucid beach beauty can rival.

You can get to Vermont from most central United States points in a few hours. An Eastern Air Lines or American Air Lines plane will whisk you to Boston; and from Boston, a Canadian Colonial plane will shuttle you to Vermont. As a matter of fact, Canadian Colonial runs a special ski plane out of La Guardia Field. Leaving New York around 1:45 . . . it will deposit you in Burlington . . . skis and all . . . about 3:30—and at that point, special buses wait . . . to carry you to Stowe—the jumping off place for Mt. Mansfield.

Stowe is one of the most primitive villages in New England! Every house is built of Stowe timber . . . of Stowe brick; and everywhere is the spirit of the exotic Stowe girl, Nancy Sanborn. A century ago, Nancy Sanborn cast an evil, alluring eye around her . . . drawing men to their doom—preventing the separation of the butterfat from milk.

If and when you are troubled about the snow problem . . . and plan frantically to long-distance the Washington meteorological office, remember Vermont's catch slogan: "There's always snow in Stowe . . . you know."

Leaving the village of Stowe . . . you get to the top of Mt. Mansfield by a chair-lift, starting at a little place called Smuggler's Notch. You simply bunk over; the chair worms itself under you . . . and drags you, in spite of any change of heart, to the peak. And there you swiftly make plans for the trip South.

Perhaps the most popular of the Vermont winter spots is Woodstock. Dwight Francis, better known as one of the husbands of the softly curved Kay Francis, is chiefly responsible for Woodstock's winter reputation. Forming the Woodstock Ski Runners, one of the first ski clubs in the East, and importing Fritz Steuri—he announced to a waiting world that Woodstock was the ski center of New England.

Practically every other house in Woodstock carries the sign "Skiers Accommodated"—

giving the town a slightly questionable air.

Woodstock is a quiet, conservative town, with little liking for fly-by-night skiers. You have to get off a train at White River Junction, fourteen miles away, to arrive at its quiet portals.

A rope tow is available to hoist the potential skier up to its most famous hill: "Suicide Six."

Other Vermont winter spots have their special charms and virtues.

There is Pico Peak, for example, near Rutland; Bromley Mountain, near Manchester; there is Brattleboro, and Bennington. But the true essence of Vermont is not its sports—sports are to be found, in one form or another, anywhere. And what, after all, is a ski jump? A feat desirable because dangerous, difficult, and novel. Do it a few times successfully . . . and there you are: back where you started—or, a

good probability, in the hospital.

We who live in cities . . . and travel from one city to another, only to find the same smokestacks, hotels, chain stores, and food, the same kind of people, are hardened to monotony. We look at the American countryside as a colossal experiment in duplications.

In providing an escape from this "Ugly Civilization," as Ralph Borsodi calls our industrial life, Vermont has its singular value. For Vermont is at the same time one of America's oldest states . . . and one preserving most distinctively the early American way of life—a way of small farmers, self-sufficient, maintaining leisure, independence, and the arts of homely reflection.

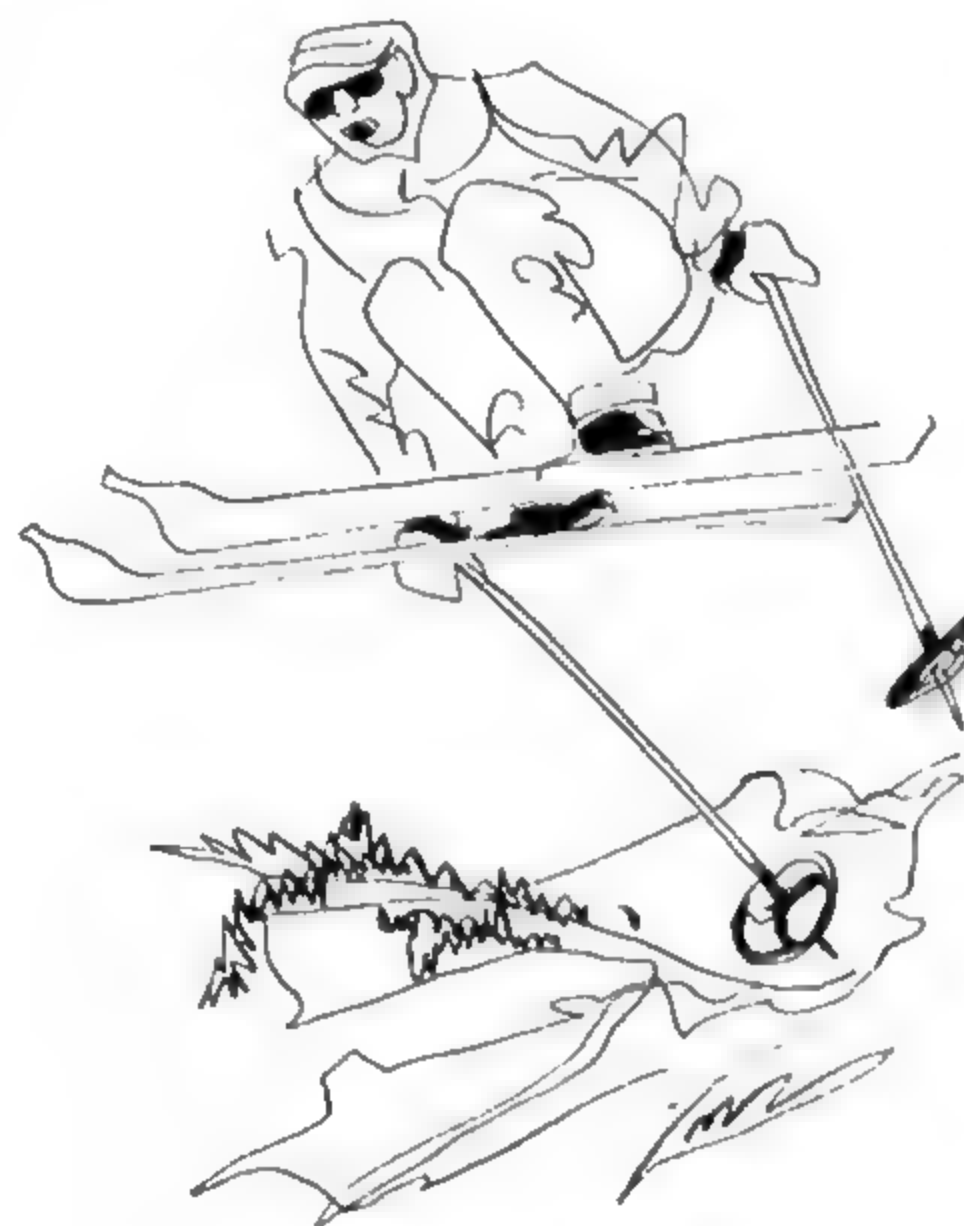
The Vermont farmer is more unsmiling than most Americans, not because he is more dour—but because he has less to court favor or affection. His farm, like the city of Charleston, is very much a world unto itself.

If you will put aside your sporting instincts, for the nonce, and make a grand tour of the Green Mountains, you will find an assortment of handicrafts, striking barn architecture, simplicity, and scenic spectacles, that will give you a re-statement of the values worth living with.

Start at Bennington, by car. Drive up Route 7 . . . through Rutland and Burlington; detour on Route 2 after leaving Burlington . . . and swing out into Grand Isle, in Lake Champlain . . . hit the Canadian border and bounce back. Make your return trip cling to the east side of the mountains . . . through North Troy, Morrisville, Montpelier, Woodstock . . . and down along the Connecticut River to Brattleboro.

By now you have had enough pristine country and snow-clad to last you out the year.

Go as quickly to our nearest airport . . . and head for the azaleas . . . and japonicas . . . and magnolia trees. Rest your frozen soul between the banks of Charleston's rivers. Drown the cloying aftertaste of Vermont's maple sugar in an absinthe drip in the Vieux Carré. Time is passing; and life's quickened moments are few. ##



He Flies Through the Air

Torger Tokle, the one-time carpenter's apprentice of Lokken Verk, Norway, gives Americans the high and fancy on skis

by **W. C. HEINZ**

• SPORTS •

SOME people jump when they're frightened; others are frightened when they jump. Among these, however, is not Mr. Torger Tokle, blond, blue-eyed Norwegian, who flies through the air up to distances of 288 feet to hold the American national ski jumping championship. For three months of every year, Mr. Tokle, who monopolizes eighteen ski records and has acquired more silverware than five June brides, is as prominent in the newsreels as ship launchings.

When Mr. Tokle was formally introduced to America it was a cold, brittle Sunday afternoon, January 22, 1939, at Bear Mountain in the highlands of the Hudson. It was so cold that day that most of the 10,000 spectators were breaking off their ears and throwing them at one another to keep warm—but not Bill Taylor.

Bill Taylor was the announcer, whose duties consisted of resonantly bellowing forth the names of the jumpers as they came plummeting down the slide. Like all MC's, Bill was pretty glib with his tongue, but on this Sunday afternoon he ran into a stump. "Who, or should I say what," he asked, turning to his

boss, Bill Carr, who stood next to him, "is a Torger Tokle, anyway?"

Well, Carr didn't know the answer, and neither did anyone in the crowd. Those crowds who gather for the jumps at Bear Mountain are veterans who know all the Eastern jumpers, at least—but before they could wonder much about this strange Torger Tokle, a short stocky figure came dynamiting down the in-run and soared gull-like over their up-turned heads.

"One-hundred-thirty-three feet," came the staccato announcement of Bill Taylor, echoed by a drizzle of applause.

Now 133 feet wasn't the longest ski jump ever made at Bear Mountain—not by far; but it was the longest jump made in the competition that day, and it was enough to needle the crowd into expectancy when Bill Taylor announced after the close of the competition that this Torger Tokle—whoever he might be—was going to attempt to break the hill record of 156 feet set in 1931 by Casper Oimen, who had three national championships to his credit.

The crowd perked up interest because they could see that this newcomer was only a kid with a fresh, attractive face, who ran, instead of walked, skis over his shoulder, up the hill to the top of the jump. He was out of view for a few expectant moments, binding on his skis; then there was the cry of "Track!" from high up above. Necks emerged in unison from overcoat collars and eyes pointed upward.

From where they stood they saw him now, a small black figure against the white in-run. His skis were close together, his speeding body was in a deep crouch as he rapidly gained momentum. Down towards the lip of the jump he swooped. For an instant he seemed

to straighten up, then down into his crouch again—and then up, out and over!

In the air, his arms flailed the wind like cumbersome wings. His knees were stiff and his body strained forward until his head seemed to hang out over his ski tips. Riding the gushing air, out over the crowd he flew, describing a symmetrical arc that conformed to the contour of the hill below him, and finally settling down gracefully, with a subdued shout from the crowd, far down on the outrun at the foot of the slope.

"One-hundred-sixty-two feet" announced Bill Taylor a few minutes later, quickly adding that this beat Oimen's mark by a full six feet!

Youth, of course, put its frigid fingers into its mouth and whistled, while maturity slowly patted woolen palm to woolen palm. Down below on the run where Tokle had come to a halt with a sweeping turn and was placidly bending over and unhooking his bindings, the crowd drew in. There it was promptly discovered by officials and newspaper men that this Torger Tokle was not only a bashful boy, but a bashful boy who could not speak English.

Through the medium of his brother Kyrre, however, who had also jumped that day and who had been in this country for fifteen years, Tokle was enabled to remark that he was sorry that he hadn't been able to jump farther because he had only landed in New York from Norway the day before and this was his first time on skis since the previous winter! He did resolutely promise, however, that he would do better the next time!

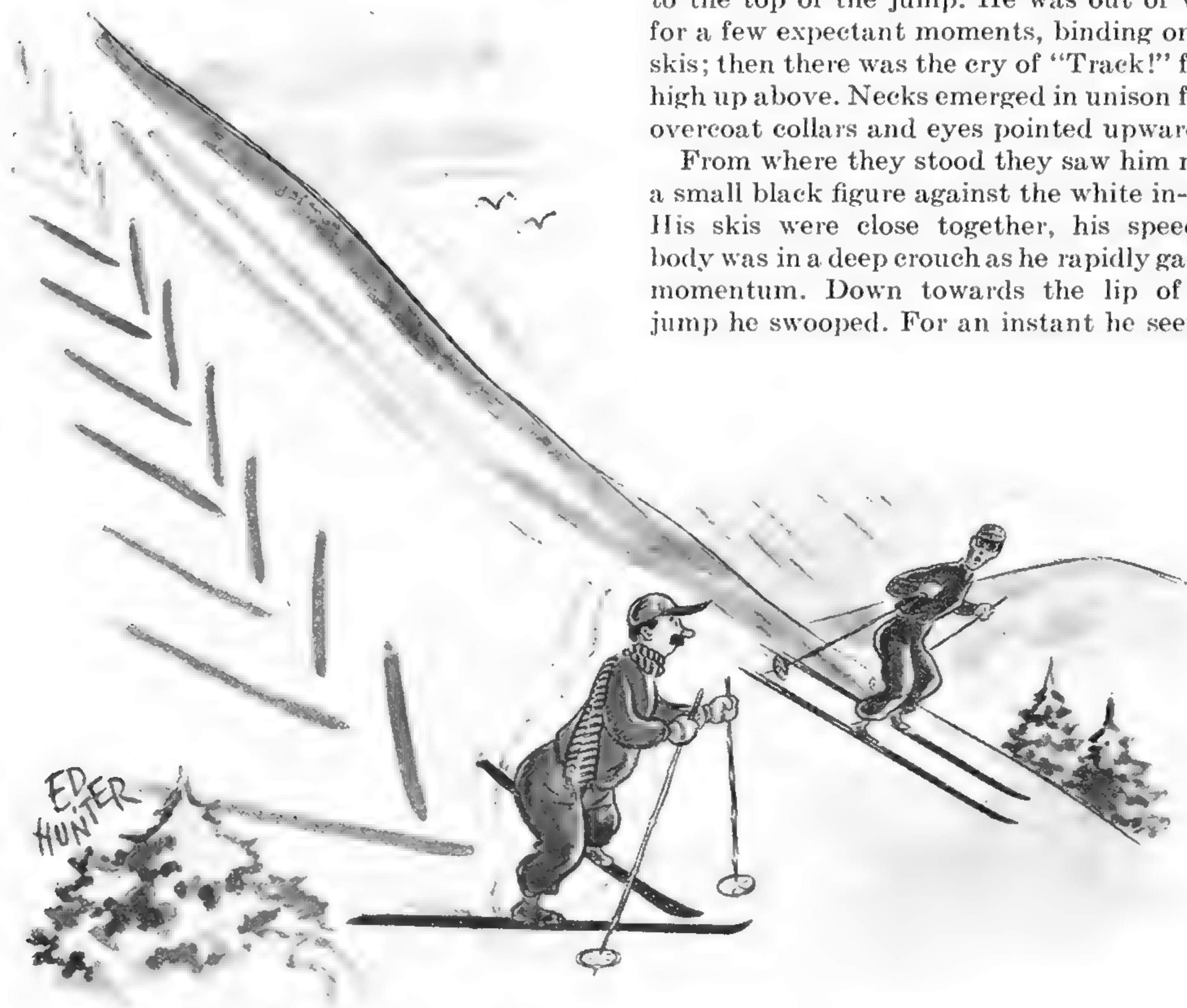
This brought an enthusiastic salute from the jumping fanatics all around him.

"I thought," Mr. Tokle said afterwards in reviewing the scene of his debut on American soil, "that Americans must be crazy. They were all asking me to sign my name on pieces of paper. Nothing like that ever happened to me in Norway."

Nothing quite like Tokle had ever happened in this country, either. From that day at Bear Mountain, he has cut a swathe of sensational jumping victories as wide as an isolationists' conception of the Atlantic. In the next three seasons he set records on eighteen of the nineteen hills on which he jumped, and won thirty-one of the thirty-four meets in which he competed. To finish off, he became the national champion two years later at the age of twenty-one, setting a new national distance record at the same time.

What, one naturally wonders, makes this young man jump so exceptionally? How does he get that way? These are questions that only Tokle can answer and they bring one to the Noroton, Connecticut cottage of Kyrre

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"You don't quite have the idea yet, Mr. Simms"

THE FIRST SKIER wears a white knitted wool headband, flannel shirt, American native design sweater tucked inside the trousers, brown leather belt, grey worsted gabardine trousers, cotton back mitts and brown ankle-strap boots.

THE SECOND MAN in the group is sporting a cotton cap, natural cotton jacket with slide fastener, a tartan flannel shirt, blue worsted gabardine downhill trousers and strapped boots.

THE SKIER with his arm over the girl's shoulder has on a white one-piece cotton cap, yellow scarf, two-tone processed cotton jacket, sun shade, leather palmed mitts, black worsted gabardine downhill trousers and black boots. Red accessories accent her white and grey outfit.

THE FIFTH SKIER wears a blue flannel shirt, blue silk scarf, cable stitched pullover, blue dark blue gabardine trousers, a



cap, tartan flannel shirt and blue homespun wool tie with a pale greyish blue cotton pullover which is tucked inside the trousers. He also wears a pair of blue worsted gabardine downhill ski trousers, western leather belt, dark brown ski boots and cotton mitts.

THE LEADER of the group combines a dark blue cotton cap, tartan flannel shirt and blue homespun wool tie with a pale greyish blue cotton pullover which is tucked inside the trousers. He also wears a pair of blue worsted gabardine downhill ski trousers, western leather belt, dark brown ski boots and cotton mitts.

THE SPORTSMAN riding up the ski-mobile is bundled up in a cotton coat with deep pile lining and collar. He will remove this at the top of the slope and leave it on the ski-mobile.

***Esquire
looks
at the
ski slopes...***

Pachner



REVEILLE

*We go to war for many precious things . . .
But first of all for freedom that we prize,
And we will guard with fighting ships and wings
This girl who lives beneath Hawaiian skies;
And he who struck behind a peaceful word
Will find the Eagle swoops to stalk its prey . . .
America has wakened and is stirred!
America is on the march today!*

**PAINTING BY VARGA
VERSE BY PHIL STACK**



Uncle Sam's Southern Exposure

Quick look at our hemispheric cousins south of Key West and the Rio Grande yields over sixty believe-it-or-nots

by MARTIN TORRENCE

• ARTICLE •

CHILE, with 300 mountains higher than anything in the U.S., has some mighty pretty girls, but their legs are uniformly bad. The once-overable gals of Brazil and the Argentine are a bothersome cross between the Champs Elysées and Fifth Avenue, easy to look at but too stylish and too precariously put together. . . .

Should you want to bestow a loving cup for feminine pulchritude on the Latin Americans, be prepared to split it three ways. The proud Creole beauties of Costa Rica, innocent of paint and girdle-gadgets, make an easy first choice—until your eyes have feasted on the exotic Indian maidens of San Pedro de la Laguna, Guatemala. While the Costa Ricans claim your esthetic admiration, these luscious lovelies in their gorgeously embroidered wrap-arounds and *huipiles* and under their scarlet halo headdresses, do things to your blood and give you a hint of what Going Native might mean. And then, when you come up against the demigoddesses of Mexico's Tehuantepec isthmus, these volcanic Indian girls from the volcano lake fall definitely into second place as hotcha, but lacking variety. The Tehuantepec women are tall, willowy, stately—every second one a princess. What is more, they have brains and energy, and they run the roost. The men don't count; they stay behind and do the chores while the women transact the public business. The men are not allowed to mess about the market. This is entirely O.K. with the foreign observer, in this nearest thing to a matriarchy in our hemisphere.

While every schoolboy knows that Lima in Peru is South America's oldest city, probably not even Informer John Kieran can name the second oldest. It is little-known Cordoba, a city of 300,000 in Argentina. Mingling with its hoary buildings is Curtiss-Wright's bright new aviation plant . . . Gangster feudism à la Chicago and South Seas languor dwell uneasily together in Acapulco, Mexico's port which is the fastest-booming tourist heaven in the world today. Although it has an average of 1½ murders a day, no tourist has been winged to date. . . .

Superlatives: Quaintest sight in the Caribbean is Willemstad, capital and almost sole inhabited place on the bleak Dutch island of Curaçao, which does a rich oil-refining business and has to import its drinking water. Willemstad is a tropical Amsterdam, a neat, exact, and freshly-swept toy town in the midst of the messy tropics. . . . The oddest of all the islands is also Dutch. It is Saba, and nothing more than the peak of a volcano sticking out of the ocean. The main village is tucked away inside the crater. . . . The oldest spa in the New World is Cuernavaca, two hours by car south of Mexico City.

It was a week end and honeymoon resort before Montezuma's time. Cortez used it to fool around in. Carlotta and Maximilian toyed here, and now Lupescu and Carol. . . . World's pleasantest shave and haircut can be had in this very town. The proprietor, who looks like Charlie Chan but is an Otomi Indian, maintains a guitar on a hook. While awaiting his turn the *patron* can take it down, and after some preliminary strumming sing the touching idyll about the lone seagull which reminds the lover of his sweetheart far away. Soon the barbers and such customers as haven't soap in their mouths join in, helped out by casual passersby who lounge at the wide doorway. It is one of the pleasantest scenes in all *mañana-land*. . . .

The Amerindians do not wholly trust the big white brother. At Central America's northern end the Guatemala Indians of Nahuatlá, and at the southern end the aborigines of the San Blas islands off Panama, will not allow the paleface to spend the night in their midst. It is worth your life to be in town after sunset. The women happen to be unusually homely. . . . Tip for tourists: Wherever you find notable ruins of Spanish Colonial cathedrals and palaces, there you may know that the Indians were easily enslaved. In Chile and Costa Rica, countries where the natives were tough and preferred fight to submission, there is a noticeable dearth of touristable three-star Baedeker sights.

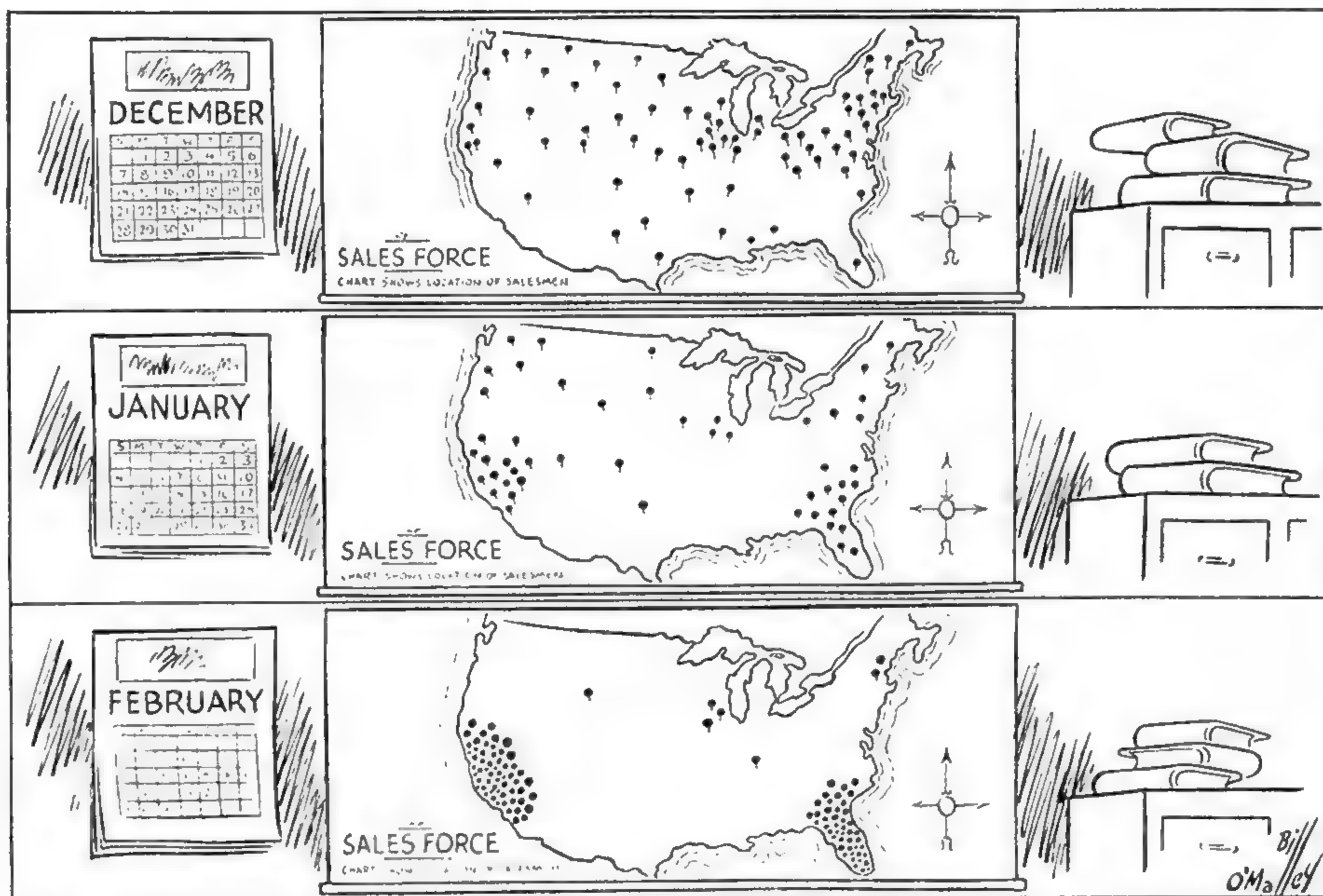
Many Latin American chiefs are interesting characters. Ubico of Guatemala has a passion for accounting and eats salt on his oranges. Calderon Guardia of Costa Rica is a

physician, who may occasionally be seen dodging out of his modest brown house with his little black bag and driving his own Chevrolet to call on a cranky patient who refuses to change doctors just because his own was elected president. . . . Cuba's Batista learned how to run a country as stenographer at court martials.

Political-economic situation in Martinique is full of dynamite. The blacks, who comprise all but a tiny fraction of the population, would like the U. S. to take over. The Vichy-French authorities have spread rumors that Americans hate Negroes and Catholics, would institute a lynching bee. . . . In the West Indies the French (pre-Vichy) seem to have done better by the blacks than have the English. In Martinique and Guadeloupe the tourist is never bothered by beggars and touts as on the English islands. Under French influence the darkies seem to be gayer, friendlier, more colorful. . . . The casual traveler realizes the Blue Caribbean is really the Black Caribbean. Island by island it is overwhelmingly Negro territory, the blacks outnumbering the whites by better than twenty to one. It is also the Red Caribbean, the bloodiest of the seas. Not only buccaneers and pirates ran wild here, but for nearly four centuries it was the battle-sea of world rule. Here the Spanish Empire was dunked forever by the combined forces of English, French, and Dutch. Later the Dutch and the French all but lost their shirts among these pearly isles, some of which, like St. Lucia, changed hands from twelve to fifteen times.

Most awe-inspiring sight on Uncle Sam's

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Latins Have Gringo Fun

Tourists in South America find Popeye, Donald Duck, Gary Cooper and *el hawt djazz* pave the way for good neighbors

by **KENNETH MANN**

• ARTICLE •

IN Cuernavaca, Mexico, on any afternoon of the year, you will see a dozen or so Indians sitting on the curbstone in front of the *misto* bus office and across the street in the little plaza. They have finished the day's marketing and wait for the rattletrap vehicle to convey them to Jinotepe, Jojutla or Zacatepec.

There they sit, swarthy, with kindly wrinkles around their pathetic or humorous eyes, the men sombreroed and clad in white pajama suits, the women publicly suckling their young in custom born of necessity. Tourists, en route from the Borda Gardens and the Cathedral to the Rivera murals in the Cortez Palace, exclaim over them: "How exotic!"

Lo, the mysterious Indian! D. H. Lawrence and many another psychologically top-heavy author has speculated eloquently about what goes on in the depths of those Mongoloid souls. Their ancestors came across the Asian landbridge of the Bering Strait many thousand years ago. And only yesterday, as history goes, they were worshipping in the Teocali on the craggy cliff above Tepoztlán, making blood sacrifices to grotesque gods.

But now, sitting on the curbstone in a row, they are gravely licking all-day suckers and eating ice cream cones as they wait for the bus. Beyond them, leaning against the pink and blue bandstand of the plaza, a large sign advertises that Errol Flynn may be seen at the Teatro Morelos in *El Halcon de los Mares*, (*The Sea Hawk*.) Tonight's a double feature.

There will also be *La Jade Fatal*, known back home as *Torchy Blane in Chinatown*.

From the cantina on the corner, loud and clear, comes "*Hut sut rawlson on the rillerah and a brawla, brawla, soo-it.*" The mysterious Indian hears it innumerable times, hums it and pats his foot as he crunches the tip of his cone. At the cantina some poor men and boys watch the streamlined chromium-plated juke box with awestruck eyes. A band of gaucho-costumed *mariachis*, wandering minstrels who are Mexico's disappearing equivalent of our Hungry Five, are drawn to the group, and stand looking at the magic box from the land of the gringos which is the final flourish to their death sentence.

Every morning a small army of men and boys issues from the hole in the wall that is the news agency office, crying "*Paquin! Chamaco! Chamaco Chico! Pepin!*" The illustrated comics are out. Everybody buys. The barber comes out of his shop, and with him the customer with the apron around his neck and the lather on his chin. The errand boy from the bank buys for the teller and the manager. The charcoal dealer comes forth from his depths with blackened face. Of the Indians on the curb, about one in four buys, and the other three crowd around to help consume the contents. The milkman, sitting loosely in the saddle between his cans of milk, lets his horse pick its own way along the *barranca*, too engrossed in *Superhombre* to tend to business.

Not only in Cuernavaca, but all over Mexico, work is at a standstill for a few moments while Donald Duck, Popeye, Superman, Tarzan, Ella Cinders, Invisible Scarlet, and other story products of the American journalistic mill are swallowed. In Puebla I saw the baker's boy with his huge basket balanced dangerously on his head, guiding his bicycle by instinct and one hand through hooting cars and rumbling ox carts. His eyes and soul were with *Chamaco Chico*.

As in Mexico, so, with a slight variation here and there, in the twenty American republics from the Rio Grande and Haiti to Cape Horn, Latin America beguiles its spare time and extra money with gringo jazz-arts and commercialized fun-gadgets. Products by which leisure is enjoyed are mainly imports from the Big Brother of the North. Aside from fiestas, bull and cock fights, and the sociability of market days, entertainment among the Good Neighbors is largely supplied by Hollywood and New York.

In the capital of the republic of El Salvador, the rich have two beautiful clubs, the International and the Casino, outfitted with American magazines, American billiard tables, and American bowling alleys. The middle incomes have the movies, and for the poor there is window shopping, practiced in San Salvador on a scale I have seen nowhere else in the world. Either to encourage the sport or to protect themselves, the downtown merchants equip their shop fronts with two bars, one about four inches from the ground, like the rail in an old-fashioned saloon, the other chest high for leaning. The people, with one foot on the rail and elbows spread, absorb for long minutes the same displays night after night: the virgin-white super-refrigerator, its massive door open to reveal luscious papier-maché fowls done to a golden brown; kitchen ranges in pastel shades; gleaming toilets and bathtubs; sewing machines; automobiles; baseball and basketball equipment.

And around the corner from the National Palace, the Dixie Pals Band rehearses under its homemade sign for the next jazz fiesta.

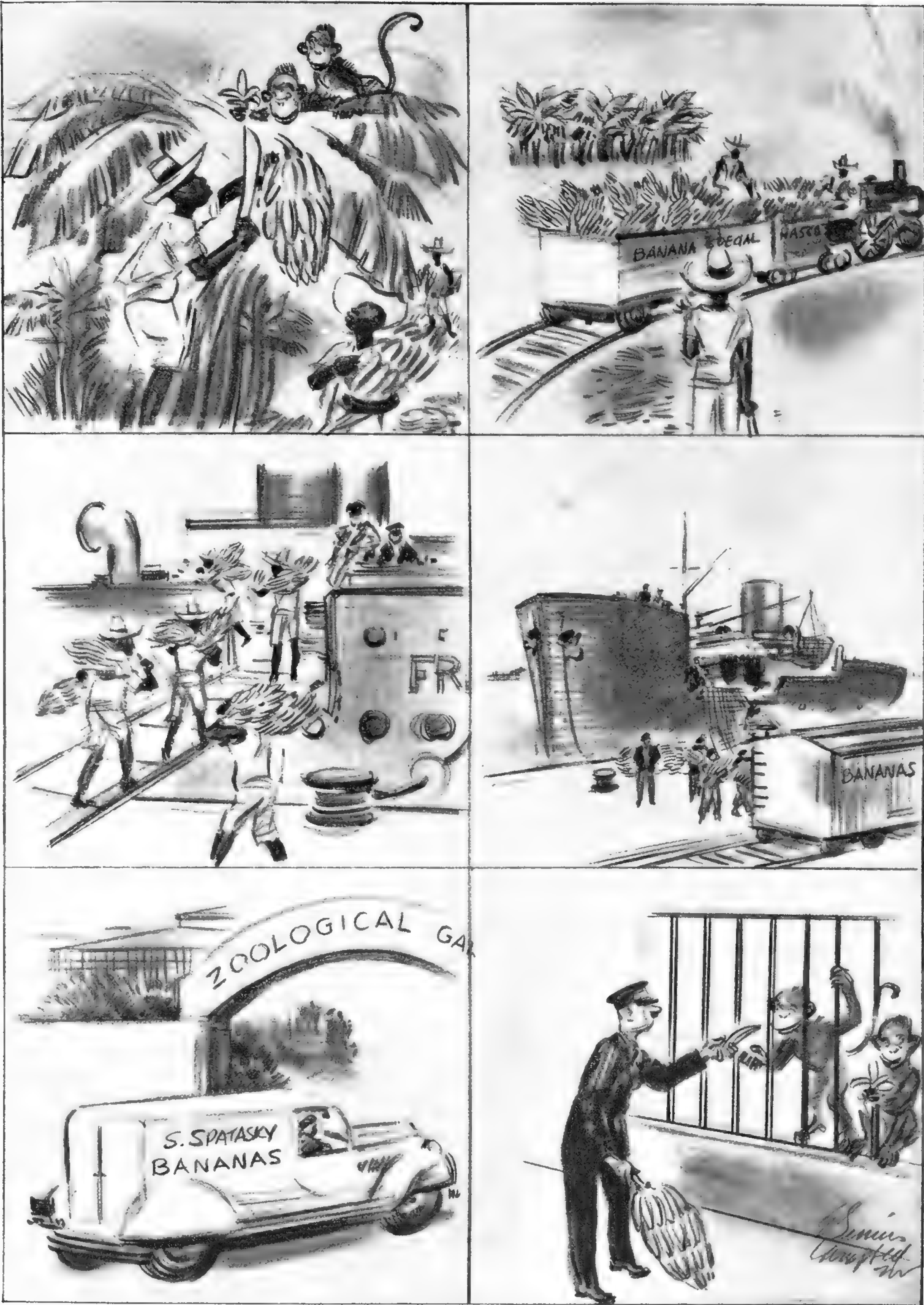
Fun among the Good Neighbors is *tipo gringo*, and the major distraction is the Hollywood moving picture. About 88 per cent of the films shown in Latin American theaters are American. Our nearest competitors are Mexico and the Argentine, with about nine per cent of the business between them.

In all these republics, the difference in wealth and sophistication between town and country is profound. Let Nicaragua stand as an example. In Managua, the brisk and noisy capital, I was discussing the film business with Engineer Andreas, the trouble-shooter of the Gonzalez theater chain, when a group of women emerged from the auditorium and

Continued on page 122



"That's fine!—now would you like to try the eight dollar question?"



Dollar-a-Day Paradise Lost

**By all means visit Latin America but
don't plan to dig in before you read
the story of an escapist in Guatemala**

by ARTHUR GOODFRIEND

• ARTICLE •

R

IF YOU'RE thinking of spitting in the boss's eye, kicking the landlord in the pants, giving the income-tax collector the Bronx cheer, and boarding the next boat for one of those so-called "Dollar-a-day Paradises"—better take a deep breath, count up to ten, and look before you leap.

Admittedly, in times like these, it's sheer cruelty to hit a man's whimsies over the head with a hard, cold fact. There's a heap of pleasure in just dreaming about that little grass shack in Kialakakua—where the tricky Wicky Wackies woo—all smothered (the shack, not the Wackies) in hibiscus and mimosa—with perpetual sunshine to warm you, and a eunuch to fan you—and Hitler, taxes and your mother-in-law all relegated to a bleak northern limbo a million miles and countless aeons away.

I know. I've had the dream ever since, in my pantywaist days, I read *The Admirable Crichton*. And I've pursued it—to the Orient, the Levant, Europe, Mallorca, Central and South America and California. Maybe you remember me—I'm the iconoclast who exposed the lure of the East way back in a 1937 issue of *Esquire*—in an article mistakenly labelled *Young Man, Go East*.

This article made it abundantly clear that life in the Orient was a bed of roses—complete with thorns. The East, I pointed out, ruins a man for a normal existence. Its servants, clubs, polo ponies, "stengahs" and low cost of living get into the blood. It separates him from kith and kin. It consigns him to an eternity of loneliness—surrounded by untrustworthy and unloving servants, a stranger in an ever-strange land.

Despite this bugle call of warning, my mail for months after brought questions from excited young men who aspired to the life of an Oriental potentate. They wanted to know everything—from how to get a fat job in Singapore to a good phone number in Shanghai. They were impatient to shake the sordid dust of America from their itching feet, and carve their careers in old Cathay—up to the ears in color, cash and concubines.

How many disregarded my advice and pushed off across the Pacific, I never did discover. Some probably did—and found themselves jobs with Standard Oil, General Motors, British American Tobacco or the National City Bank. But today, if they're lucky, they're back in America. They've been thrown out by the Japs. Their possessions have had to be abandoned. Their systems are attuned to a slow *Babu* tempo. They are miserably unsuited to the American world of subways, sandwiches, studio flats, snuffy servants and sophisticated stenographers.

But the Orient, at the moment, is ver-

boten. Right now the run is on Mexico and Guatemala. Escapists are counting their cash assets, comparing the soaring cost of living in Kalamazoo with the bargain rates of the Quiche highlands. On paper, it looks wonderful—and all about us we see folks with that far-off look in their eyes—in a dither of joy at the prospect of living in banana-land like dukes and duchesses, on a dollar per diem.

Right away, for the record, let me say this: If you can scrape together enough cash for a vacation in Guatemala or Mexico—don't miss them. Guatemala, especially, is the world's prize travel package today. If you've been to Bali, Sumatra, Java or Japan, it's like revisiting old, familiar haunts—the smell of burning pitch-pine, coffee-colored natives, brilliant exotic handwork, luscious tropical sets, symmetrical volcanos, blue lakes—they're all there, intact, improved, and almost at your doorstep.

If you have never wandered away from Main Street, Guatemala is a chance to pack a world-cruise into a two-week furlough at a Catskill Mountain price.

And what's true of Guatemala is more or less true of Mexico, Salvador, Costa Rica or Belize. Guatemala, to repeat, is fine for a visit. But a life sentence or a long stretch is something else again.

"What!" I hear you saying. "What about that fellow Torrence who wrote that dollar-a-day article in *Esquire*—living with his wife like a lord and lady for eighty dollars a month? What about those two scientists living in San Pedro de la Laguna at an all-over cost of thirty dollars per month? What about that pension in Cuernavaca that charges only thirty-three dollars a month! I read it in black and white. And brother, don't stand in my way or you'll get run over!"

I don't deny a word of it. Fact is, those prices are easy to beat in lots of cases. Living on a dollar a day is no trick in a country where the average native hasn't much more than a dollar a month to squander on necessities. Down there, a man with 500 dollars in the bank is regarded as rich.

But let's be practical. Let's start in with the boat.

Your passage costs 180 dollars round trip from New York City to Puerto Barrios—and back. I know, you're never coming back. But it's always a good idea to have a return ticket tucked away; and it's negotiable, of course, just like cash. Besides, the Guatemalan government requires it.

You arrive in Barrios—and there's a four-dollar fare to Guatemala City, in the second class coach. (Salon costs ten dollars, and that's unnecessarily extravagant, since everybody who knows the ropes travels second

class.) In Guatemala City you go to the Pension Fernandez at a dollar a day, until you get your bearings and settle on the exact little house to which you want to escape.

It's sad but true that there aren't a great many empty houses in Guatemala. It's a poor country. People haven't a lot of money to spend on houses they don't live in. If you plan to rent one, therefore, you have to search it out.

Of course, if you want a house in town, right in Guatemala City, you merely walk around for a few days and sooner or later you find what you're after and move in. For fifteen dollars a month you get a five-room tile and stucco affair with a pretty patio. But why anyone should live in Guatemala City and be blown out of bed every night by taxi horns is a question you'll ask yourself very quickly.

Like most Americans who go to Guatemala, you'll want to get away from urbanity. You'll want to see the country before you settle down. You're after charm, repose, beauty, the great outdoors—the sort of thing you get in small villages like San Pedro de la Laguna.

Well, that means travel. Cheapest way is by bus, but even low bus fares eat up twenty-odd dollars a week just in looking around. And if you really wander far afield—down to Coban or Todos Santos, for example, you'd better plan to pay over a hundred dollars to the buses. Wherever you go, you'll discover well-intentioned acquaintances who know just the spot you want: a neat little hacienda in Almonlonga or some other remote village, a mere three hundred miles beyond the next volcano.

Moral: Add at least a hundred dollars to your steamship fare for searching out that little particle of Paradise you want to call your own.

Finally, you find a house. It's cute, picturesque, cheap, but you can bank on one thing: it's not like the F.H.A. proposition in Bronxville, or whatever your smart local suburb is called. It's built of adobe, or dry mud and straw bricks, tile and wood, with maybe a cement floor, or a wooden one—or maybe just God's brown earth. It will take a little fixing and maybe the landlord will or will not share the cost. But the cost is so little it doesn't really matter. It's time and your nervous system that matter. It will take weeks before you get your electricity or running water or wooden planking on the living room floor. Meanwhile you fuss with kerosene lamps and hand pumps and watch your food wilt in a California cooler, or window box, with never an ice cube within miles. You harry the owner—you scold the workers (when and if they show up to be scolded)—



When you shop in Guatemala
Costs are mighty low, it's true
But for things that cost a dollar
Gringos often fork up two.



Here's an attitude familiar
In the good old U. S. A.
Human nature doesn't differ
In the Highlands of Quiché.



Intentions rather shady?
Better watch your step or you
Will be married to the lady
With a dusky babe or two!



If you're smitten by a snake bite
Or a toothache has you down
Just nurse it for a fortnight
'Til the doctor comes to town.



Paradise at bargain prices
Is swell—but comes the day
When the lure that most entices
Is the costly U. S. A.!

—ARTHUR GOODFRIEND

you wind up by practically remodelling the old house at your own expense—or you build your own house from scratch. That's what most dollar-a-dayers do—and you will, too.

You will, that is, if you're crazy. And you are crazy if you build a house after you learn what almost happened to me.

My land is a handsome little lake shore item, outside the tiny, primitive village of Santa Catarina on Lake Atitlan, which, I agree, is one of the most beautifully blue bodies of water in the world. Three volcanoes are my neighbors—extinct, of course, which is the best way for neighbors to be—and they wax more lovely each hour of the day. At dawn they are a luminous red; at dusk they are somber purple cones impaled against the Southern skies. I would sit and gaze at my volcanoes all day long, watching the clouds play hide and seek with the peaks, until finally I couldn't stand the notion of returning to New York. I decided to settle down in Santa Catarina for good.

An old *tot*, an Indian chief, owned the property. He'd just sold the piece next to mine for 100 quetzals (a quetzal is a dollar) to a Guatemalan. I wanted about the same acreage, about a thousand square meters. The price to me was 300 quetzals. I had a native friend of mine negotiate for me.

"Don't worry," said my pal. "The old *tot* doesn't know what 300 quetzals is. I'll offer

him a hundred. Each week, when I see him, I'll offer him ten quetzals more. Eventually, we'll get it for 150 dollars."

Months went by. Eventually my friend got the *tot* down to 175 dollars. "Grab it," I said. After all, I wanted to enjoy more than my old age in Guatemala—and I wasn't going to let 25 dollars stand between me and Paradise.

"I hate to do it," said my friend. "You are being—what you call it—gypped. It sets a bad precedent for the rest of us who some day want to buy more property."

Negotiations were resumed. After another three months had elapsed, my friend informed me that, of course, I'd have to pay 50 dollars more to the Guatemalteco in whose name I was taking deed to my property.

I didn't get that at all, so he explained the Guatemalan law. "In the first place," he said, "you are a foreigner. And no foreigner can own land beside a lake or river in Guatemala. For fifty meters up from the lake, the land must be owned by a Guatemalteco. You and this Guatemalteco execute a private deed between you—sort of a gentleman's agreement. But in the records that are actually filed with the government, your name doesn't appear. So far as the actual records go, you don't own the land at all."

What about the rest of the property—the part beyond the fifty meter limit? Well, I

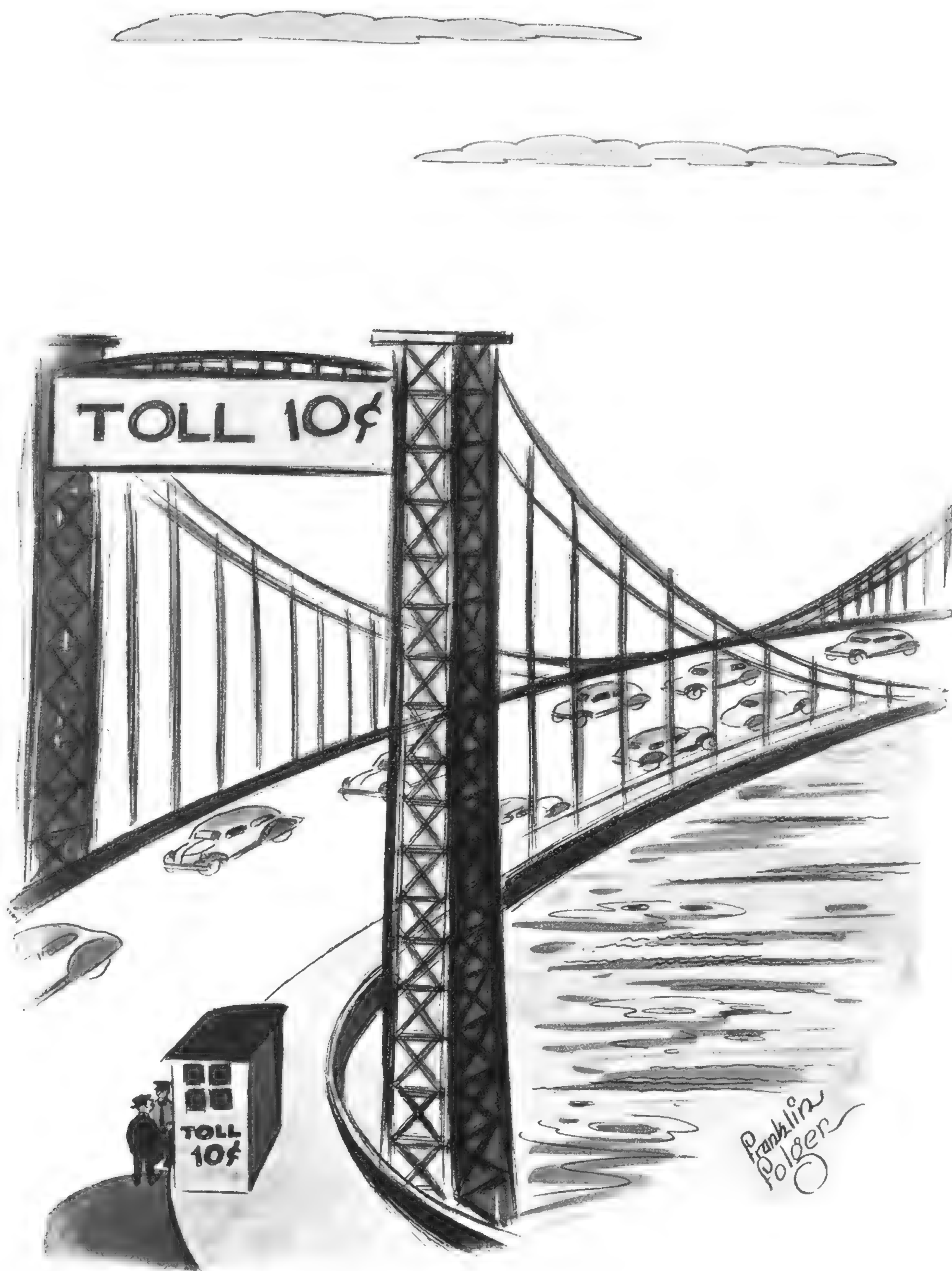
couldn't buy that either unless I "established residence." I would have to get a permit to buy this land, it was difficult to get. It would be better also to buy this land through a Guatemalteco, without my own property rights ever being established.

Well, little by little, it seemed, my tiny piece of Paradise was trickling through my fingers. But I wasn't discouraged. A couple hundred dollars wasn't a fortune. The main item was the house, what about that?

My friend talked to the local contractor from Solola, who was building the house on the adjoining property. I wanted the same general layout—a five-room house, with wide adobe walls reinforced with stone. Ample windows. A fire place with stone exterior, tiled roof, cement floor, wash stand, bath tub, shower, tubing drains, cypress doors and window frames, a pump and a chemical purifier for my drinking water. All on one floor, of course. The original estimate was 1,100 dollars—but each day, as the contractor pondered his problem more and more, the price rose until it reached 1,600 dollars. The man next door was paying about 1,000 dollars—but as a Norte Americano, what did I expect?

The ante now toted up to a fairly respectable figure—175 dollars for the land, plus 50 dollars to the Guatemalteco who really owned my land—plus 1,600 dollars for the house. To this I had to add an estimate for

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"Your salary will consist mostly of what you make on tips"

Chariot in the Sky

**Judas confesses his guilt to Lazarus
and they hasten to Jerusalem, hoping
to reach Pilate before it is too late**

by MANUEL KOMROFF

• FICTION

FROM Jerusalem to Bethany was only a few leagues in distance and yet it seemed ages before Judas could reach the home of Lazarus. He jumped quickly from the cart and with a single word thanked the driver who had taken him this far along the road. Then, running toward the house, he cried as loud as he could: "Lazarus! Lazarus! Come quickly or all is lost!" His voice rang out with a frightening note of doom.

The servants opened the door and Lazarus and his old father Ben Shaba came forward to see who this was who cried out so.

"Come quickly, Lazarus!" repeated Judas. His hair was disheveled and his eyes rolled in the deep dark sockets of his skull. "The Master, they have taken Him and tried Him before Pilate and now they have dragged Him away with a cross to crucify Him. Quickly, quickly! Only you can save Him."

With a gesture of his arm Lazarus ordered the horses to be harnessed to his light chariot. He gathered up his cloak and slipped it on quickly. Then he strapped his belt about himself and tightened the buckle.

"When did all this occur?" asked Lazarus.

"This morning. Everything happened so quickly. He was taken at night. And brought before the high-priest at sunrise. Then He came before Pilate and now . . . You alone have power with Pilate. You alone can save Him. Oh, I pray to the Lord it may not be too late!"

"But why did you not come before? The sun is now high in the heaven."

"Why, why! You may well ask why. My reason held me back."

"Reason?"

"Yes. Call it reason or what you will. I watched and I waited. At any moment I was certain He who is all-powerful would hold out His hand and the evil Temple would crumble to the ground and bury the dark rogues beneath a mass of stones. At any moment I expected Him to perform the miracle which would not only set Him free but would make Him king over all. He promised us that He would be king and I was certain that now the time was at hand. I waited because I believed in His promise. And now if I waited too long, then the blame is upon me. Hurry! You alone can save Him!"

"They are bringing the chariot in a moment. We will ride together with all possible speed."

"And I pray to the good Lord in heaven that we arrive in time. There was an ugly turn of events and the faces of the people stirred up by their priests were grim and determined. On my knees I pray." He sank to his knees and his wild eyes seemed to roll in agony as he mumbled the words of a prayer.

By this time the light bronze chariot

harnessed with three Arabian horses drew up from behind the house.

"No, you had better not stand," said Lazarus, gathering the reins in his hands. "Sit down upon the axle and hold fast, for once we get going . . . I don't want to lose you. All right, are you ready? We are off!" He swished his whip gently and the horses stepped out with a high trot.

As soon as they reached the garden gate and turned into the main road Lazarus cracked his whip and off they went with a bound.

"Hold on!" cried Lazarus.

"I am holding."

"You are not afraid?"

"No. Let us hurry. My own life is worth nothing unless He is saved. Because, I did not tell you—it was I who led them to the place."

"What place?"

"The place where they found Him."

"Why did you do this?"

"Because He promised us He would be king over us and He is all-powerful. And every day He went to the Temple to pray and they did not notice Him. And I was certain that once they clashed openly, then He would be forced to work the wonders that He is capable of working."

They raced on. The horses pounded the road before them, the wheels of the chariot crunched the ground and a cloud of dust rose up behind. Although Lazarus was close to

Judas, crouching low in the narrow space of the chariot, so great was the pound of the hoofs that they had to shout to each other.

"And what was the miracle you expected Him to perform?"

"To destroy them and their Temple. Perhaps now, tormented by their judgments, He has already done so. I pray this may have happened."

"When did He say He'd destroy the Temple?"

"When we first came to Jerusalem He showed us the Temple buildings and said, His very words I now repeat: 'See ye not all these things? Verily I say unto you, there shall not be left here one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down.' These were His words. And upon these words I counted all."

They raced on.

"And you yourself, you say, delivered Him into the hands of the priests?"

"Yes, I did. Myself, myself!"

"When?"

"Last night."

"Where?"

"In the Garden of Gethsemane beside the Mount of Olives."

"Outside the city walls?"

"Yes."

"Who were they who came to take Him?"

"Soldiers led by the servants of the high priests."

"And they took Him peacefully?"

"No. One of the disciples drew a sword

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"What do I do now?"

The Saga of Zela

This Hicupil girl now in his charge was really attractive and it was a question of scruples or another tropical romance

by OLIVER LA FARGE

• FICTION •

RIGHT at the beginning he had named her Zela, in sardonic memory of Trelawney's romantic story. The girl's name in her own language was quite impossible (her tribe spoke Hicupil, which sounded like that), and its translation was She Prepares Tapioca, which was also impossible. José, his major-domo, said she must have a Christian name, and so he settled on Zela which sounded plausible enough in Spanish.

That starving remnant of her tribe came along the trail only a few days before he was ready to break up his base camp, a dozen wretched Indians of all ages, several of them wounded, the old chief half dead. Robert Baird told his cook to make a big pot of rice for them and watched with a mixture of pity and disgust while they wolfed it. He noticed then that the girl, for all her gauntness and dirtiness, had some beauty, even allowing for the impetigo sore at the left-hand corner of her mouth. It was the early, short-lived beauty one found among these jungle tribes, a few years at most of slender body and high breasts, and a young, oval face with long, brown eyes. He noticed that without thinking much about it, save to remark to himself, as he often had, that this business of women wearing nothing but a tiny apron was fine with the young ones, but not so good with those who had lost their figures.

He spoke very little Hicupil, but José knew enough to get the Indians' story. They had had an epidemic of some kind which killed off most of their people, and then their neighbors had taken advantage of their condition to gang up on them, so that this dozen, all that was left of a once powerful village according to their account, had fled in search of some safe, lonely place where they could make gardens once more and hope to survive.

Baird's crew of men were pretty tough fellows, muleteers and jungle hunters chosen

for their ability to travel in the high forest, the mountain country farther in, and the dry, hot plains behind the mountains. They were tough, simple, and direct, and they had now been many months away from the settlements. As soon as they learned that there was no reserve of warriors back of this group, no home village capable of revenge, they decided to have sport with the girl. Things got pretty rough for a minute or two; the girl screamed, her grandfather, the old chief, stepped in and Miguel slashed him with a machete, and Baird came to the rescue cursing furiously. His men admired his ability at cursing; they knew that Don Roberto had his own ways and his own ideas of right behavior, and if they included so odd a thing as respect for an Indian's chastity, or, as seemed more likely, if he wanted the girl for himself, he was their patrón and a strong man, and it was his privilege to handle the matter as he saw fit. They let the girl go after only a little protest.

The machete slash finished the old chief. He made a dying speech in Hicupil, partly to his people and partly to Baird. The scientist had had a try at bandaging the old man, and was kneeling beside him. He didn't think much of it when the chief took his hand, nor yet when he also took the girl's, and it was only after he had died that José explained that the patrón now owned one Hicupil girl of noble lineage. Baird laughed it off.

It didn't seem so funny the next morning, when the rest of the Indians had gone before sunrise, and he found the girl waiting at the fire. She refused to follow after the others. One could hardly force a lone woman to travel through the jungle unprotected, and he realized with genuine irritation that he was stuck with her. He told José for God's sake to get her washed, and gave him some germicidal soap for her face. He said he supposed she could make herself useful around

camp, and for the boys not to molest her, and then he tried to put her out of his mind.

He had plenty to do preparing his specimens for transportation. He had a number of new varieties and, he believed, one new species which he could name after that old stuffed shirt Gansevoort who had put up part of the cost of this expedition. It would please him, and might get him to kick in really generously next season. It was a handsome little bird, and putting it in a case with *Tetrastix Rubescentis Gansevoorti* on a conspicuous label ought to fetch him. But the fact of this wench was like an intermittent headache, partly because he was a conscientious man and saw that he was now responsible for her. He kept remembering a slightly drunken conversation he and Bill MacDougall, the ethnologist, had had last winter after they both had read Trelawney, about what an independent witness would have had to say about Zela and the romance, how it would have seemed through other than Trelawney's rosy memory, and from that to the myth of tropical romance in general and one or two cases they knew of scientists who really had fallen in love with native wenches and had stayed down under until, by the time the girls lost their figures, they had lost their backbones. Fun was fun, and you could have a reasonable amount of that if you watched your step, but there was only one case of Zela.

That evening she brought him his food. That was when he asked José about her name, and decided to call her Zela. The ridiculousness of it made him feel better. José, he suspected, wanted to promote an affair between them; whether out of a sense of the proprieties, or because he thought it would be pleasant for the patrón, Baird could not figure out. After he had turned in, he heard his major-domo talking to Zela at

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"I understand he's setting out for the jungle to look for an orchid!"



*"She was given to us with that last shipment of Hawaiian Pineapples—
part of the good neighbor policy"*



"But, darling, what good is alimony on a night like this?"



"Popular Mechanics!"



"Look at Papa—Ivory Soap!"



"Just the same I'd feel better if Z-91's last three urgent messages for funds hadn't come from Saratoga, Hialeah and Santa Anita, U. S. A.!"



"Every time I go out with a soldier he wants to find out if I'm hiding military secrets"



“Something’s wrong with me—I just laid a mine!”



“Don’t mind her—she’s our part-time maid!”



“I’ve just now finished convincing Freddie he’d love to have you stay for the week end!”



“Happy birthday to you, hap-py birth-day dear Postal . . . !”



"Call the Hays office and ask if it's all right for her to knit a sweater!"

Gather-all in the Hollow

Uncle George lowed it was time to scare him up a wife, so he wore his peg-legged brown suit and took his long blue pistol

by JESSE STUART

• FICTION •

"SHAN, ain't there some place for a body to go around here on Sunday?" Uncle George asked. "Just stay here and loaf around with your Pa will run a body crazy! Durned if I ain't got so I can't stand to look at a hoss-shoe."

Uncle George looked away when he spoke to me. He had a far-away look in his gray eyes. His eyes were set deep in his brown face. There were high, bony bluffs above his eyes, covered by his shaggy eyebrows; his flint-rock teeth showed when he twisted his thin, hard lips.

"There's a basket dinner over at the Beech Grove Church next Sunday," I answered. "But people are afraid to go. They are afraid of gettin' shot since the Blevins boys have been shootin' up the church house."

"I've been a low-down critter, but I'll be dad-durned if I've ever been low-down enough to shoot into one of the Lord's houses," Uncle George said with a frown over his face.

"Will you take me over to that church?" Uncle George asked. "I'd like to go over to see that tough bunch. The last man I fit was the Bully from West Virginia. That was thirty years ago. I fit right on the Big Sandy River bank. I had spikes in my boots and stood up on the grass. He didn't have spikes in his boots, and he fell on the grass. I nearly broke every rib he had."

"Uncle George, Mom won't let me go over there," I said. "There's been so much shootin' and cuttin' goin' on at the Beech Grove Church in the last three years."

"I'll tell your Mom that I'll take care of you," Uncle George said. "Now you get ready and go over there with me today. Show me all the nigh cuts. It's a fur-piece over there, ain't it?"

"About nine miles if we go around the road," I answered. "If we take the nigh cuts through the Tenny woods, it's about seven miles."

"George, I'm afraid for him to go over there," Mom said. "Last week Uncle Billy Turnipseed was called out'n his house and shot. He's at the pint of death in the hospital now."

"I'll take care of 'im," Uncle George said firmly. "You can rest on my word. I'm as good as my word. I thought I'd like to knock around a little nohow and skeer me up a wife. I'm here spungin' on you and Mick. You got a big family."

"It ain't that, George," Mom pleaded. "I don't care how long you stay. It's the way you Powderjays all act when you get together. Mick's been doin' a lot of drinkin' since you've been stayin' here."

Mom's face brightened when Uncle George said he might scare him up a wife. Mom thought that if she could get rid of Uncle

George, Pa would start doing better around the place.

Uncle George wore his peg-legged brown suit. He wore a blue clean work shirt and a big blue necktie with white stripes running across it. He put his watch in his vest pocket and let the chain dangle across to a button-hole in his vest. He has a big watch fob hanging down from the chain. Uncle George put a fountain pen in his coat pocket where it would show. It had a big white clip that held it in his pocket. He put a lead pencil in his pocket beside the fountain pen, with the bright-end and the eraser pointing up. He didn't need them for he couldn't read nor write.

Uncle George got a long blue pistol from under his pillow. He put it in a leather holster. Uncle George fastened his pistol holster to his belt. His coattail hid the pistol on his hip.

"Uncle George, what are you going to do with that?" I asked.

"Shhhhhhhhhhh! Quiet," he whispered. "Don't let your Mom know I got this gat. I carry it to work with me. I carry it every place. It sleeps with me under my pillow at night."

It was hot. The corn had wilted in the hot morning sun. Uncle George and I walked down the road past the two apple trees by the gate. We crossed the little bottom corn-field that the road split in two; then, we turned to our right and went up the Left Fork of the Holler. We walked up the Left Fork where the ragweeds, greenbriars, sawbriars and blackberry briars were smelly in the hot morning sunlight. We walked to the head of Left Fork.

"Uncle George, we take to the hill here," I said. "We go up this road past the old

Doore Place, turn to the right at the end of their tobacco patch, and go around a path by the old coal mines. When we get to the coal mines, we turn left and cross a barbwire fence into the Anderson timber."

"You just pint the road out to me," Uncle George said. "Let me lead for I can walk faster. We want to get there in time for the dinner on the ground. I ain't so much interested in the preachin', for I know where I'm goin' nohow."

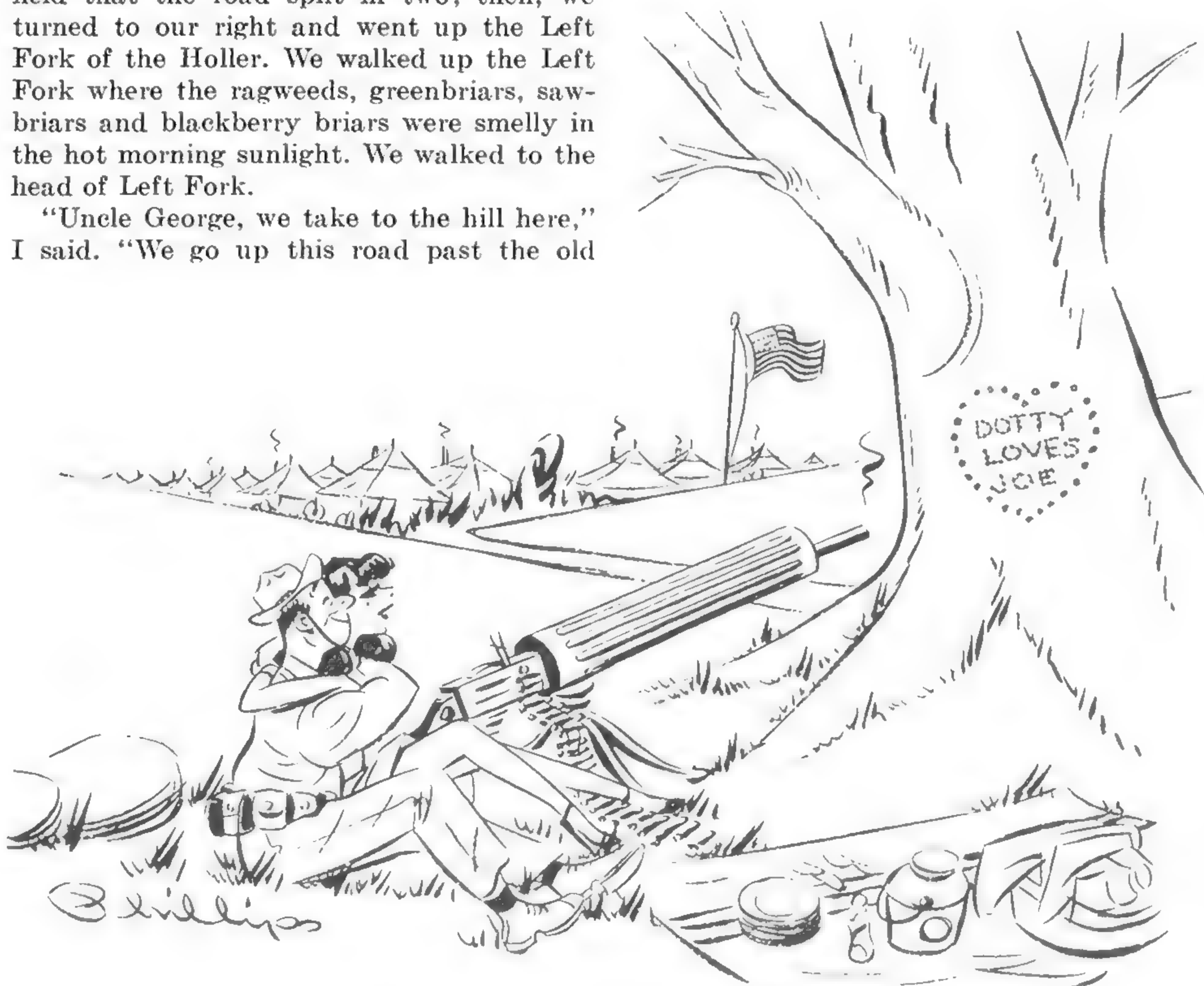
"Where, Uncle George?" I asked.

"I've allus had a funny belief about the here-atter," Uncle George answered. "When I die, I'm goin' to turn into an owl or a fox; two things I've loved all my life. I want to be the fox, for I know where everybody's chicken roost is on Big Sandy."

Sweat broke out on my face. Uncle George covered the ground too fast with his long legs. I ran to keep up with him. We came to the blackberry field. I saw a stump the color of a wasp's nest. Tall blackberry briars grew by the side of it, and their tops were tangled and filled with red berries.

"By the time the berries turn black," Uncle George said pointing to the vines, "I

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When Golf Is No Fun

Consolation for the duffer who learns that form sometimes goes wrong for the best of them and what they do about it

by **BEN HOGAN**

• SPORTS •

WHEN I got the man's letter I thought here is something a couple of books couldn't answer.

And he wanted me to solve his problem with an offhand reply on a sheet of paper!

What the fellow wrote was this:

"I used to play a fairly good game of golf, getting several rounds a year in the seventies and going over 85 only two or three times a year. Now my game is always around 100—a few strokes under or over. I have taken some lessons, and I practice about one evening a week on the average at a stop-and-sock place. But my game is getting no better. I certainly don't enjoy my golfing as much as I did. Is there anything I can do to get back on my game, or must I realize I am forty-six years old and past the age when my golf can be improved? If I am going to be playing worse and worse all the time, then I am about ready to give up on the game entirely. It's no fun any more."

I feel sorry for that fellow. I have taken the same sort of punishment he's been giving himself. Before I really found my game I might be hot one round and cold the next for no reason I could figure out. After rounds when I wasn't scoring well I would practice for hours trying to get to hitting the ball, and finally go home disgusted.

When I found out from players like Nelson, Cooper, Armour and Smith what I was doing wrong and got ideas for correction, then I be-

gan to get some good out of practice. Now I will practice for an hour or two right after I've come in from playing a round well under par. My inquiring friend won't do that. He probably goes in, takes his shower and has a few drinks to console himself for his score. That part, at any rate, should be fun.

What I've learned is that when a fellow is hitting the golf ball well he should try to keep in that groove until it becomes a habit. If he's developed bad details in his swing and tries to get rid of them without knowing how his swing looks or without being aware of the feel he should have at different stages of the swing, then his practice only deepens his bad swing.

The chances are that the fellow who wrote me never had what could actually be called a golf swing. When he was younger, when his eyes were keener, his co-ordination better and his muscles more flexible, it was natural that he would be able to hack at the ball fairly well without thinking about it at all. Adjustment for error was subconscious and fairly efficient.

Then along came the day when he tried to substitute his brains for his muscles. He heard some fellow say that he should keep his right elbow close to his body on the backswing, and he got so attached to that hunch that he ended up taking a lady-like jerky hack at the ball. Or the chances are about 9 to 1 that his playing companions all kept

telling him that he was taking his eye off the ball. Whereupon the victim stiffened himself so much that he almost broke his neck when he swung. Then, as he still had a miserable swing and got bad results, he gave up in profanity and dismay.

He thought he was the only one in the world who had become so stinking at golf he should give up the game. The sad part of it is that one of his type often does quit golf when some other discouragement is added to his scores. If his business slumps then golf loses a player. Men in seed stores in the larger cities will tell you that their sales of seeds and garden tools increased to the 100-shooting members of golf clubs during the first few years of the depression. Then golf didn't deteriorate; something else did.

There now are about 2,500,000 golfers in the United States. Authorities estimate there are about 1,500,000 men and women who once played golf but who discontinued playing for one reason or another. From what I've seen of golfers I'd say that about nine out of ten of those who gave up the game quit because there was no fun in their scores. They are like the fellow who wrote to me.

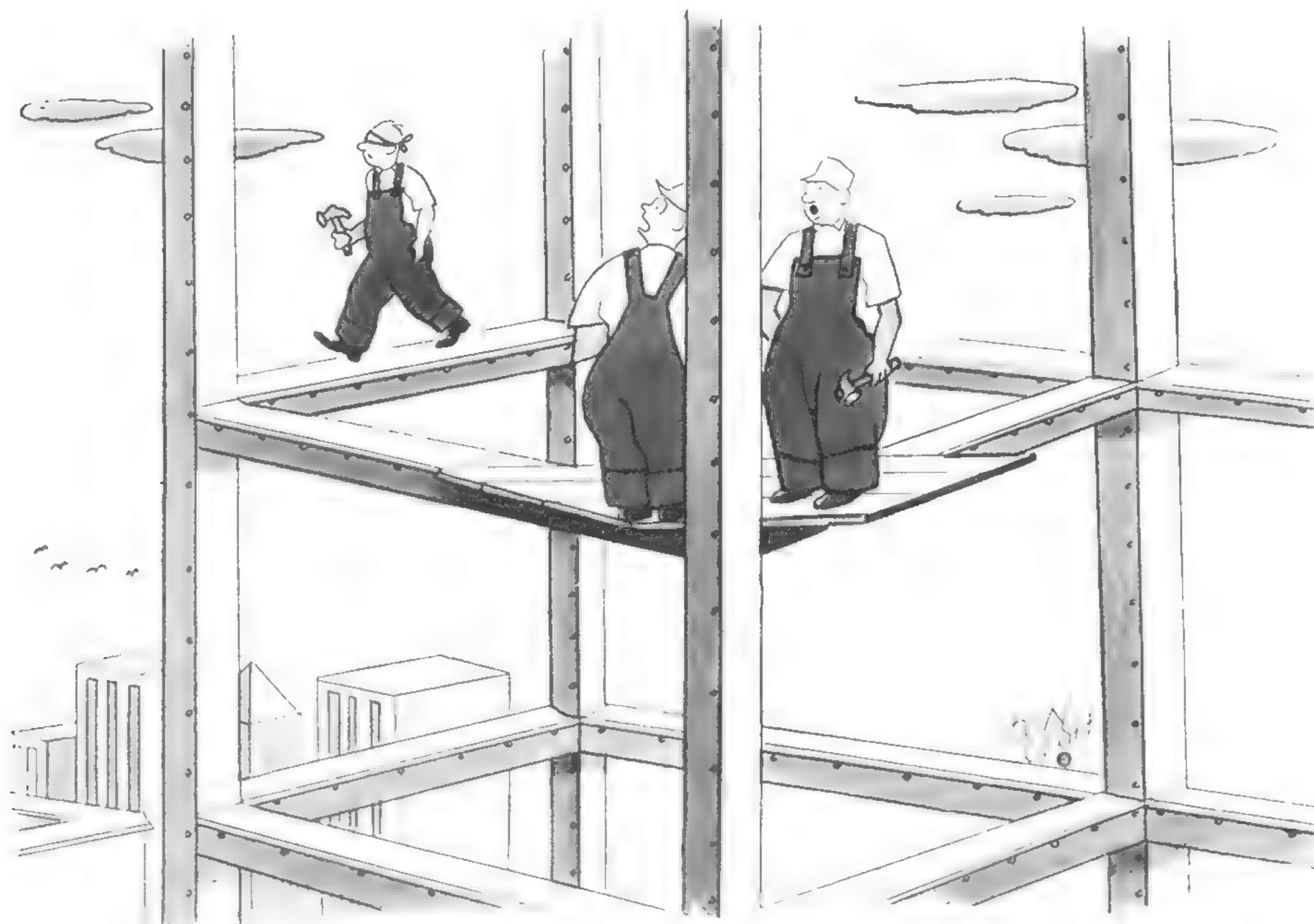
These people who get troubled about their scores to the extent that they quit the game make an expensive mistake. It's plain that if they get so disturbed about their scores when they are not in golf for prize money as a living that they worry themselves into giving up, their general morale needs attention.

The best thing golf can do for these fellows who get low spirited when they bump into a tough problem is not to give them scores of 73, 74, and 75, but to get them to walking the four miles of an 18-hole round merely for the exercise and the congenial company. The first thing I'd honestly advise a fellow who is disgusted with his golf to do is to change the company he's playing in. If he changes to playing with fellows who enjoy themselves without worrying themselves and others about bad shots and high scores, he'll begin to relax at his game. He will get a better score because he won't be trying so desperately that he tightens up stiffer than a steel rail.

In tournament golf the hardest thing to do is to swing easy. I can tell you that because it took me plenty of time to learn that when I gave the ball the works I stayed on the line. but when I had to hold back I ended too often in some trouble. Consequently I had to work hard to get a compact swing that would hold together when I didn't go to the full limit of my backswing. Even now some think I'm inclined to under-club approach shots. But they don't appreciate that I have complete confidence when hitting a shot hard—a shorter club and swinging harder gives me precision.

But you take the case of this man who is

Continued on page 155

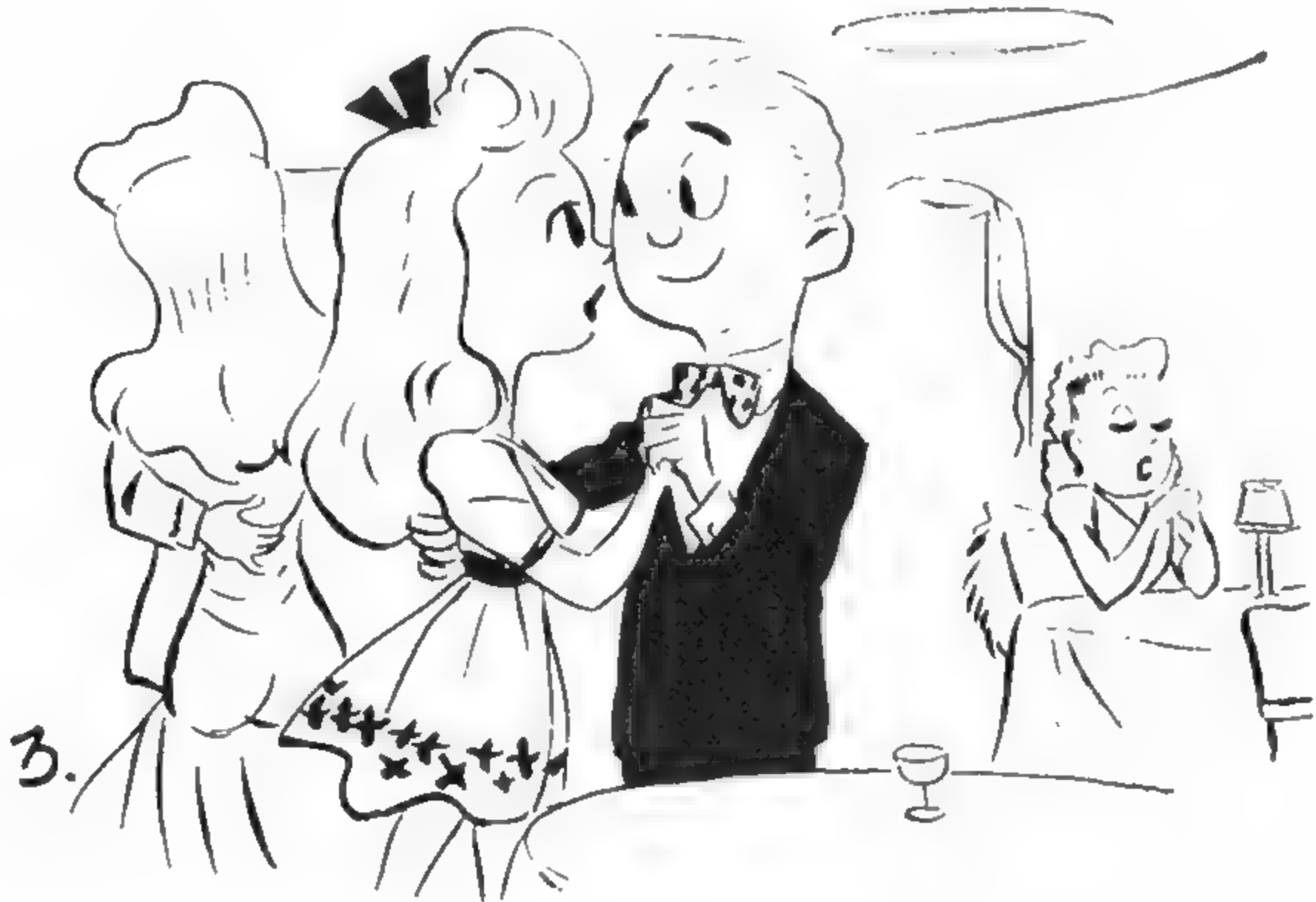


"He gets dizzy spells"



**The Girl
You Left Behind**

*by S. Diamond
& Henry Boltinoff*



The Grand Finale

The late composer's secretary admitted a sneering acquaintance with the five women who had loved him much too well

by ASHTON GREGG

• SATIRE •

R

PERHAPS it was her plainness amidst the baroque magnificence of the ballroom that drew me to her. Perhaps because she, too, looked unutterably bored with the whole affair. At any rate, I found myself pushing through the dancers toward her, without the faintest idea of what to say or how to say it.

Then, as I found myself before the black-clad figure so incongruous on the pink satin couch, the full force of my language problem struck me. Immediately, my French grammar fled and the dim recesses of my mind could only recall *Parlez-vous français?* which to my horror, I promptly blurted out.

"If you're planning to ask me to dance," she said in the most ear-blessing English, "don't bother. I haven't set foot on a dance floor for twenty-five years and made no *coup* even then."

"You're English!" I cried, excitedly clutching the obvious.

"I was once. They call me International now," she replied, rolling the "international" with sardonic mirth.

"You know," I said, "I've been here for a week and until now, haven't heard one word I really understand. I don't know a soul in Paris—I'll be damned, if you'll excuse me, if I even know who invited me to this wake-like frolic."

"I invited you," she said, her hard little eyes mocking.

"Oh—I beg your pardon. I didn't mean—"

"Don't apologize," she returned, not unkindly. "I am not the hostess of this 'wake-like frolic.' I merely suggested to her the people to invite—including those I wanted to meet myself. I suggested you because I've heard your music."

"Thank you," I stammered. "But how do you know of me? I'm not yet what you called 'International.' Tell me who you are."

Her long-fingered hand searched the nape of her neck for a stray hair.

"I'm Cambria Mott, virgin saint of promis-

ing young artists, as well as Paris' indispensable guide for her *nouveaux riches*."

"And you are a musician too?"

She laughed a series of choked little chortles, rather on the order of inverted hiccups.

"Not exactly, but I was once secretary and confidante of Michael Landreau."

"Landreau, the composer? You knew him?" I cried, a bit incredulously.

"I knew him better than anyone else, despite certain claims of others. Sit down and stop fidgeting."

She crushed back her jet-sprayed skirts and indicated my place with her fan.

"You are much like Landreau, you know," she confided.

"How can you tell?" I scoffed. "You've just met me."

"I've no cobwebs in my ears, dear boy," she said. "It's my business to know all the gossip of Paris and London. I already know of your success with music—as well as your success with women. Now, don't gawk like an idiot! Perhaps, I above all others, understand. Remember, for eleven years I was near to Landreau, whose overtures to operas were equalled only by his overtures to women."

Significantly she rapped my knuckles with her fan, and once again laughed. She was not physically attractive, this Cambria Mott, nor could she have been so when young. Her pale skin stretched over the bony structure of her face as if fitted by a too zealous tailor. Her smile was starched and while you talked, her hard, lashless eyes pinned constant questions to you. To dislike her might be feasible, but to ignore her, impossible.

"Our hostess does not yet realize it," said Miss Mott suddenly, "but she has committed the incredible *faux pas* of having at her ball the five women all society has slaved to keep apart these last ten years."

"Why did she do it?" I asked.

"Again I am to blame," Miss Mott replied. "I thought it would create an amusing situation. For, though these women hate each other like brandy and gin, they are forced to endure this evening in each other's company. Dolt that our hostess may be, she is politically powerful at the moment and they don't dare risk her disfavor by leaving."

"You talk as if you knew them well."

"We have a sneering acquaintance. Ten years ago they were five of the most



Marquise de la Foliatte

sought-after women in Paris, and yet they all sought the same man—Landreau!"

"Is that why they hate each other?"

"Partly," she replied, "although it should not have mattered. Landreau had an enormous facility for affection. He loved all of them—and trusted none of them."

Suddenly she straightened up, snapping open her fan.

"Look quickly and you can see one of the women now. That one in gold. The Countess de Lohen. She's simply ages older than she looks. And, personally, I think she looks it."

Her fan pointed out a magnificent creature at whom I should frankly have stared had not my friend dragged my attention to another even more pleasing.

"Over there, in purple satin and that ghastly tiara," she went on, "is the actress, Michelle. The title 'actress' is quite by courtesy of the French language. There's another of them over there. Don't look now for she's watching us. Now turn slowly to the left and you can see the Marquise de la Foliatte. That one by the rococo mirror which, I might add, is no less brittle than she."

The rust-haired Marquise and her reflection coldly touched eyes with me, passing on to wipe off a glance on Miss Mott. It was wasted on that lady, who was already busy searching out another victim.

"Do you see that one with the theatrical coiffure? That, as you probably know, is the singer, Nicola Terri. Drinks like demented. Now where is the fifth? She was the most beautiful though she's getting plump now. Oh, there she is! In the silver paillettes. Madame de Valare, who according to common talk—very common talk—wears her virtue like a pair of old slippers."

"And he carried on with all five of these magnificent creatures at once?" I cried.

"Monogamy was never one of Landreau's



Countess de Lohen

ideals," she replied, "yet one never blamed him for his escapades. He adored the game of love and was as adept at playing women as he was the piano."

"But, with so many beautiful women, wasn't he constantly in trouble?" I demanded.

"Constantly! His worst troubles were cloying females who had become a habit instead of an adventure. Then he became heartless with them, but charmingly so. To close an affair, he sent the woman white roses and a black-edged card which read: 'Deepest sympathies extended to me at losing you.'"

"Am I wrong," I said, "or do I detect something less than affection for 'cloying females'?"

"I loathed them!" seathingly, "Sometimes, I think he did, too. They could be so ridiculous. Often we would laugh at them, he and I. Yes, he always confided in me. I suppose a homely woman—oh, be quiet! I know what I look like—a homely woman was the only one who could really know Landreau, for he never made much attempt to act for her. Poor man! The belles overwhelmed him like silly insects on a butter ball."

"Was he as handsome as that?"

"Handsome? I don't think so, but he had the knack of catching people's imaginations so that they remembered him as being radiant. He could be wonderfully charming—could talk about the fine weather and make it sound as if you were responsible for it."

Her eyes darted after the Junoesque Michelle as she swirled by, her bright hair piled high with feathers, her long eyes reflecting the mood of her partner's conversation. Cambria Mott nodded at the actress, a sardonic smile on her lips.

Two months after his death, this cow of an actress, Michelle, published her autobiography, coyly admitting Landreau died in her arms. Immediately after, the life story of the Countess de Lohen appeared. It was a book obviously concocted in a hurry, hopelessly dull except for the startling fact that she claimed Landreau had died in *her* arms.

This was followed by an article in a journal by Nicola Terri, who pronounced both women liars and declared that she alone was present when Landreau passed. Before the week was out, both Madame de Valare and the Marquise de la Foliatte appeared in print, each denouncing the other four, each claiming *fortissimo* that it had been her arms which gave the dying composer solace. "It caused," Miss Mott dryly added, "somewhat of a controversy."

"But which one told the truth?" I cried.

"All of them—and none of them!" was her startling answer.

"I don't understand."

"Landreau—he was only forty-three—had been working unusually hard on a concerto,

as if he had a premonition of what was to come. Even when he became seriously ill, he kept at it, working furiously, refusing medical attention which he knew was useless. At last he was forced to go to bed, but being away from his beloved piano did not stop him. He scrawled down the music as it came to his head.

"Of course, each of his five present loves was certain he needed her and their attentions were so constant, their sympathies so elaborate, that his work was hindered by a continual state of emotional upheaval.

"Things came to a head one night when the actress, Michelle, and the Countess de Lohen, both of whom were waiting to see him, had a frightful fight, screaming and clawing at each other. Landreau, goaded beyond endurance, threw down his pen and turned to me.

"I must be undisturbed if I am to finish this," he cried. 'Put them in separate rooms and then bring one in here. I think I know how to bring about some peace.'

"Michelle I chose first. She'd been waiting all day without even so much as a glass of wine. I showed her into the dimly lit room where Landreau lay gracefully stretched on his chaise longue, looking magnificent in a maroon smoking robe. Languidly he opened his eyes and feebly stretched forth a pale hand. 'Dear Michelle—' I gasped at his sudden transformation. His eyes glistened and his voice was strong. It was as if the thrill of this new game had restored his energy. Of course Michelle burst into tears and threw herself beside him. Softly entangling his long fingers in her hair, the dying man comforted her.

"I'm going, it's true," he said softly, dreamily, 'but I'll be ever with you. I'll be the wind that touches your face and pulls the tendrils of your hair. I'll be the moonbeams that wash you in the darkness. I'll be the hushed silence of the theater as the curtain rises. You'll see! I'll always be near.'

"Then I remember his eyes suddenly grew large and gasping 'Michelle,' he lay back and was still. Hurriedly I covered him, as he had directed, and ushered the weeping Michelle down the back stairs.

"As soon as she was gone," said Miss Mott, "Landreau was resurrected and, after demanding a mirror placed where he could watch himself emote, was ready for the Countess de Lohen. Following the precedent, she sobbingly pulled him to her breast.



Michelle

"'Little Louise,' he said gently, with that half-shy, half-knowing smile he could so well use. 'Had I been able to stay here longer, you alone should have been the words to my melody—we could have created a celestial counterpoint together—' He coughed slightly, cried only 'Louise' and for the second time, joined the ages.

"Once more I covered the motionless figure and after dissuading the weeping woman from keeping vigil by his bed, I pushed her out the back entrance. To my horror, I saw Nicola Terri's carriage draw up and knew we'd have no peace until he had died in her arms too. I ushered her in. Nicola, ever dramatic, had for the duration of Landreau's illness, swathed herself in black crepe, so only her oblique eyes could be seen. For a moment she posed at the doorway, then, half fainting, dragged herself to his bedside where she deluged him with incoherent adoration.

"Come, Nicola," he admonished gently, 'it is not that bad. I shall not pass into nothingness. Perhaps I shall change into a ray of inspiration to strike some musician and live again by his genius—' He glanced into the mirror and the touching picture gave him such strength, he continued even more eloquently. Suddenly, in the middle of a sentence, he heard the familiar carriage bells of

Continued in center of page 153



Madame de Valare



*“Jeepers, Jake! Do you know ef Uncle Belsh is flapped up proper in back—
here comes the Widow Flitt an’ her daughter Emmaline!”*

...Went Up the Hill

**Beyond, over the crest, lay Switzerland
and perhaps across the border he could
rally some loyal Germans and fight back**

by FERDINAND CZERNIN

• FICTION •

R

STRUGGLING up the mountainside, the man stopped and looked behind him. Reassuringly the open expanse of the hillside sloped downwards, entirely void of human figures.

So they weren't following him, he mused as he turned upwards again, upwards towards the snowy peaks glittering serenely in the afternoon sun.

Funny he should be walking here, free once again from the henchmen of that system which he had devoted all his life to fighting.

Twenty years ago he had hidden in these very mountains in a little hut high up on the slopes, hidden for weeks before they had found him and had taken him down to prison.

Twenty years ago!—What had all gone in between! Twenty years ago he had had a mission, a holy mission, which he had believed in, with all the fibers of his being. But didn't he have that same mission still? Of course he had! Nothing was ever over! The fight went on whether you were twenty-five, forty-five or sixty-five. No one ever can give up!

How stupid he had been to think that he would be prepared to die if his cause was lost, how absurd it was to think that when failure came one could take one's own life. Now he was panting up the hillside to save it.

What was failure? What was success? Even now success might be lurking just around the corner. Maybe this failure, as all other failures before, was just a new start, just a beginning of the road leading to new dazzling heights.

Four days ago, two days ago, last night—he would have thought it impossible that this could happen to him again, that once again he would be an outlaw, hunted, afraid of every shadow and the noise the wind made in the crooked pines.

It would have been easy to die in open battle against all those whom one knew to be one's deadly enemies, but when it was one's own people, the people in whom one had put all one's trust, whom one depended upon for one's strength, one's comrades of many a fight; when it was they who turned on one there was nothing any man could do.

What treachery there was in the world, what faithlessness! No one could be relied upon.

Heinrich, of all people, in whom he had trusted, who for years had held his life in his hands! All of a sudden to see those shifty eyes glaring at one through the thick lenses, barking out his "You are under arrest!" It had taken his breath away.

He ought to have put a bullet through that haughty forehead or buried it deep in that faithless heart. It would have been pure

bliss to see those little pig's eyes go cloudy, see them stare in uncomprehending wonder, and to see them break! Queer how surprise numbs a man's brain and prevents the will from functioning.

Those two bodyguards though, they hadn't been afraid. They had known their duty and they hadn't minded dying, riddled by Gestapo bullets. Those boys had been faithful to the last. Why is it that only the little men keep faith?

The man turned and looked back.

The slanting sunrays streaked across the plains below. Somewhere in that haze there, far away in the plains, there lay Munich.

Munich, the "capital of the movement!" Rather absurd to call Munich the capital of the movement, that town where National Socialism had become a curse word, even if years and years—it seemed ages ago—the "movement" had been born within its walls. They wouldn't go on calling it the capital of the movement now, not for long anyway. The "capital of the counter-movement" more likely than not.

For months already Munich had been a center of unrest. For months swastika flags had been mysteriously torn down and anti-Nazi slogans had been smeared on the walls at night.

Black flags had appeared on the houses where people were mourning some father or son who had died in France, in Poland, in the Balkans, or in Russia. The Gestapo didn't seem to be able to deal with that. For one flag which they made them pull in, three others would appear instead, in other parts of the town.

Maybe the Gestapo was no longer putting its heart into its job as it used to. Incom-

prehensible otherwise would be those public demonstrations in the theatres, in the streets, all over town.

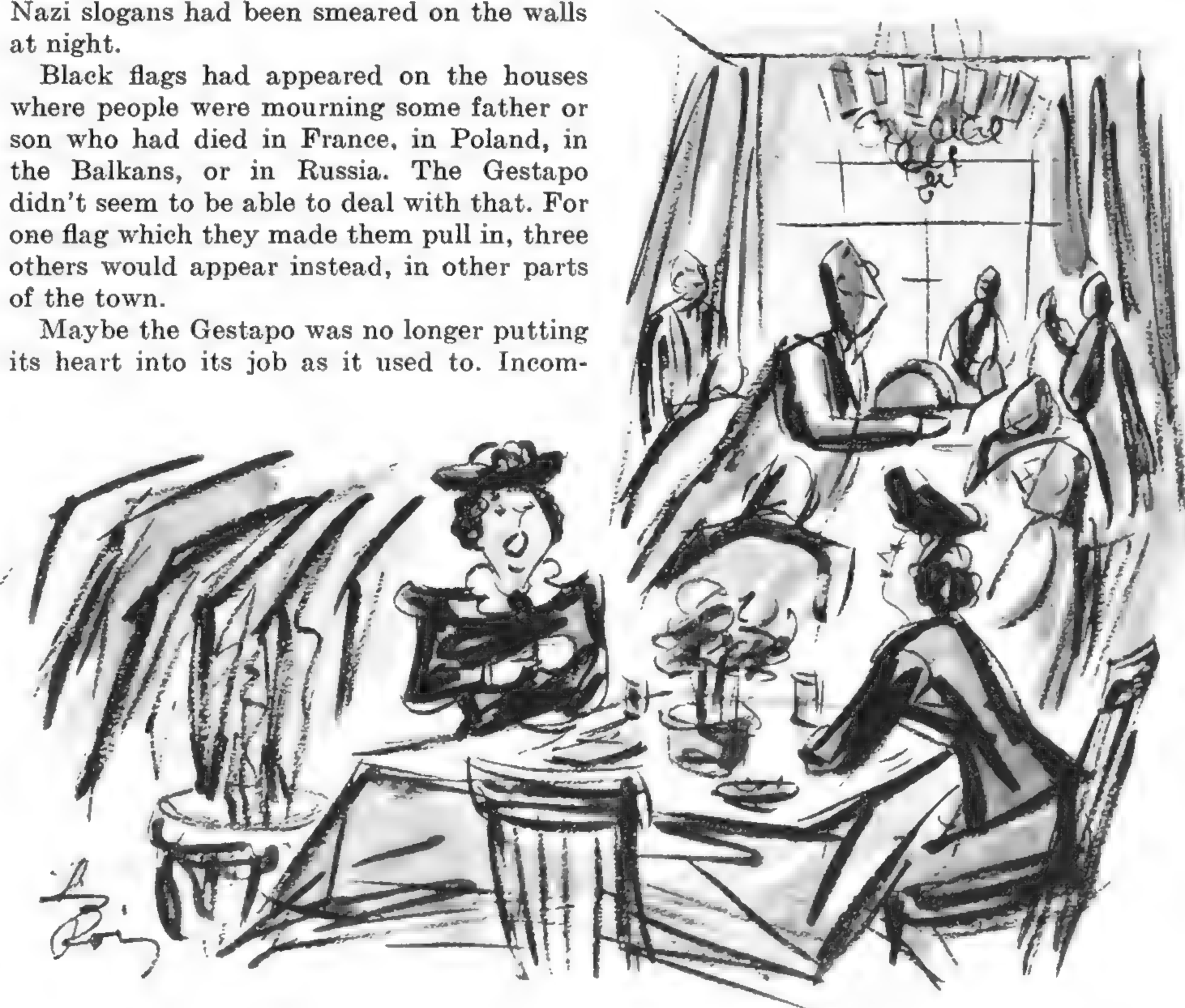
All the rabble of Germany seemed to be concentrated in Munich of late, provoking, conspiring, making a nuisance of itself. How stupid Himmler's boast was, that boast that there was nothing to fear from the rabble because they were all his own men. Maybe they were, but how can you know with men these days when hearts and tongues have got so used to going different ways?

The sun was quickly disappearing. Cold winds blew down from the glaciers as the man struggled upwards, stopping for breath every now and then. With a tired gesture he brushed the lock of hair which had fallen onto his forehead back again, and looked upwards.

There in the distance lay the observatory and beyond, over the crest, was Switzerland.

There was sure to be warmth at the observatory—warmth, and something to eat, but it might be better not to risk being seen. They were certain to have a telephone connection with the valley, and maybe they

Continued on page 157



"We're spending our vacation in Washington this year—my husband's business is being investigated by a Senate committee"

The Sporting Scene

On the genteel bumhood of former grid stars, Jim Kelly's promotion of track and tabooing pants for femme golfers

by HERB GRAFFIS

• SPORTS •

POSSIBLY you noticed during the gridiron season recently embalmed in the record books that only rarely were varsity performers referred to as heroes.

This subconscious de-emphasis in football's journalism was, of course, the result of war's impact on sport. Comparing young men at play with young men risking death to preserve their country's life does not establish heroic status of the young athletes. The two groups of boys are in different fields; one in a desperate struggle that takes a true measure of heroism, the other in a fundamentally pleasant test of skill, speed and brawn.

The illogical role of hero the football star plays because of distorted ballyhoo almost invariably handicaps the youngster's future. The roster of former football stars who are in the lower income brackets of the middle class, or who are on the ragged edge of genteel bumhood is a lengthy and depressing one. Ex-stars who are notably successful in post-varsity careers are very few. The youthful Superman of the sport section often later is Uncle Willie Mullins in adult reality.

Beneficiaries of varsity football are the rank and file pigskinners who are allowed to play the game for fun. Genius of the press coops builds up the youngsters football destroys.

The nearest to heroism highly publicized football heroes achieve is a Greek drama sort of a valiant and bewildered battle with destiny.

The curtain falls on the glamor. A few ghosted magazine articles, some radio time, a movie rated by five camemberts, deflating conflict with pro football specialists, an uncomfortable session before a draft board; then glory becomes nothing but yellowing clippings and a numbered sweater in a glass case.

While still in his varsity years Bill DeCorrevont had his experience with the shock of deflation. Probably the boy has been lucky.

DeCorrevont was the most extensively advertised high school football player the game has had. Bill as a member of an Austin (Illinois) high school team attracted the largest crowd that ever witnessed a sports event in the United States. The count at Soldier Field, Chicago, when Bill played his last high school game, was in excess of 115,000.

Colleges all over the country competed with alluring offers. Bill went to Northwestern. Like all other normal kids Bill had his off-Saturdays. Generally though he was good, if not phenomenal. But the miraculous was expected from him. When it was not forthcoming old men who couldn't walk the length of a football field briskly without panting at the finish, declared the youth a false alarm as a back.

The criticism of these feeble, sedentary ancients seemed to stab the boy in his sophomore year. He recovered nicely after a few pop-offs that any reasoning adult could condone as merely the remarks of an immatured

and perplexed youth. In his junior and senior years DeCorrevont was intermittently flashy, although still a prime target of defense players.

Last season Bill Cunningham, an eastern sports journalist, wrote that DeCorrevont's efforts were nullified by the failure of his teammates to block for him.

Cunningham is a kindly fat man with a reputation as an authority. His implication that DeCorrevont's comrades were deficient in character is not borne out by DeCorrevont, others on the Northwestern squad, the coaches, or the game pictures which show that when DeCorrevont failed to gain, the failure was due to weakness of the Wildcat flesh and not of the spirit.

Obviously Cunningham wrote from faulty and scandalous information. But the smear was widely spread, not only to the discredit of DeCorrevont who naturally might be suspected of lacking qualities approved by his teammates, but to the disparagement of the boys charged with lying down.

Cunningham is not the sort of fellow to calculate how to foul youngsters who are in a sport for fun and who have done their level best. He, along with the boys, became a victim of the non-participant public's yen to discover something fantastic or sinister in the pastime of kids who are still kids and not profound and Olympian characters created by sports page metamorphosis.

* * *

Willie Hoppe calls attention to the wartime shortage of ivory becoming a factor in championship billiards. The composition ball is excellent for ordinary play but lacks the live quality of the ivory ball. Shortage in the ivory market also is an excuse for the lengthy training trips of major league ball clubs.

* * *

The extent of baseball's spring training schedule is due to be questioned again in the light of the prevailing emergency economy.

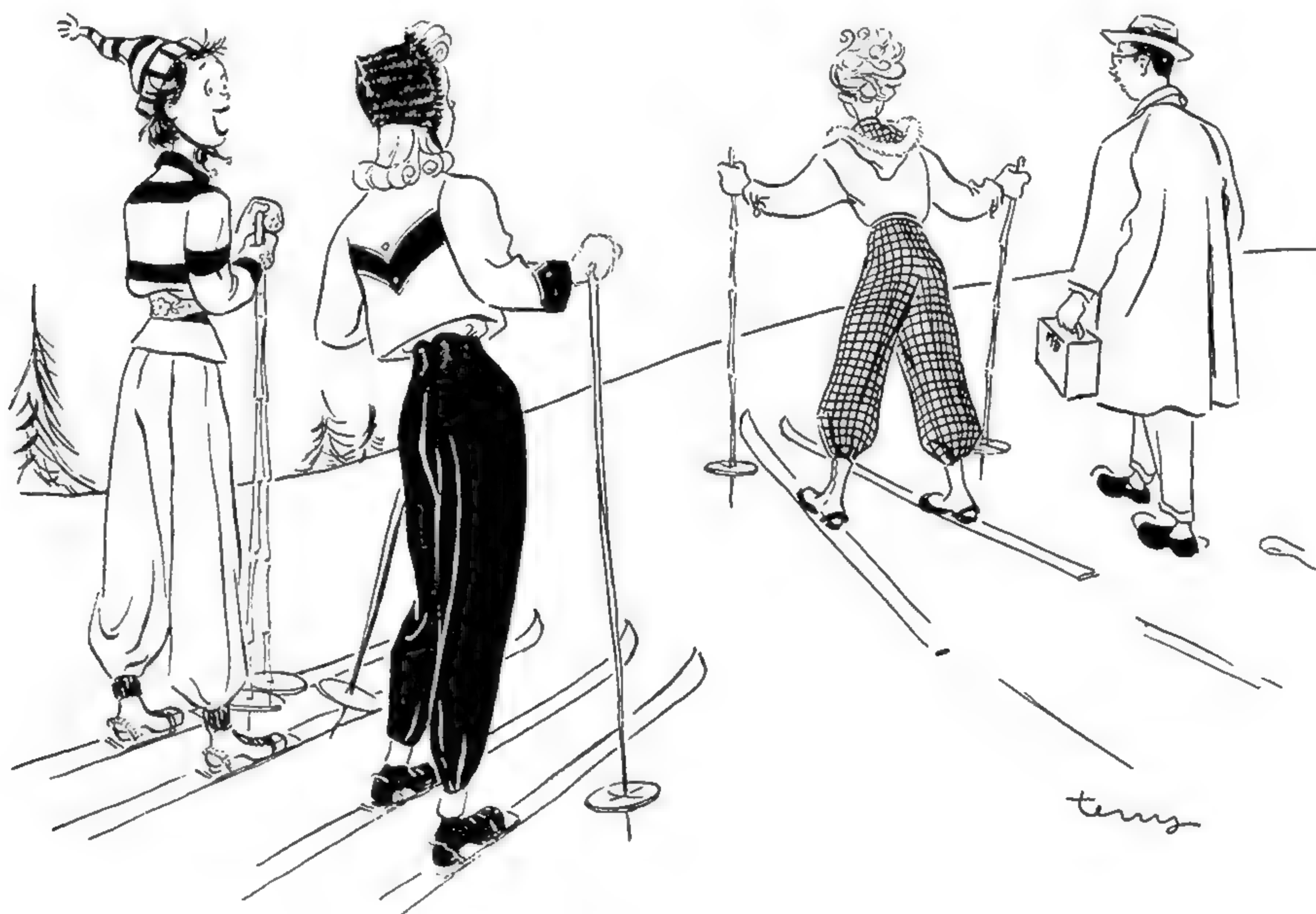
These trips, conducted at an over-all loss to baseball, have been steadily diminishing in their development of fan interest. Clubs that run their training trips in the red are looking for an out.

* * *

Have you noticed how the national reputation of George Halas of Chicago's Bears has grown until George now is regarded as All-Highest in football coaching?

George begins where other coaches leave off. He takes players other coaches have advanced to near stardom and makes superstars of this material. He takes potential talent that other coaches haven't developed and trains them to proficiency that dims the lustre of the collegiate All-Americans.

With Halas having set the standard of
Continued on page 121



"Rosamund's smart—she gets herself engaged to a doctor during the ski season"



BEATEN BOXER

by JAMES CHAPIN

COURTESY OF ASSOCIATED
AMERICAN ARTISTS GALLERIES, NEW YORK

Strictly Business

Big Angelo didn't trust the boys in the mob, so he kept Sure on a salary with bonus

by CHESTER B. HIMES

• FICTION •

WHAT his real name was, no one knew or cared.

At various times, during his career of assaults, homicides, and murders, he had been booked under the names of Patterson, Hopkins, Smith, Reilly, Sanderson, and probably a dozen others.

People called him "Sure."

He was twenty-five years old, five feet, eleven inches tall, weighed one-eighty-seven, had light straw-colored hair and wide, slightly hunched shoulders. His pale blue eyes were round and flat as poker chips, and his smooth, white face was wooden.

He wore loose fitting, double-breasted, drape model suits, and carried his gun in a shoulder sling.

His business was murder.

At that time he was working for Big Angelo Satulla, head of the numbers mob.

The way Big Angelo's mob operated was strictly on the muscle. They took their cut in front—forty per cent gross, win, lose, or draw—and the colored fellows operated the business on what was left.

Most of the fellows in the mob were relatives of Big Angelo's. There were about forty of them and they split a million or more a year.

Sure was there because Big Angelo didn't trust any of his relatives around the corner. He was on a straight salary of two hundred and fifty dollars a week, and got a bonus of a grand for a job.

Business was good. He could remember when at eighteen he had worked for fifty bucks a throw, and if you got caught with the body you were just S.O.L.

He and Big Angelo were at the night drawing of the B&B house, a little before midnight, when the word came about Hot Papa Shapiro. Pipe Jimmy Sciria, the stooge Big Angelo had posted in the hotel as a bellhop to keep tabs on Hot Papa, called and said it looked as if Hot Papa was going to spill because a police escort had just pulled up to the hotel to take him down to the court house where the Grand Jury was holding night sessions during the DA's racket-busting investigation.

Big Angelo had had the feeling all along that Hot Papa had rat in his blood, but now when he got the word that the spill was on the turn, he went green as summer salad.

He called Sure in the office and gasped, "Get out there and take that rat before he dumps. I shoulda let you done it a long time ago."

"Sure," Sure said, and tapped back his cater.

It was thirty minutes to the hotel where Hot Papa lived. Sure made it in twelve flat.

The red was hanging over Central and a

streetcar was going East. There was an eleven foot gap between it and a following truck. He pushed that long La Salle through those eleven feet at sixty-three without even grazing, burst into Cedar at eighty-five. The light at Carnegie showed red but he was still seeing green when he turned at a dragging sixty. All the way out he rode her, sitting on the radiator cap.

Pipe Jimmy was waiting at the hotel garage entrance. "I'll take her away, Sure," he said, crawling under the wheel.

Sure gave him a glance, turned quickly through the garage, went up back stairs three at a time. When he came out on the twelfth floor, he was sucking for breath.

He fingered the knob of room 1207. The door was locked. He rapped.

"Who is it?" came a slightly accented, shaky voice.

"Calahan!" Sure rumbled, gasped another breath and added, "From headquarters."

"Oh!" The voice sounded relieved. "They told me you were here . . ." The lock clicked open.

Sure leaned against the door and rode it inward, kicked it shut. "Hello, Papa," he panted. "Those stairs got me."

Benny Hot Papa Shapiro was a big, foppish man of about thirty-five with thinning dark hair and a winged, Hollywood mustache. He had been the mouthpiece for the mob, but ever since he had seen Sure shoot Sospirato

through the back, his stomach had turned sour on the job.

At sight of Sure he went putty gray and his eyes popped out like skinned bananas. "Listen—" he choked, blood spotting in his throat and neck. "For God's sake, listen—"

"Sure," Sure said and pulled out his gun. "What you got to say?"

"Don't—" Hot Papa gulped, raising his hands and half ducking as a man will from a truck about to hit him. "Don't kill me—" He had on his trousers and undershirt; the rest of his clothes lay on the bed.

"I ain't got nothing against you," Sure said and shot him in the belly. "It's business with me."

A little black hole showed in Hot Papa's undershirt where the bullet went in and his eyes began running like melting glass. He spun around slightly and hung there as if frozen.

Sure shot him in the side. He crumpled into the dresser, doubled over to the floor . . . "Don't kill me . . ." he gasped. Sure stepped closer and shot him in the back of the head.

Then he stood there, juggling the gun, debating whether to leave it there or take it with him. His flat eyes were unsmiling and his wooden face was unchanged. He decided to take the gun with him, slipped it back into the sling and stepped quickly into the corridor, pulling the door closed behind him.

A man stuck his head out of the room next

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"One more question, doctor—how much should we charge for that type of operation?"

Rotate the Center-Jump

Doctors and cage coaches complain new whirlwind game runs up blood pressure and death rate of our young basketeers

by **FORREST C. ALLEN**
• SPORTS •

IN A world monopolized by jeep drivers, machine gunners, parachute battalions and bomb throwers one might seem a bit picayunish in opening a provocative discussion of a rule change in the competitive sport of basketball, were it not that the permanent health of our great army of young basketball players is at stake. Recent research studies made in various parts of the United States indicate that under the present center-jumpless game of basketball there is serious physical injury being done to adolescents. In view of the fact that there are millions of participants in this game, these findings are alarming. More youths are playing basketball today than are playing any other game. Eighteen million people all over the world were playing this game before the somnambulistic New Yorkers were awakened to the fact by Ned Irish's Madison Square Garden giant double-headers.

Multitudes of physicians and health officers are protesting against killer-basketball. By eliminating the center-jump, the game has been speeded up from twenty to thirty per cent. These able men contend that the

game was already fast enough for the physical welfare of the participants; and further, that no matter how carefully checked these boys are, there will be some whose hearts will not stand the present strain. They go further and say that the damaging effects of present-day basketball will far surpass any benefits which might otherwise be gained.

Restore the center-jump and rotate the jumpers at center after each goal just as the batting order of the baseball players is administered. Then you will contribute to this present dizzy game its much needed remedy for the over-fatigue of the players. The center-jump was eliminated primarily to speed up the game. Other arguments for its elimination offered by its proponents were (1) it put the officials in the background; (2) it was difficult to control; (3) there were variations in toss-ups by the referee; (4) players collided with officials; (5) there would be from six to eight minutes of actual playing time added to the game—therefore, higher scores; (6) the tempo of the entire contest would be accelerated and thus would add to spectator appeal and gate receipts.

In justice to the minority, there were a few coaches at this particular National Basketball Coaches meeting who suggested that the elimination of the tip-off might add to the over-fatigue of the players, but this was merely a subjective conjecture and was dismissed without serious consideration. In making this rule change, the officiating, the spectators, the gate receipts, and higher scores were all considered. Everything was considered except the welfare of the players themselves, it seems.

As a member of the National Basketball Rules Body, I vehemently protested the

elimination of the center-jump on the grounds that the 10 to 13 second pause of the official when putting the ball into play at center gave the players a temporary breathing spell. It also gave the spectators a mental breath. Under the old rule, this brief rest period permitted re-oxygenation of the players' fatigued body cells and re-established their proper physiological balances. The present game is from six to eight minutes longer than was the center-jump game. A simple rule of taking time out after every goal and starting the clock with the referee's toss would permit the longer playing time and the resultant higher scores. At the same time it would give the necessary lulls for the players' recuperations.

Mortality records of insurance companies show that low blood pressure means longevity. Hyper-tension and strain injures the blood vascular system. Certainly in these times of crises, when we are having revealed unto us the high percentages of physical unfitness of our American youth as draftees, we should be more cautious than ever about the necessary lulls in their strenuous games. Health balance should be the first consideration.

Basketball was primarily originated for youth. "It is a game easy to play but difficult to master," said its founder, Dr. James Naismith, fifty years ago. He was speaking of the game's desirable goal—play for the fun of it. He originated this game so that eighteen boys could play for the sheer fun of playing. It is a far cry from then to now. Basketball now is a highly organized team game and an excellent one. It is a useful and desirable interscholastic and intercollegiate sport. But menacing symptoms are showing which may eat out its heart. In many places it appears too commercialized. In others, it looks like a racket.

The first considerations in any amateur game, and basketball is no exception, should be the physical, mental, and social welfare of the participants. But the basketball rule makers evidently considered other elements paramount. By eliminating the center-jump they created a speed game in which frenzy, hysteria, hyper-tension, heart strain, poor passing, and fumbling predominate. They also added another out-of-bounds play for every goal made by either team. Prior to the elimination of the center-jump, the Rules Body and various coaches had complained that there were already too many stoppages to the game from out-of-bounds plays, whistle-tooting, and so forth. Their chief dissatisfaction with the status quo, however, was the tall mezzanine-peeping goon center who, they claimed, dominated the game by controlling the tip-off or tap. They declared that this jumpless center change would drive the tall

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"Here's a communique from Junior at Fort Dix!"



“They ain’t got no rye—shall I tell ’em to bring over three ham sandwiches on whole wheat?”

There's Something About a Soldier

It might never have happened if Corporal Corky Smith hadn't asked the captain for a pass to go and meet his old grandmother

by **LOUIS PAUL**
• SATIRE •

THE rain beat a monotonous but pleasant tattoo on the barrack rooftop. Gathering pools of water had begun to turn the company street into a lane of mud. Thick, heavy, black clouds enveloped the training camp, in which for the moment a minimum of military activity was going on. It was a listless afternoon. The day of bad weather was a welcome respite, however, for the draftees after many weeks of unremitting drill. Corporal Corky Smith, who had his nickname by virtue of his ability to extract corks from bottles with his teeth, was lying on his bunk reading.

His pal Ortwingle, brought in like Sergeant Smoot and Sergeant Edwards from the regular army to function as a non-com, came over and joined him. "One fly can cause a guy to go half crazy," Ortwingle observed. "I am just about to take a nice sleep, only this lousy fly figures for some reason that I am his mortal enemy. Boy, this is one hell of a rainy day. Since when did you learn to read, Smitty?"

"If you would of kept up goin' to school," Corky told him, "you would of found out they learn you to read in the fourth grade."

"Well, I never saw you reading a book before."

"Some screwy dame sends it to me. I never heard of her in my life. A girl by the name of Rosalie Something. She lives in Pocatello, Idaho."

"A girl is liable to do anything," said Ortwingle. "How did she get your name?"

"Search me. I never been in Idaho."

"Maybe she got your fingerprints from Washington," said Ortwingle.

"I never been in Washington either," Corky answered soberly.

Ortwingle reached into Corky's blouse pocket and neatly extracted a cigarette. "What is this book about?"

"Have a smoke," said Corky sarcastically. "I'm been readin' this book a couple of days and I ain't yet been able to find out what it's about. Some guy name Doctor Jerkle invents some kind of a medicine that when he drinks it his worse nature comes out in him. It's like a drug habit or something. I am afraid to go to sleep after readin' this book because it is probly liable to give me the green creeps. Why do people haff to send someone a story like that?"

"Maybe this girl who gives it to you is a German Nazi Fifth Column undercover spy," said Ortwingle. "Maybe they are sending this book to a lot of soldiers all over the country so that they will get the green creeps. A whole army with the green creeps would certainly interfere with the Defense Program. It would

bust down what they call morale," he offered. "I don't need the green creeps to bust down my morale. My morale is in a mess already," said Corporal Smith.

"How come your morale is in such a mess?"

"Well, for one thing, I had this experience with General Duncan the other day. For another, I—"

"What experience?"

"Oh, I'm on my way down to the bus station to meet my grandmother. I'm walkin' along mindin' my own business when—"

Ortwingle interrupted, scratching his head. "Wait a minute. This is the first I ever hear of you having a grandmother."

"Of course I got a grandmother. Some people is even got two grandmothers. Why should I be any exception to the rule?" Corky Smith was indignant. "Anyway, that's what I tole the captain, that I got to go to the station to meet this ole grandmother of mine."



"Well, what does the company commander care whether you meet your old grandmother or not?"

"Because it is drill time in the afternoon and I haff to have a pass to get off the reservation. I figure Captain Hitchcock is gonna take a different viewpoint of the matter if I tell him it is a good-lookin' blonde waitress name Edna who I got a date with because in the afternoon is the only time she can take off to meet me."

"Since when is any waitress ever fell for a guy with a face the way you have?" demanded Ortwingle.

"What's the matter with my face?"

"Nothing," said Ortwingle. "It is just that it is very seldom anybody ever comes across a face like yours on a human being." He shrugged his shoulders. "With ten thousand soldiers to pick from, it is pretty hard to believe that a good-lookin' blonde is gonna

make the mistake even by accident of goin' out with you."

"Okay," said Corky. "Don't believe it, then."

"What about this experience with the general?"

"That's what I'm comin' to. I'm on my way down to meet this good-lookin' blonde babe when this ole grey-headed buzzard sticks his head out of a hole and—"

"A hole? What kind of a hole?"

"A hole in the ground. Is there any other kind of a hole you kin stick your head out of?"

"What is a general doin' in a hole in the ground?" asked Ortwingle incredulously.

"He's down there shovelin' dirt out of it with a shovel," Corky patiently explained.

"Anyway, I'm walkin' along peacefully mindin' my own business tryin' to figure out a place to take this Edna where it will be enough privacy around to see if I can find out if it is jist my corporal's pay she is after, when this ole buzzard sticks his head out of this hole and hollers after me. He is got on a undershirt and a pair of fatigue pants, and there is dirt all over him and the sweat is running down his face. I says I am in a hell of a hurry and astes him what he wants." Corky looked out through the window at the steady downpour of rain. "I am glad the captain is got sense enough not to sent us out to drill on a day like this here. It gives me a drownin' feeling jist to look at that parade ground."

"Well, what did the old guy want?" said Ortwingle.

"If a general is gonna shovel dirt in his undershirt they ought to pass a regulation in the army that he should have his name stenciled on it in black and white," Corky complained. "The ole buzzard calls me over and astes me to help him lift this machine into the hole."

"What machine?"

"Some kind of a sprinkling machine with a pump that is suppose to fling water around and sprinkle the garden. Well, I figure a buzzard that is old enough to be my grandfather is possibly liable to get hisself a hernia from liftin' on a heavy machine, so I go over and I help him put it down into the hole. Then notice a sign on the lawn that says this is Brigadier General Duncan's house."

"Then you didn't know this guy was the general himself?"

"Certainly I didn't know it. That's what I'm been tryin' to tell you. I figure this buzzard is the general's gardner and I feel sorry for him. 'What is the lousy army comin' to,' I says, 'that they've got to put a ole buzzard like you to diggin' holes in the ground?'"



"What did he say to that?"

"I like the exercise, corporal," he says. "Thank you very much for helping me with the sprinkler. This is gonna be a fine thing for the garden." Then I says to him how come he is in the army till he's grey-headed without ever gettin' promoted to be a non-com. I says to him he must be kind of dumb not even to be promoted up to be a corporal."

"What did he say to that?"

"He just grinned, so that made me mad, and I stood there tellin' him he should be ashamed of hisself. 'The trouble with you, buddy,' I says, 'is probly the booze.' He nods. 'I admit I like my glass of brandy on occasion,' I says, 'You ought to be ashamed of yourself, because here with Hitler and so forth, the world is in a hell of a condition, and all you kin do to help your country is fill yourself full of bug-juice.' I says, 'An ole buzzard like you should be settin' us young punks a good example in the army, whereas the only thing you are good for is to dig holes.'"

"What did he say then?"

"He says, 'Wait a minute,' and he goes into the house and finely he comes out with a couple of bottles of beer. I says, 'If that ole horseface Duncan ever ketches you drinkin' his beer, you'll go up to Leavenworth for life.' He jist hands me one of the bottles of beer, and then he starts astin' me questions about how I like the army. So naturally I tell him the army stinks. It is practically a duty for a soldier to say the army stinks. It is like a tradition or something."

Ortwingle laughed.

"What is there to laugh about?" demanded Corporal Smith.

"It is a tradition for a soldier to say the army stinks," said Ortwingle, "but not to a brigadier general."

"Yeah," Corky agreed sadly. "Anyway, I sit there and give this general a nice earful. 'The trouble with the army is the officers,' I tell him. 'In what way is the trouble with the officers?' he astes. 'You ought to know as much about officers as I do,' I says. I says, 'Officers is all stinkers. You can take a very nice guy, put him in a officer's uniform, give

him a paper signed by the Secretary of War sayin' he is now a officer and a gentleman, and right away he becomes a stinker.'"

"What did the general say to that?" asked Ortwingle.

"He says, 'What about another bottle of beer, corporal?' By this time I'm beginnin' to feel pretty good, so I start tellin' him all the things I would put into effect if I was the commanding general of the army. I don't remember half the stuff I tell him, but it is a very beautiful earful. Then he astes me how come I am off duty in the middle of the afternoon, which suddenly reminds me of this important date I got with this very good-lookin' blonde waitress. I jump up. 'Here I been wastin' my good valuable time, ole man, when I should be down at the bus station meetin' this blonde babe,' I says. 'Old man, if you wanna know what's the matter with the army, it is guys like me, who go to the trouble to lie to the company commander to get

a pass to meet a good-lookin' blonde but forget all about her if along comes an opportunity to beef.'"

"So what happened then?"

"I highass down to the bus station and this Edna dame is nowhere in sight. I astes this lug that runs the newspaper stand if he is seen anything of a good-lookin' babe waitin' around. He's one of these wise guys. 'Good-lookin' babes don't haff to wait around here very long, soldier,' he says. 'The under-supply of good-lookin' babes is too great for the demand,' he says. 'Better luck next time.'"

"That is what comes of stopping to talk to a general," Ortwingle observed sagely. "So how did you finally come to figure out who this old buzzard really is?"

"Well, I'm on my way back from the bus station, I am pretty downcasted as the result of losing out with this frill. My morale is in the worse mess it is ever been in. By the time I get to the general's garden again I notice he is already begun to fill back the dirt into this hole with the machine in it. I go over and I say, 'Old man, on account of stopping to do you a favor, I am jist lost out with the girl of my dreams.' 'Why, I am really sorry to hear it, corporal,' he says. 'A ole buzzard like you wouldn't remember what it is like to be disappointed in love,' I says. 'Well, the next time I come along, I hope I don't see you drownin' in some lake, because to do a favor to anybody in this world don't pay.' And then at that moment a maid comes out and she says to this old buzzard: 'General, suh, Mrs. Duncan tole me to tell you it is time to come in and dress for dinner. She tole me to tell you not a hour from now, or two minutes from now, but right now.'"

"When you found out this buzzard was General Duncan, what did you do then?"

"I snapped to attention and I saluted. So the old buzzard laffs and laffs and finely he says, 'Well, corporal, thanks again for helping

me out. I'm sorry you missed your appointment. Your ideas about the army interested me very much. At least you can be sure we won't get in trouble on account of drinkin' up ole Horseface Duncan's beer.'"

"That was certainly some experience you had," Ortwingle declared.

"Huh!" exclaimed Corky. "You still ain't heard the end of it. When I come back to the barrack, Sergeant Smoot is waitin' for me. 'The company commander is lookin' for you in the orderly room,' Smooty says, and he has got that funny smirk on his face which always comes on it when something is up. 'He says to send you right in just as soon as you got back.'"

"You mean the general called up and—"

"General, hell," interrupted Corky. "I report to the orderly room. Sergeant Edwards closes the door behind him, and I am standin' there at attention in front of Captain Hitchcock's desk. 'Stand at ease, Corporal,' he says. Then he clears his throat a little, like he does. 'Uh, we've jist had a telephone call from the bus station, corporal,' he says. 'It seems that your grandmother is very much annoyed because you were not down there to meet her. You were supposed to meet your ole grandmother at the bus station, weren't you, corporal? That's what you wanted the afternoon pass for, wasn't it?'"

Ortwingle was laughing uproariously.

"You wanna hear the end of this story or don't you?"

"I can guess the end, but don't stop now."

"Your grandmother has a very young-sounding voice, corporal," the captain goes on. 'I don't know but what I'd like to meet her some time.' Then he reaches into his desk and he takes out this package and he hands it to me. 'Here's something that come in the mail for you, Corporal Smith. Apparently a book. I do hope it's a long, interesting story, because for making up a phony excuse to get a pass I am going to confine you to quarters for one week. That is all. You kin go.'"

"And the book is this here book?"

"Yeah. Doctor Jerkle and Mr. Hyde. First I run into a general diggin in his undershirt, then I lose my girl, then I get confined to quarters for a week, and then I haff to get hold of a story that gives a person the green creeps. If things like this is goin' on all over the army, no wonder the papers is full of stories about how us soldiers' morale is in a mess."

The rain still continued to pour out of the bleak sky.

"You said it," said Ortwingle. "Us soldiers is got a tough time of it, that's a fact." #





*“Certainly I want to go, Professor! It’s just that I promised
I’d take my girl to the movies that night!”*

Finer Cars in a Fighting World

Defense priorities have fostered many improvements in automotive engineering as proved by this line-up of 1942 cars

by ROBERT W. MARKS

• MOTORS •

THERE is a theory current in the motor industry that war stimulates progress. And it is held there that limitations on materials, far from creating *ersatz* cars, have created better cars.

In Detroit, South Bend, and the other car capitals, research is usually at least five years ahead of immediate trends. New and more efficient materials are always in reserve, always in the process of control tests, development, and improvement. A national emergency such as the present one simply speeds up the process of transition. The result is not an inferior car but a better one.

All machine engineering is a matter of compromise. The factors you deal with are power, weight, efficiency, durability, initial cost, and operating economy. It is a simple matter to produce a car with great power, efficiency, and durability—like the Rolls Royce. The penalty is an enormous initial cost . . . and a high operating cost. It is also easy to turn out a "people's car," with an initial cost no more than a couple of warmed-over hamburgers. The penalty is paid in power and durability. You may have to replace it before you pass the second stop light.

The heavier the parts of a car are (other factors remaining constant) the more durable they are likely to be. On the other hand, the heavier they are the higher the purchase price, and the greater the gas consumption—since you add just so much weight to be shuttled back and forth.

This question has had to be answered: is it more economical to buy a Rolls Royce, for some 17,000 dollars and drive it ten years; or to buy an 800-dollar car and trade it in for another (with a five to six hundred dollar allowance), after a year or so.

The bulk of the American public has obviously chosen the moderate-priced car; and this has set the motor industry a clear-cut research objective: to turn out a better engineered car . . . for the same, or less money. This means the selection not necessarily of the best available material for each part . . . but the most efficient and durable material within the limits of a reasonable price range.

Priorities have forced manufacturers to use new or different materials for certain parts. But so far as I have been able to determine without taking each car apart and biting each washer, the only factor that has suffered in this compromise *ménage à trois* is economy. The 1942 cars cost more.

Suppose we look at some specific changes war, research, imagination, and twelve months have wrought in the motors scene:

Eight engines have already shifted from aluminum alloy to iron and steel pistons—and all others still using aluminum will shortly shift over. Nevertheless most of the

new engines are more powerful, and many have a higher compression ratio. Modern metallurgy has created pistons of iron and steel which have almost all of the desirable characteristics of aluminum alloys and in some cases distinctive advantages. Having a much higher expansion factor than aluminum alloys, and virtually the same as the cylinder walls, iron and steel pistons make a snug fit in the engine . . . almost from the moment of starting. With them you don't have to wait ten or fifteen minutes, on a cold day, to get the full output of the motor.

Riding comfort has been increased on many models . . . by revising the spring rates . . . by introducing spring leaf inserts . . . and improving spring lubrication.

The new Studebakers offer a vastly improved Economatc Overdrive which makes driving an almost effortless affair when you reach 14 miles per hour—for that's where the new Studebaker President's overdrive cuts in. It reduces engine revolutions about 30 per cent which means 3 to 5 extra miles per gallon; and reportedly the saving of wear on the engine is so considerable that the car's useful life should be greatly increased and repair costs held 'way down.

On the "President," the "Commander" and "Champion" the starter is operated automatically when the clutch pedal is depressed, making things easier for those who find it a mental strain to push extra buttons.

Two new levers, however, make their appearance on the steering wheels of the 1942 Studebakers. One operates the turning signal lights. The other tunes the radio. Fog lamps are optional on the Commander and President.

The fronts of all the new Studebakers have been redesigned; and the President and Commander grilles now terminate at either end, with a large bright-eyed fog lamp . . . making the car look like a conventionalized, streamlined dragon—or a decorative motif from the famous Mayan Temple at Chichen-Itza. Bumpers are broader and lower . . . and are so arranged as to hold up proudly and safeguard the license plates.

Oldsmobile, this year, offers some dramatic style changes. The most important of these is the fender line: the bulge of the fender has been carried back into the door so that when you open the door, you swing out the tail end of the fender bulge at the same time. It makes the car look as though it were breaking speed records . . . even standing still.

A special feature is not one bumper . . . but two—framing the radiator grille. This is a wonderful device for bumping the car in front of you: his bumper can never slip through to get at your fenders, but your bumpers can crumble his fenders with the greatest of ease. Oldsmobile calls this a "double duty bumper"—meaning, no doubt, that it is equally good for offense or defense.

Oldsmobile continues with its much-pub-
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"She takes the bumps nicely, doesn't she, dear?"

Tally-Ho, Texas Style

**Fox-and-hounds on the lone prairie
round up man and dog for feast and
fun to be reviewed for years to come**

by **GERALD DONOGHUE**

• SPORTS •

R

IT'S too dark when you get up in the morning in the deep pine woods before the first cast of the day to see anything but the smoky red flickerings of the pine log fires of a hundred camps. Then comes the sharp, clean smell of oak burning in the cook fires. Coffee simmers in our smoke-streaked pot, and the Negro cook crouches on the other side of the fire, bacon sizzling in the big skillet.

The other men come out of the tents, yawning and stretching and stamping their feet down into their boots. One of them has a bottle and he passes it around. The red whiskey catches the light of the pine fire. It takes a long drink of cool water to wash away the sting of it. The bourbon takes hold quickly and the men make short work of the bacon, bread and coffee. The cook, in his white apron and puffy chef's cap, gets a splash of whiskey in his tin cup and his teeth flash white in the glow from the fire. When it's good daylight, you can see the blue smoke drifting up from the campfires and the hunters straggling in on the deep sandy roads toward the headquarters tent to learn where the first cast of the day will be made.

Sometimes more than 300 hounds will be unleashed at the first cast. It's not an invitation affair. The Texas Fox and Wolf Hunters Association plans it, and those who like fox hunting come from all parts of the state. There is no formality, provided you are accepted. Fox hunters know one another and

there are thousands of them in Texas. You simply walk into the headquarters tent, pay your dollar and get your membership card in the association. If you don't happen to have the dollar, you are still welcome in the camp if you are of the fox-hunting faith.

Years ago in East Texas a fox hunter was a man with too much time on his hands. Some called fox hunters no-goods. They were the town loafers; some were businessmen, rogues who saw to it that their businesses did not interfere with their fox hunting, and an occasional rich man who could hunt with an easy conscience.

That was before oil in East Texas. Then it took hard steady scratching to make a living, but every village had its fox hunters and they were never so poor they could not dig up the money to import a hound now and then from Virginia or Tennessee and even to buy foxes to make sure the woods were well stocked.

That's changed now since oil. Village loafers and tenant farmers are fox hunters; they always will be. But now, fox hunting in Texas is a big thing. As many as 5,000 people attend a state hunt.

There are the elaborate camps of the big oil companies, the cotton concerns and public utilities. Every big politician in the state makes it a point to be seen there. There is much entertaining—and lobbying—done.

The state prison system has its own camp every year. While the prison officials enter-

tain politicians and their friends, convicts putter cheerfully around doing the camp work. There is little to distinguish them from the rest of the hunters, and no one seemed to watch their comings and goings. "There's nothing to worry about," a man told me. "Most of them are trustees, long-termers, many of them up for life. But you couldn't drive them away from here. Don't ask me why. I'm a fox hunter, not a psychologist."

The rest of the camps scale down in size to those of a few lone fellows, most of them old fox hunters who have brought a single hound in a Model T Ford and bed under a pine tree.

The outfit of the Texas fox hunter is more than a whoop and a holler from that of his pink-coated brother in the Eastern and the English hunts. The only pink, or red, at the state hunts is worn by the judges. The color is traditional but the coat is a zipper jacket. The red is mainly to identify the judges as they crash through the thickets to check the performances of the hounds.

We wear what we have. An average outfit is: flannel shirt and leather jacket, khaki pants and cowboy boots, topped by a battered felt hat. Extremes go from grimed coveralls to rainbow colored shirts and tight pants gaudy enough to grace a rodeo parade. Many of the riders who tear into the woods after the hounds wear chaparajos, of heavy leather, and heavy gloves so they can throw up a hand to protect their faces as the horses break through the springy saplings and brush.

A tough cow horse with a stock saddle is the mount for a Texas fox hunter. There are a few fine horses in camp but their owners don't wish to risk pushing them through the underbrush. There are no jumpers, as Eastern hunts know them. The only jumps are over logs, brush piles and ravines. For the visitor, there are farmers' nags to rent, if you get to them first. One of the regulars, T. Binford, red-faced, rotund, an old-time Texas sheriff, brings Madam Queen, his white saddle mule. She knows more about fox hunting than most of the dogs.

In Texas, a fox or wolf hunt concerns itself chiefly with the dogs. Texas, and especially East Texas, claims the finest fox hounds in the world. The Walker hound is the favorite, with the July and other strains having their fanciers. Texas fox hunters say that, to get looks, the English have bred both stamina and voice out of their hounds. They say that the French centuries ago bred for size and lost the keen noses of their breeds. The Walker, July, Trigg and other favorites at the Texas hunts have stamina, voice, nose and, incidentally, looks. They are descendants of hounds brought from England, France and Ireland to Virginia, Maryland and Tennessee. Texas sportsmen have guarded and developed

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"Hey, pop, will you show me that big gorilla you said you have to take orders from?"



He is the Man o'War of the English turf, with a record even more fabulous than that of the great American horse. Bahram never lost a race. He won every one of the nine big stakes in England, but what makes him stand alone in turf annals is the fact that no rival horse ever so much as got in front of him during the course of any race.

Bahram

Bred by the Agha Khan, he is by Blandford out of Friar's Daughter. He was bought by an American syndicate consisting of Walter P. Chrysler, Jr., Alfred G. Vanderbilt, Sylvester W. Labrot and James Cox Brady, for \$160,000. At stud at Sagamore Farm, Maryland, he is expected to start a great new blood line of race horses in this country.



"The line is busy—do you mind waiting?"



"... but which is more important—tradition or my health?"



"It gives it to you with both barrels"



"Sorry, sir—no drinks served to men in uniform!"



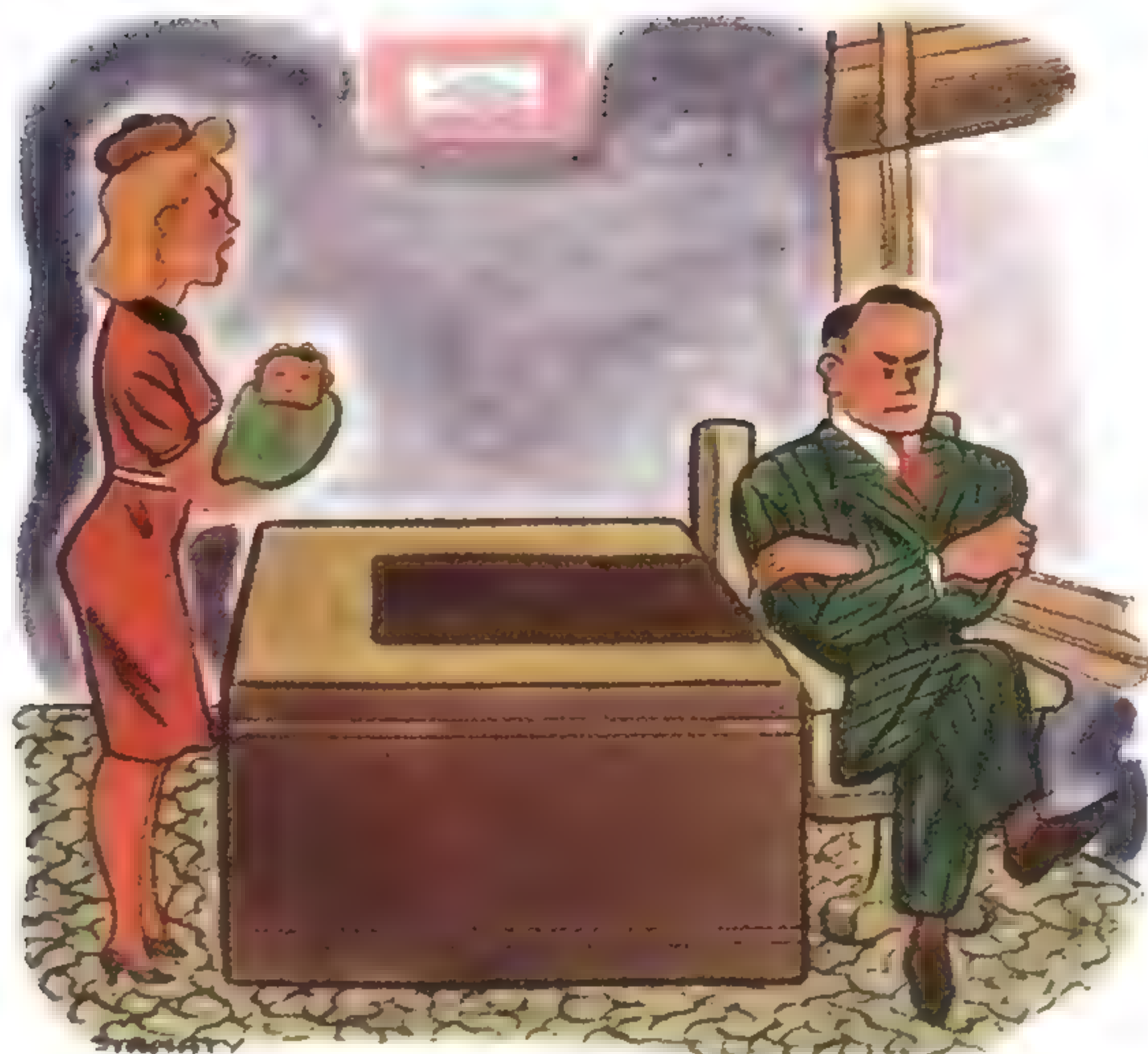
"Beginner's luck, huh, fellows?"



“Our son’s home on leave, dear—let’s go over to his girl’s house some evening to see him”



“The natives here are quite friendly to Americans”



“Well, you might at least offer me a cigar!”



“I see you lying on the floor—you’ve fainted—you have just made out your 1941 Income Tax!”



COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY WAXMAN

German Shepherd

CHAMPION PFEFFER VON BERN owned by John Gans. Coming of honest, hard-working, herding and farm dogs, he is first, last and always utility-minded. Breeders of the real German shepherd have encouraged the development of its chief trait—love of labor. They have concentrated, through selective breeding, on improving his temperament, physical fitness and training. Several years ago, at the height of its deserved popularity, the breed was exploited. German shepherd puppies were raised in bathrooms and sold for

next to nothing. By the time the situation was again controlled much harm had been accomplished. The "worker" acquired a bad name. He was accused, among other things, of being untrustworthy. Now, happily, bootleg breeding has been stopped, improper blood lines discontinued and the shepherd's good name restored. The German shepherd's wonderful care of the blind proves that he can make decisions. He has rare and loving qualities of heart and mind and "to know him is to love him."—CHASE HERENDEN

The Dark Fury of the South

Maj. Fred Sullens, battling editor of the *Jackson Daily News*, backs up his sizzling editorials with ready fists

by CRADDOCK GOINS

• ARTICLE •

ONE calm summer night in 1940 a tall, lean man with iron gray hair strode across a hotel lobby in Jackson, Mississippi, a heavy cane in his hand. He was breathing heavily. He came upon a heavy-set, broad-shouldered gentleman standing at the elevators. He swung down the cane upon the other man's head, laying open the scalp about two inches over the left ear. The two grappled. They struggled silently, savagely back and forth. The tall man's eyeglasses flew into the air, breaking in tiny tingling pieces on the tile floor.

Women screamed and men rushed about excitedly as the combatants crashed to the floor, splintering a chair.

In less than five minutes the news spread down the main street of the state's capital city like an overflow of the Mississippi River. A fiery governor and a fire-eating editor had come to personal grips, as everybody knew they would in time.

"D'ja hear 'bout Paul Johnson beatin' hell out'n Fred Sullens?"

"Well, he sho had it comin' to 'im."

"I don't see why he waited so long to do it."

"Whatya talkin' 'bout—Major Sullens was on top when they pulled 'em apart."

That's the way they take their politics in Mississippi, where partisanship runs high temperatures.

Meanwhile, teletypes and telegraph lines crackled out to the nation the news that Paul Burney Johnson, Governor of Mississippi, had come to a squaring of accounts, suh, with an old enemy. Reporters had a Roman holiday.

Major Frederick Sullens, fighting editor of the *Jackson Daily News*, had been "riding" Johnson since the time, ten years or so ago, Johnson emerged from the piney woods of south Mississippi to campaign for governor.

A red-hot typewriter had blistered Johnson unmercifully through two stinging defeats, and there was no let-up after "Pollywog Paul," as the editor sometimes called him in his gentler moods, had been elected to the highest office in the state.

On the afternoon preceding their encounter, Sullens had published eight editorials, five of which were gusty lambasts at Johnson in the most personal tone.

Their hand-to-hand encounter was page-one stuff almost everywhere. From California to New England people wired in throughout the night for particulars—editors, governors, congressmen, senators, authors, movie stars and plain everyday people.

A frantic south Mississippian demanded to know immediately if there was any danger that Major Sullens might recover.

One man borrowed a bit of Irvin Cobb phraseology to express the fervent hope

that his injuries were nothing trivial.

The nation was far more interested in the editor than in the Governor. Every state has a governor; they come and go on the uncertain tides of public popularity. Fred Sullens flows on and on, like the mighty Mississippi, in floods of high fury. His fortress of fighting journalism is not based upon the shifting sands of popularity. He has as much contempt for public applause as he has for the table-thumping politician, which is immense. Hence, he is much more popular abroad than at home.

His fight with Governor Johnson was just an incident in four decades of pot-shooting at virtually all the hotspots of Southern capitals and other seaports. Sometimes called "the scourge of demagogues," he is widely known to people who otherwise couldn't name the capital of Mississippi.

Since the turn of the century his high cry of personal journalism has been the most awesome force known to the trade since William Cowper Brann threw the *Iconoclast* upon the startled American street scene in the 1890's.

His hatred of what he calls "peanut politicians" is so great you can imagine him saying with Brann: "Would that I had the power to weave of words a whip of scorpions to lash the rascals naked through the world!"

Major Sullens doesn't exactly look for trouble. He begs for it. He goes after it the hard way. His typewriter seems to stand up on its hind legs and bark for sheer joy at the slightest intimation that somebody might offer the happy opportunity of personal combat.

An incident that might cause the average editor to lift an eyebrow and view with alarm

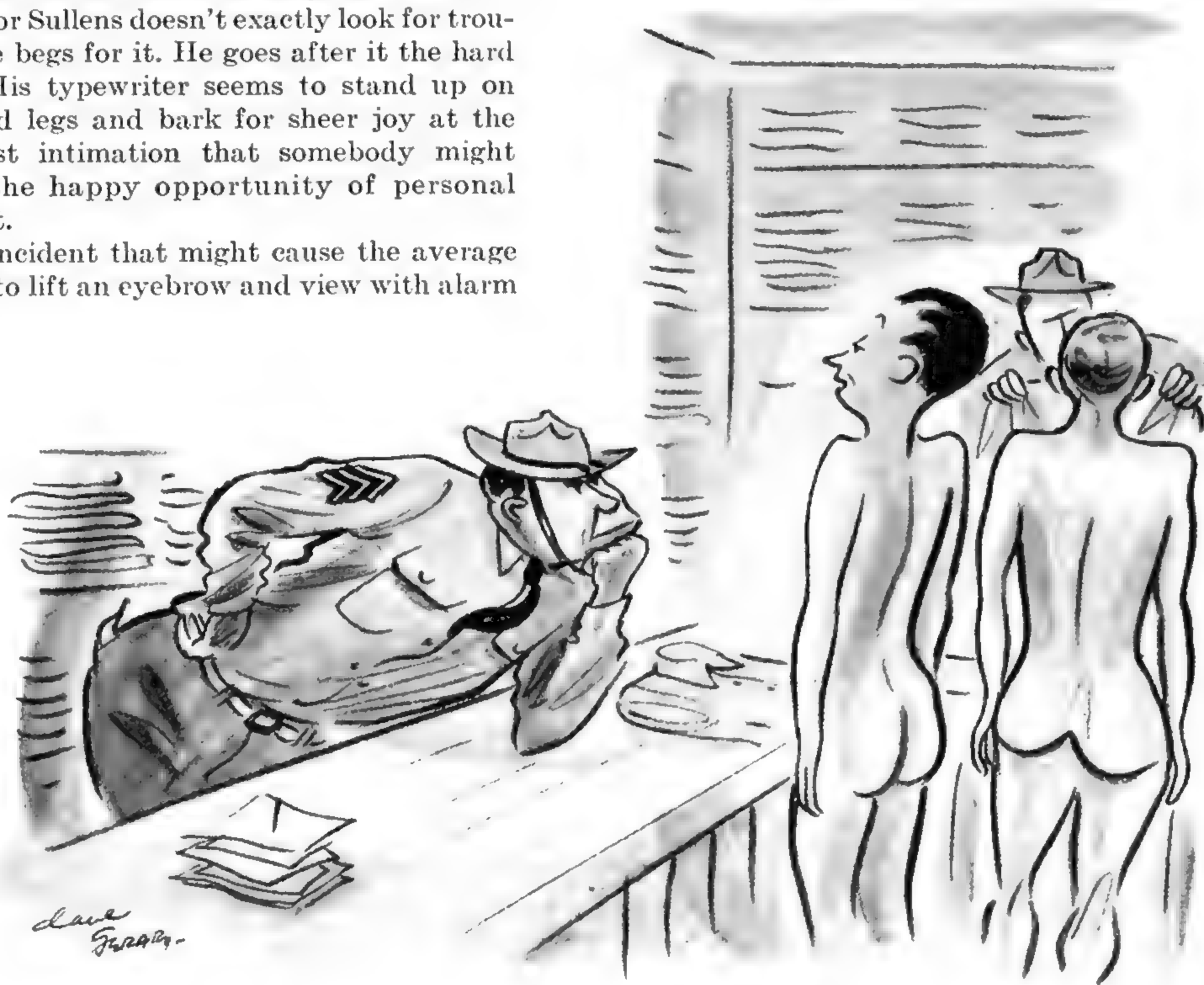
can set off this Mississippi firebrand's passions in torrents of red-hot type searing a man through all past generations. You don't read his editorials—you listen to them. They shriek.

Not even a section as rich in political personalities as the South, with its Bilbos, Fergusons, O'Daniels, Talmadges, Longs and Cotton Ed Smiths, can exhaust his high-burning fury.

Mississippi and surrounding states are his happy hunting ground. But his bilious eyes are forever searching obscure corners of the nation—and other nations—for human targets for his super-human genius at fault-finding. Hoover, Landon, Willkie, Bishop James Cannon, Bruce Barton and Madam Frances Perkins have felt the hot breath of his wrath. Although an ardent New Dealer, he goes over a member of the President's cabinet in thoroughgoing manner when the spirit moves.

He put Hoover on such a hot spot in the 1932 campaign that he had to forget the dignity of the presidency long enough personally to deny the charges of this editor who never had more than 42,000 subscribers.

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"Something in olive drab"

What Cooks with Slang

Yesterday's smart phrase may be today's corn and conversely, some vulgarisms of the last decade are in good standing now

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

TOWARD the end of 1938 I was present at a discussion of a radio program; after some important details had been agreed upon, someone said that "John Wilkins" wouldn't like it; the name (which is, of course, hugely imaginary) was new to me and I asked, "Who is John Wilkins?" Douglas Coulter, who was in charge of the meeting, said, "He's the man that makes with the money." That was the first time I heard the phrase; but obviously Mr. Coulter was not inventing it because it seemed familiar to everyone else present. I was fresh in radio in those days and took it to be a bit of broadcasting slang, like "for free" which means that no one is making with money. Incidentally, Mr. Coulter was referring to the possible sponsor of the program.

If you will turn to Gypsy Rose Lee's *G-String Murder*, you will find that as late as October 1941, people were making with; I read the book with considerable relish and speed, so I can't be sure, but I think that each principal character uses the phrase at least once and some of them use it every time they speak. Miss Lee is a student of the American vernacular, as any admirer of Mencken's must be; she has a pretty ear (although I don't think I've ever seen it) for the exact sounds made by Americans when they are trying to say what they mean; so you may take her word for it that at the time she was revising the proofs of her book, the

locution "make with" still seemed to her accurate and current. That gives it, combining Miss Lee's experience with my own—for the first and probably last time—a lifespan of three years. And I assure you that when you are paying your June installment of the 1942 income taxes (if, as editorial writers say, there will be a 1942), you will still be making with the check book and giving out with the complaints.

Giving out. Go back to Miss Lee's fiction and you will find that if inadvertently a minor character fails to make with, he gives out with or just gives out. (Or gives out period.) Last summer I met three Broadway people and their wives all at the same time; and for an hour or so heard some of the most entertaining general conversation in years; and in that conversation everybody gave out. Once in a while a belated traveler made with; but everyone gave out, some gave out with, and a few gave. (Or gave period.)

Period. This has no definite history for me, no social or literary background. I see it in letters, occasionally hear it. It's a little fast for radio, and therefore hasn't spread so far. It is the current way of working Groucho Marx's patter as he and Chico looked over the plans of the house they were not going to build: "I don't like Julius crossing the tracks to go to school. In fact, I don't like Julius." (The cadence of the words makes me think that Groucho uttered them; if I'm

wrong, it was Chico. Want to make something of it?)

Want to make something of it? This pops up in pleasurable discourse and is one of several dozen rural or 1910 phrases used for comic effect. You call the boxholders at the Metropolitan Opera House "the customers" or a cocktail party a brawl or you tell the taxi driver not to spare the horses. You use the phrases current when 14th street was uptown.

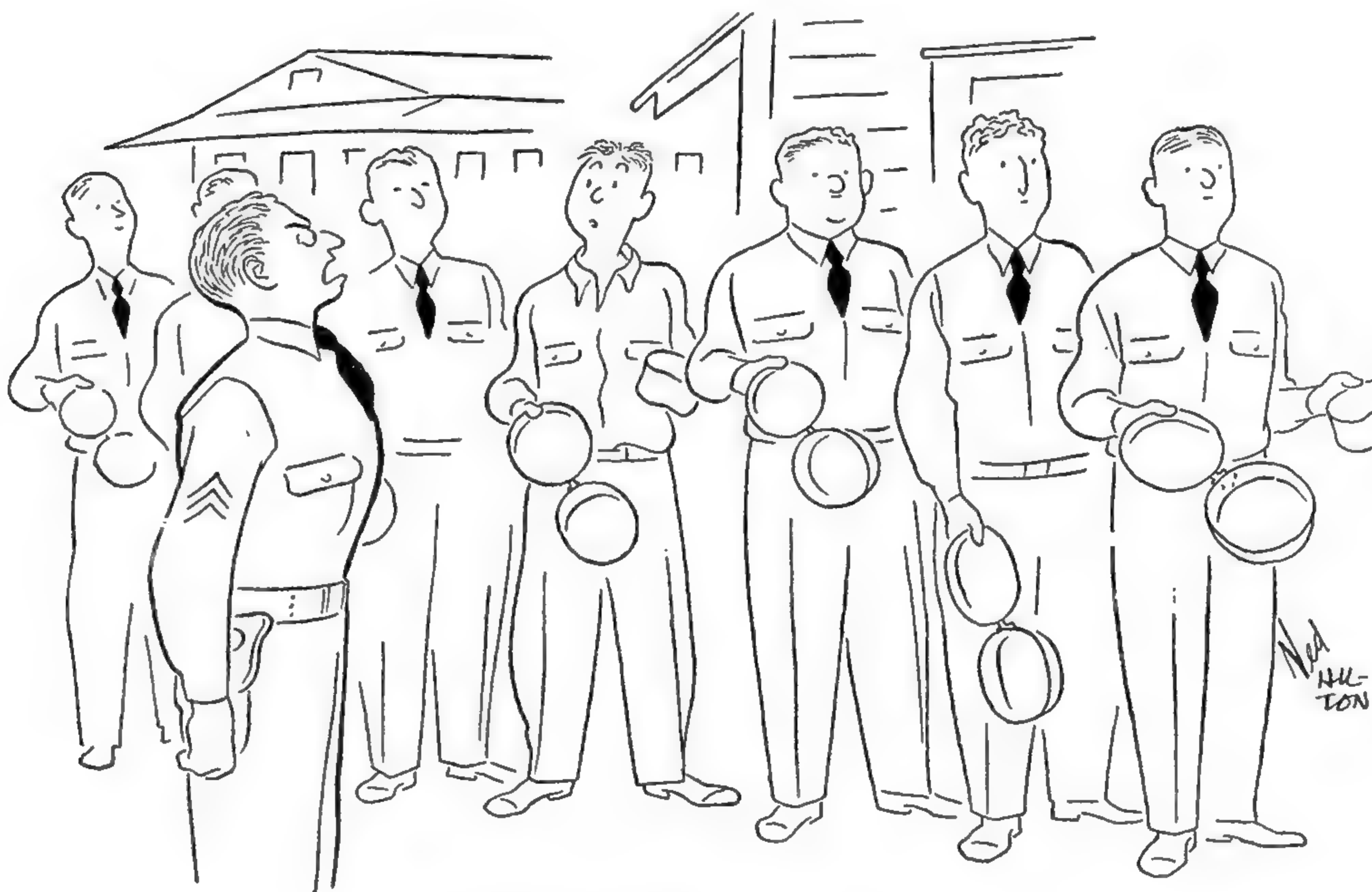
And when twenty dollars was uptown. I suspect that Franklin P. Adams had something to do with this, first actually dating things by the time when 14th street was uptown and then, perhaps, transferring the phrase. Certainly hundreds of people took it up; they referred to the time when thirty-five miles an hour was uptown or a two-pants suits; or a salary of forty a week. They meant that forty a week wasn't hay.

And it ain't hay. This must be ten years old and doesn't go stale; it's short and somehow seems pat; I don't know why. But "ain't hay" is as dated as 23-skiddoo; or foolish like a fox. But there was a time when skiddoo was uptown and you used it freely, you—and you—and I do mean you. Which is a derivative from Winchell I suppose.

The next time H. L. Mencken revises his great treatise on *The American Language*, some of the words and phrases I have noted here will have become so obscure that he will record them, if at all, in footnotes. For many of these aren't slang; they are only the current smart combinations. For instance, the words "if any." You got an effect of smartness some ten years ago by throwing "if any" into all the wisecracks you made, if any. The use of "if any" showed that you were cooking with gas; but, alas, no one cooked with anything in those days; no one asked "What cooks?" Nowadays, too many people give out with the what cooks line.

The way these phrases work is, at times, bewildering. Don't look now (smart of 1939), but I think I can bother you in these very pages. The first paragraph in this scholarly treatise, unless the editor of this family journal (always comical for sophisticated magazines) has made with the bluepencil—the first paragraph tells about a meeting in a business office at which I was present; I wrote the paragraph carefully, avoiding any uncommon groups of words. But I know that the 1942 version of what I wrote would be this: "I was sitting in on a conference headed up by Soandso and Smith and Jones were giving out big ideas for a program, etc." This isn't smart language; it is actually common business language. You always sit in on a conference; and I'm damned if I know why, unless there is a faint suggestion that you are

Continued at top of page 113



"Black tie for dinner, Private Wayne!"



"That's a bewitching After-Shave Lotion you're using, Gouger!"

The Esquire Sports Poll

**Cage coaches want no part of center-jump
and baseball umpires win nod from fans in
coast-to-coast perusal of public opinion**

by HERB GRAFFIS & RALPH CANNON
• SPORTS •

THIS time Esquire's Sports Poll includes a cross-section of the views of college and university basketball coaches, along with a sports pulse reading of the general public and sports editors.

These hoop game tutors exhibited themselves as an independent and deliberative group, not stampeded into long shots on any controversial topic. The coaches, with the sports editors at their side, went against the public consensus in voting for retention of the one-year rule generally governing eligibility to inter-varsity athletic competition. The basketball mentors then differed with the sports editors and the public in endorsing Bobby Jones as a competitor able to hold his own against today's master golfers. The coaches then teamed up again with the sports editors in rating natural ability more important than practice and instruction.

On a question strictly concerning their own game—the proposal to restore basketball's center-jump and to rotate the jumping players—the coaches voted "no," by a considerable per cent in excess of the public and sports editors who also were against the suggestion.

It was Uncle Mike Jacobs, boxing fuehrer, who got the No. 1 kicking-around in this poll. Not that it will make Uncle Mike bust down and have a good cry. Sportsmen generally, from Maine's R.B. coast to California's S.K. strand, don't regard Mike's monopolistic situation as promoting nationwide interest in the mitt traffic. Only 15.39 per cent of those polled were of the opinion that New York's virtual corner on championship fights did not diminish the hinterlanders' concern with these affairs.

That boxing was further weakening in its capacity to engage the high regard of the public became evident in comments volunteered on Questions III and VII. Ski jumping was rated more hazardous than boxing. In short, counting boxing as being comparatively deficient in "competent and honest officiating" sports writers, general public, and basketball coaches expressed the conviction that the Jacobs plan and those who adopted it in the highly optimistic hope of building up their own fighters as championship contenders did not demand that the third man in the ring be immaculately ethical. Boxing rated as an also-ran in the officiating poll.

Baseball marched off with all the ribbons

in the officiating poll. Big league umpires who draw plenty of abuse in the summer, were given a nice pat on the back in the winter. One reason pointed out why baseball umpires are less subject to mistakes than other sports officials was that the rules in baseball have been left alone long enough for a few people to catch up with their intent. It is pretty hard to catch a Man in Blue napping on any phraseology of the diamond code.

And now for the blow-by-blow on Esquire's February Sports Poll.

QUESTION I



Do you believe interest in boxing would be increased over the nation if the championship bouts were not confined to New York City?

The public Yes 82.12%
Basketball coaches Yes 87.53%
Sports editors Yes 84.18%

From prophets in lands remote from Jacobs' Beach came the sacrilege that as long as

ESQUIRE SPORTS POLL

I Do you believe interest in boxing would be increased over the nation if the championship bouts were not confined so exclusively to New York City?	Yes ☒ 84.61% No ☐
II Should the big leagues permit abusive personal language in the process of "jockeying" or "riding" an opposing player during the progress of a game for the purpose of "getting his goat"?	Yes ☐ No ☒ 62.68%
III Would you rate ski jumping as hazardous a sport as boxing?	Yes ☒ 68.91% No ☐
IV Do you believe the freshman rule in college athletics should be lifted during the period of the national emergency?	Yes ☐ No ☒ 53.27%
V Do you believe excessive competition in strenuous athletic games coarsens a woman's appearance?	Yes ☒ 73.32% No ☐
VI Do you believe that restoring the center-jump with the players rotating in the center-ring like the baseball batting order would improve basketball?	Yes ☐ No ☒ 72.35%
VII In what sports do you think there is the most competent and honest officiating?	Major League Baseball 49.67%
VIII Do you think that if Bobby Jones were still in competition he would be the equal of the leading golf pros of today?	Yes ☐ No ☒ 53.29%
IX Do you get more enjoyment out of engaging in some sport yourself than you do out of watching some spectacular event performed by trained experts?	Yes ☒ 59.90% No ☐
X Do you believe that natural ability is more important than competent instruction and conscientious practice in the development of a star athlete?	Yes ☒ 56.62% No ☐

Mike and his muezzins call the New York commission to prayer and proclaim that there is no Mecca but the Garden and its outdoor branches, the outlanders have no blazing faith in boxing as a sport. As a gescheft, yes; as a national sport, phooey!

A voice crying out in the pugilistic wilderness was that of Paul A. Schrader, Toledo, *Times*. "Keeping New York the championship center of the boxing game," wrote Schrader, "will keep those odd characters who have paralyzed the alleged sport in the provinces away from the angry sheep they've sheared. What boxing needs is more honest and intelligently operated gymnasiums where likely kids can learn the business. Look at the cities that once supported boxing but now have dark arenas, and you probably will find, too, that the once busy leather stables have long since been abandoned. Toledo once was a fine boxing city, but bad match-making first turned the public to other sports, and then one by one a half dozen or so fairly well operated gyms were forced to close. As a result promoters trying to revive the game can't find enough likely lads to fill a couple of minor preliminary bouts."

Easing on no punches, George Keogan, Notre Dame's basketball coach, declared: "The promoter

usually pays little attention to the fan. He is more interested in the financial return and himself. Therefore much fairness is lost. Boxing is possibly the poorest promoted sport of all. The fan gets hooked 95 per cent of the time."

Clyde E. McBride, Kansas City, *Star*, remarked reluctantly: "I'd like to say 'yes,' but I'm dubious because New York gets the biggest crowds and there's glamor in crowds."

"The lack of interest over the nation," wrote Raymond J. Baird, River Falls, Wisconsin, *Sentinel*, "isn't because the boxing bouts when a title is at stake are virtually all staged in New York City, but rather the lack of public interest forces the promoters to stage most of the big fights there. If other cities would show that they would support boxing cards, which are very risky even under the best of conditions, I am sure Mike Jacobs would be only too glad to move them around the country. But until other cities prove they will successfully support cards, the promoters must use New York to protect themselves."

Ira Seebacher, New York, *Morning Tele-*

graph, strung along with his home town by voting "no," along with **Ben Greenstein**, Wilmington, Delaware, *Journal-Every Evening*; **Henry A. Sullivan**, Salem, Massachusetts, *News*; **Max Jensen**, Reno, Nevada, *Gazette*; **Frank Ward**, Youngstown, Ohio, *Vindicator*, and others. Among those voting "yes" were: **Jimmy Powers**, New York *Daily News*; **Dan Parker**, New York *Daily Mirror*; **Howard Reynolds**, Boston *Post*; **A. Paul Menton**, Baltimore *Evening Sun*; **Sam Otis**, Cleveland *Plain Dealer*; **Dale Stafford**, Detroit *Free Press*; **Zipp Newman**, Birmingham *News*; **W. D. McMillan**, Savannah, *News*; **Walter C. Lynch**, Jacksonville, Florida, *Journal*; **Vic Rensberger**, Indianapolis *News*; **R. G. Lynch**, Milwaukee *Journal*; **Dan Desmond**, Sioux City *Journal*; **Dick Freeman**, Houston *Chronicle*; **Fredrick Ware**, Omaha *World-Herald*; **Ted McDaniel**, Emporia *Gazette*; **Wilbur T. Bentley**, El Paso *Herald-Post*; **Pete Lightner**, Wichita *Eagle*; **Chester Nelson**, Rocky Mountain *News*, Denver; **George Bertz**, Portland, Oregon, *Journal*; **B. C. Hyde**, Billings, Montana, *Gazette*; **Bob Johnson**, Spokane *Chronicle*, and **Monroe McConnell**, San Diego *Union*.

QUESTION II



Should the big leagues permit abusive personal language in the process of "riding" an opposing player for the purpose of "getting his goat"?

The public No 60.28%
Basketball coaches No 73.82%
Sports editors No 53.94%

When this question first was proposed by readers we held it over, inasmuch as the Brooklyn natives' action in labelling their baseball representatives "them bums" seemed to establish a practice of converting generally regarded opprobrium into a term of endearment. However, the Yankees in scientifically and conclusively demonstrating that Bums are Bums restored status quo to bumhood.

There was some lifting of eyebrows—and of fists—at the way Them Bums rode the Cards out of the National League race last season. The Cardinals, it seems, have been quite susceptible to the puncture of verbal barbs. Dizzy Dean when with the Cards was called "an illiterate tramp" by Tex Carleton, then with the Cubs. Mr. Dean was vague about the difference between "illiterate" and "illegitimate"; hence he made muscles at Tex and Tex made muscles back, and there was a right smart fracas until a cultured person with a dime store dictionary waded in and restored peace and understanding.

Note, in the box score, that the sports editors who are not infrequently called nasty names by those who follow the fight, football and racehorse selections of the scribes, do not run especially high temperatures at the prospect of ball players being insulted . . . also.

Frank Zalut, La Porte, Indiana, *Herald-Argus*, argued:

If the jockeying and riding are carried on without the use of profane language, I believe there is no harm in allowing it to continue. If a fan or player resorts to names, the riding could be quashed by ushering him out of the park. Although several players, pitchers in particular, have been broken by riding, the majority do not seem to mind it and go on pitching shut-outs and no-hitters just the same. Bob Feller is a striking example. When he began his career, he was subjected to intense jockeying, but as soon as the fans saw him win game after

game, the riding soon changed to cheers of encouragement. If you take the "razzing" out of baseball you might just as well tear down the bleachers.

Ed Ogborne, New Castle, Indiana, *Courier-Times*, took the other side, demanding:

Why should the customer pay to listen to a lot of language he can hear for nothing at his favorite pool hall or saloon? He goes to see a ball game, not the kind of exhibition at which he himself is probably just as good!

Leo Shippey, columnist on the Los Angeles *Times*, voted for free speech on the ball field "if not vulgar." **Ralph Coghlan**, editor of the editorial page of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* took the same view of the matter, but **Ed Wray** of the sports page of the same paper voted "no" with the majority.

Herb Wallace, Bowling Green, Kentucky, *Park City News*, voted "yes" on the condition of "leaving the ancestors out!" **Paul Otis**, Plattsburgh, New York, *Press*, was both yes and no: "yes, within certain limits. A certain amount of color is injected into the game when a member of one team labels an opposing player ham or bum, or questions his ability derisively. 'No' when it reaches the point where (and it happens frequently) one player questions another's legitimacy, his ancestry or otherwise seeks to reflect unfavorably on his character." **Harry E. Kidd**, Sterling, Illinois, *Gazette*, complained: "We term it a National sport. A good sport doesn't resort to such tactics." **Walter S. Farquhar**, Pottsville, Pennsylvania, *Journal*, noted that: "Abusive language in baseball leads representatives of foreign nations to believe that America lacks culture. They do not take it as part of the game. It is therefore harmful."

QUESTION III



Would you rate ski jumping as hazardous a sport as boxing?

The public Yes 70.53%
Basketball coaches Yes 69.21%
Sports editors Yes 66.95%

Those who rated the less-publicized ski jumping equally as dangerous as stepping into the ring and saying, "Put 'em up, Joe," merely checked their ballots "yes" and let it go at that. Those who considered boxing the more perilous sport added remarks about serious after-effects of ring injuries. That those who voted in the negative were able to cite the frequency of slug-nuttiness is due to an explicable error of omission by boxing authorities.

Several years ago an *Esquire* article quoted noted physicians and surgeons on the gross ignorance or indifference exhibited in jerking the knocked-out fighter to his corner, thence speedily bumping him to the dressing room.

Following publication of the article British boxing authorities and experts of Guy's Hospital, London, worked out a considerate and informed routine for handling the knocked-out boxer. However, "knock 'em out and drag 'em out" continues to be the American practice. Unfortunately enough, in the big American amateur shows where a large number of bouts must be conducted during an evening the youngsters suffer from the worst performances of the rush act.

Dr. R. M. Gregory of Wilmington, Delaware, took the "no" side, explaining:

Ski jumping is not understood by the average person, including myself, but for comparison with boxing we should assume that we refer to those competent or experienced in these sports. I have

never heard of a ski-jumper losing his sight or suffering from that form of mental degeneration called "punch drunk." Even a rare broken leg heals in a few weeks.

C. A. Bertmann, Pontiac, Illinois, *Leader*, agreed that: "Ski jumpers don't become slap happy." **See Taylor**, Des Moines *Register*, thought skiing, "more hazardous as to broken bones, etc., but not for permanent injury." **Jack Bell**, Miami *Herald*, also took boxing. **Joe A. Morlock** of Carson City, Nevada, observed: "Whenever a fellow gets hurt or a little blood shows they stop a fight, but if a fellow gets hurt skiing he can't stop."

QUESTION IV



Do you believe the freshman rule in college athletics should be lifted during the period of the national emergency?

The public Yes 56.47%
Basketball coaches No 57.38%
Sports editors No 55.12%

Smaller schools, their athletic rosters already reduced slightly by the draft but mainly by brawny students leaving to go into defense jobs, already have abrogated the usual three-year competition rule.

The public differed with the sports editors and the cage coaches on this one, possibly for the reason that the public doesn't appreciate, as do the more fully informed, the possible danger of tossing green kids from high schools into tough hostilities against seasoned performers.

Ed Fitzgerald, Yonkers, New York, *Herald Statesman*, took the negative side with the statement:

I believe the point of the three-year rule is to protect the younger college boy by forcing him to wait a year, attain fuller growth and amass experience before matching himself against seniors, juniors, et al. I don't see why frosh should be sent in against boys considerably older and tougher just because some of the seniors (and not so very many at that) have been drafted.

Wake Bridges, Hickory, North Carolina, *Record*, stated:

Yes, I think the freshman rule should be lifted during the national emergency due to the scarcity of players in some of the smaller schools. For example, last fall Lenoir-Rhyne College of Hickory asked for and secured permission to use freshmen against the University of North Carolina due to the lack of veterans.

Abe Fennell, Columbia, South Carolina, *State*, noted:

The freshman rule has been suspended in the Southern Intercollegiate Athletic Association which is composed of smaller colleges. It was either that or give up the game.

QUESTION V



Do you believe excessive competition in strenuous athletics games coarsens a woman's appearance?

The public Yes 72.46%
Basketball coaches Yes 66.31%
Sports editors Yes 81.19%

Toss that question in when the dinner party is getting dull. Note that the two classes of Sports Poll voters who are closest to the picture are vehemently of the opinion that the muscle moll who goes all out for victory is not the doll Hollywood begs to come over and play.

"Excessive" seems to be the word that keyed the answers. Numerous voters in the affirmative added notes which made it plain they did not want their votes construed as

Continued on page 131

Design for a Bachelor's Roost

This one-man suburban house skips all feminine fripperies, requires minimum upkeep and should cost about one grand

by **FRED MURPHY**

• ARTICLE •

FOR all the architectural preoccupation with that quality labeled "convenience," housekeeping fuss and bother are as essential as plumbing in any house designed for a woman. And all houses are. Even the two-bedroom boxes built in quantity for people with subnormal incomes are planned on the premise that there will be somebody around with nothing better to do than keep them tidy.

In consequence home ownership for a bachelor is more trouble than a kennel of great Danes. There are certain joys to be had from a little place and a plot of ground in the suburbs but unless you have a wife or the equivalent trouble and expense of a full-time housekeeper, you are better off without the typical suburban home, no matter how charming and convenient it may seem when the real estate agent shows you through it.

Women are right in at least one of their favorite contentions: that men have no conception of what it means to take care of a house. Even a small home of usual plan, if it is at all lived in, ought to have two or three hours a day spent on its chores and upkeep. That isn't much but, when added to a full day at the office, equals what makes Jack a dull boy.

Aside from that, ignoring the soprano implications of devotion to what is traditionally women's work, it's a sorry male who can't find more satisfactory use for his spare time.

The answer isn't placid acceptance of the situation brought on by the female influence in house planning. If you want the pleasures of your own suburban house, yard, trees, birds, neighbors and commuting, you can have them, and outloat your married friends. We have here planned a house for you; planned it without even a thought of what a woman might want in any of its details. It is a house in which you can live like a white man without either hiring a housekeeper or marrying one.

If you get a colored girl in one day a week to do the laundry and clean the place up you will have practically no housekeeping at all. To be sure, a couple could get along quite as well in this place as in the typical small apartment in town. There will be times when the sight of the girl friend in a checkered apron, whipping up a portion of mashed potatoes while you loaf at leisure beside your fire and read the evening paper will be a poignant and compelling temptation to make an honest woman of her.

But be warned that there isn't room in the place for a wife; certainly not for one or more of those little bundles of joy and obstetrician's fees that are the ultimate objective of marriage. And unless she has a job, a career, or some other time-consuming diversion, no normal woman will be happy here. There isn't enough bother.

Our first bold stroke in creating a woman-

less house has been to do away with the kitchen. The modern tendency has been to glorify this room, to make it into a sort of household bar, grill and club—which is all very well if there is someone around to clean up the mess. When a man keeps house for himself, however, the kitchen is the room that will achieve the richest state of messiness and even the gleaming pretties of the streamlined, step-saving 1941 model kitchen simply mean more gadgets to keep clean.

Left to themselves men everywhere have eaten plentifully and well without kitchens, and with cooking arrangements of a rudimentary variety. Aboard ship, for instance, the galley is usually a cubbyhole no larger than a normal clothes closet, but no ship's cook has any difficulty in turning out any required amount of food.

So Bachelor's Roost has no kitchen; instead, stove, sink, refrigerator and adequate storage space are fitted into an alcove which is closed by a Venetian blind. You can buy this condensed kitchen as a unit from various manufacturers of apartment equipment, or it can be assembled from stock kitchen items with a little plywood and carpentry to fit your own ideas.

The arrangement solves many problems. Even, to a certain extent, the necessary evil of dishwashing. If you don't want to bother with them, just drop the Venetian blind and forget them; no cluttered kitchen will stare at you accusingly.

While on the subject of cooking, a requirement in choosing your homesite should be accessibility to one or more good eating places. Even though you happen to be an excellent cook, cooking for yourself alone is a dismal business when the novelty wears off. Except for breakfast, week end meals, and gatherings of the clan, you will eat better and for less in a restaurant.

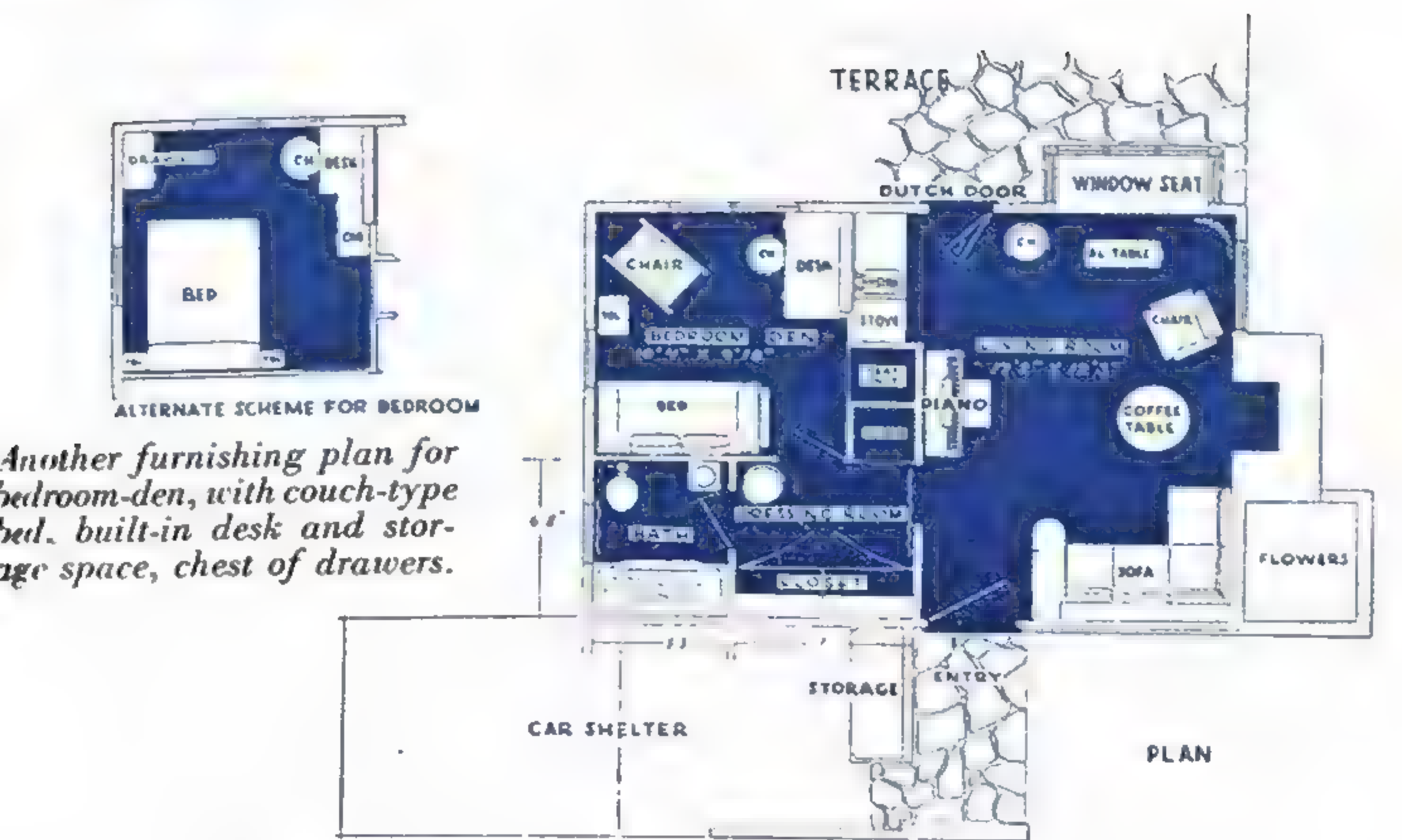
Noteworthy item No. 2 is a matter of furnishing rather than of plan: we have done away with the bedroom, as such. A conventional bedroom arrangement is suggested as an alternative, but what we recommend is the den-office layout, using a single couch-type bed. This is the kind furnished to hotels and apartments and makes up into a studio couch by day, having a fitted slip cover. It is wider than a standard studio couch, however, and instead of having to make it up at night and unmake it in the morning, the slip cover goes on over the bedclothes.

You simply yank it off at night and climb in; when you get up, smooth things down a bit and put the cover on again. No time or trouble at all, and it automatically does away with another source of messiness in the usual bachelor quarters. The bed pillows go into circular cases with zippers. These come

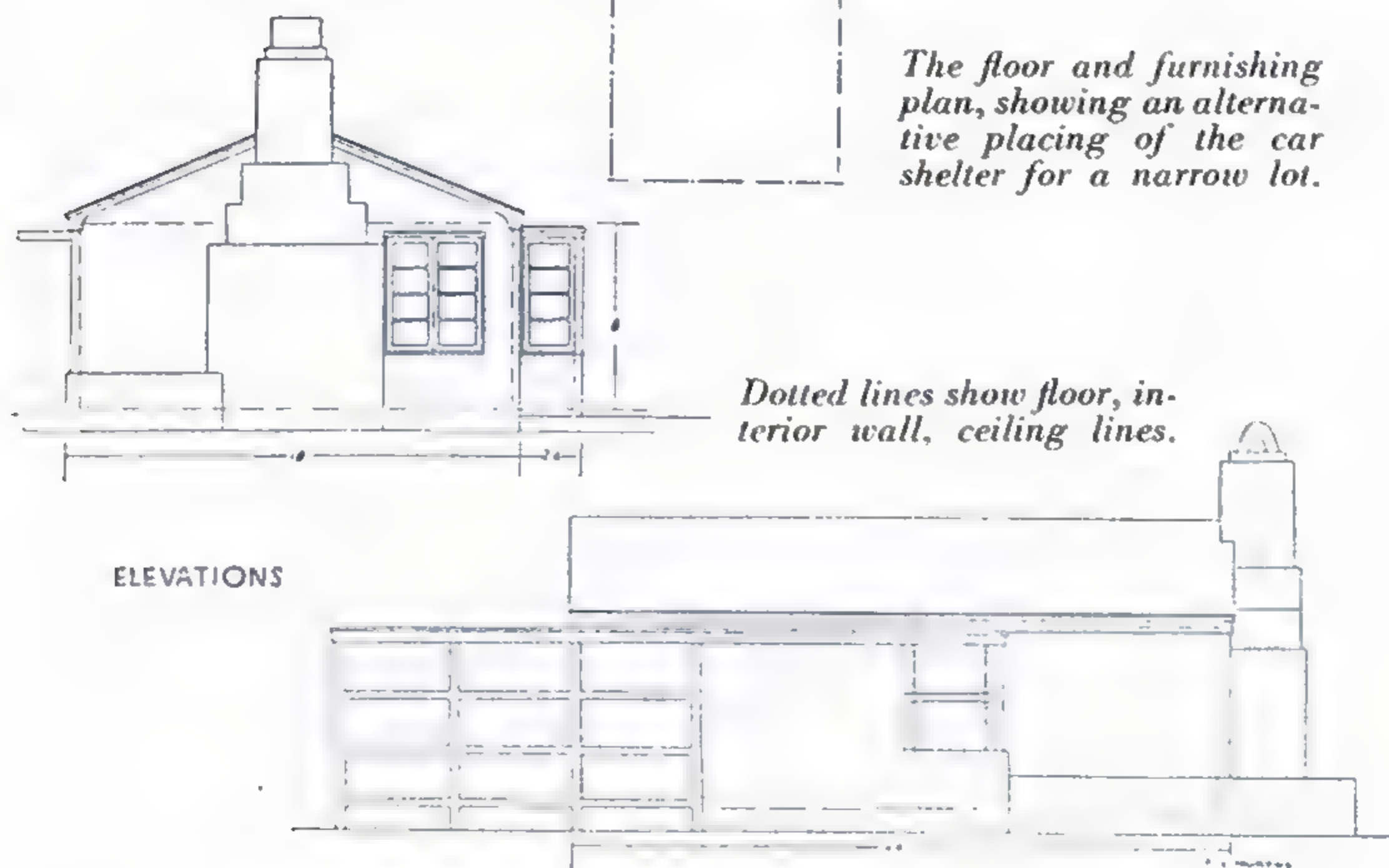
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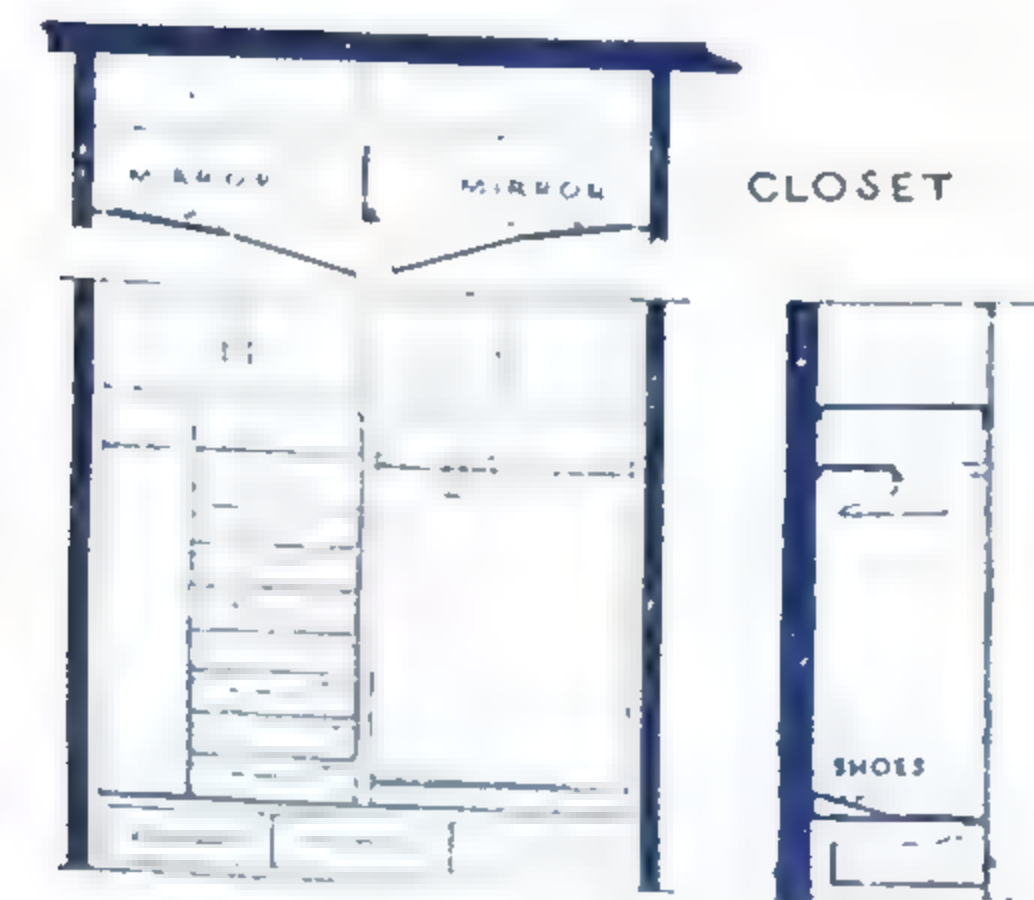
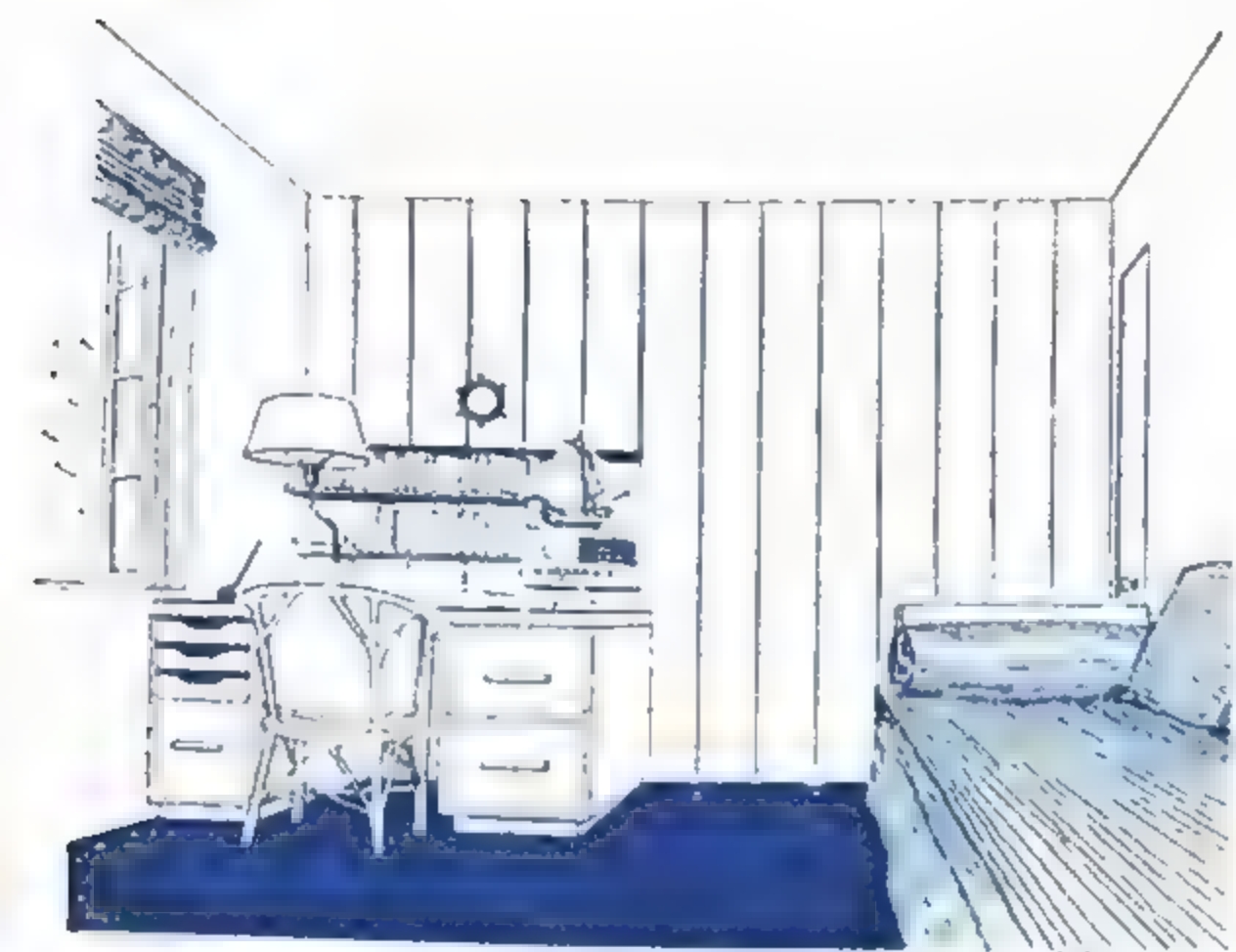
The pint-sized, trouble-free, womanless house, as seen from the street.



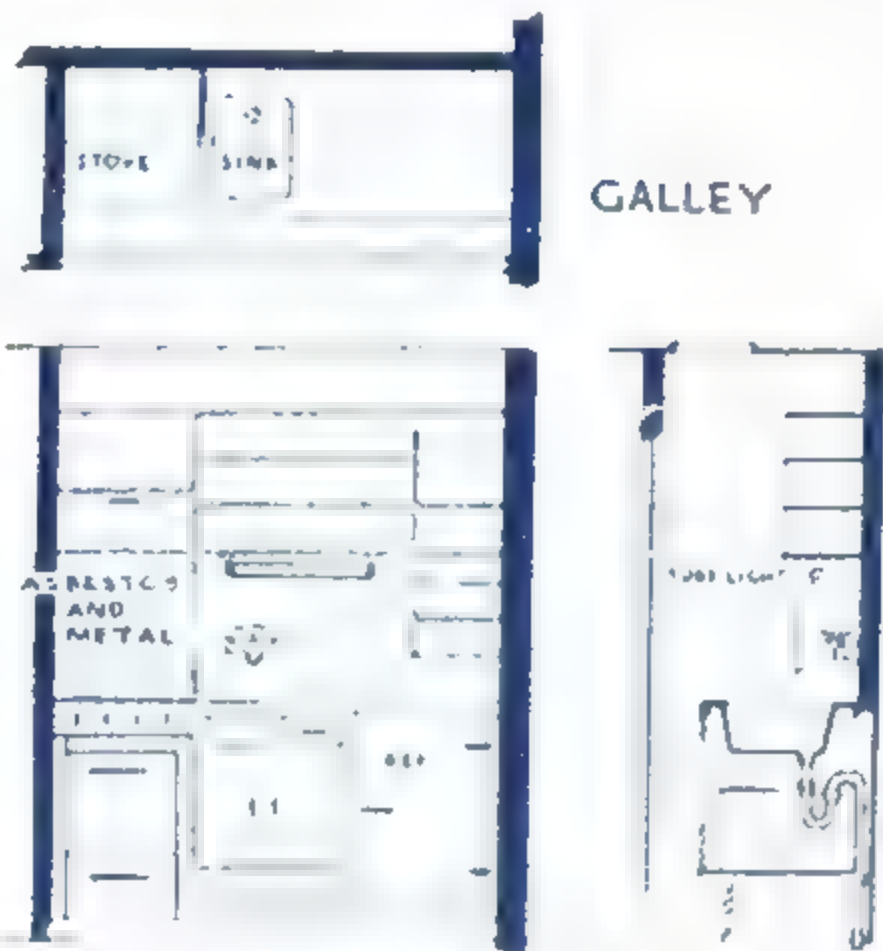
The floor and furnishing plan, showing an alternative placing of the car shelter for a narrow lot.



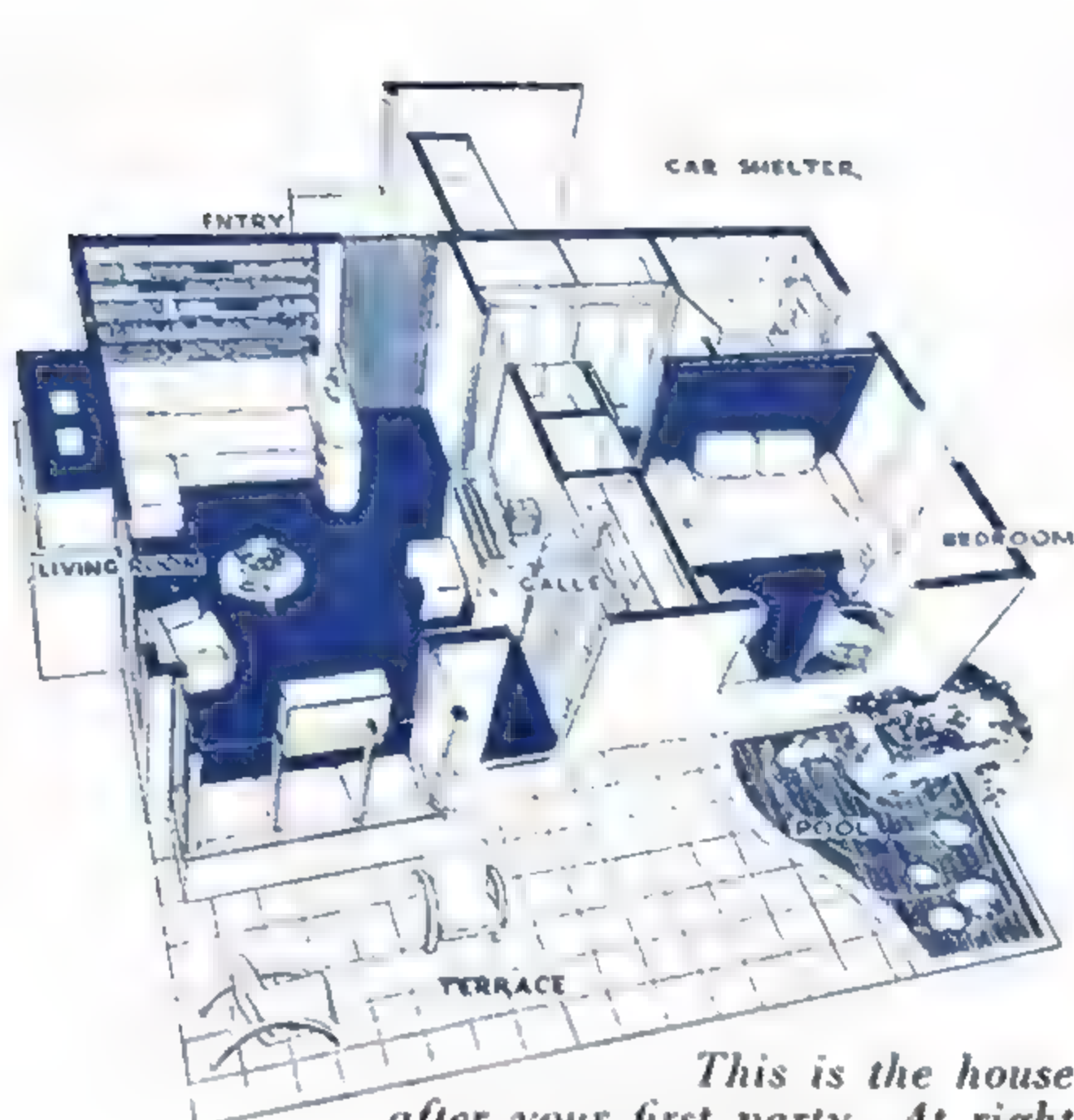
Right desk base is file cabinet. Left base includes three office desk baskets on slides. Shelves go into wall. Radio holds to shelf above. Desk top clear.



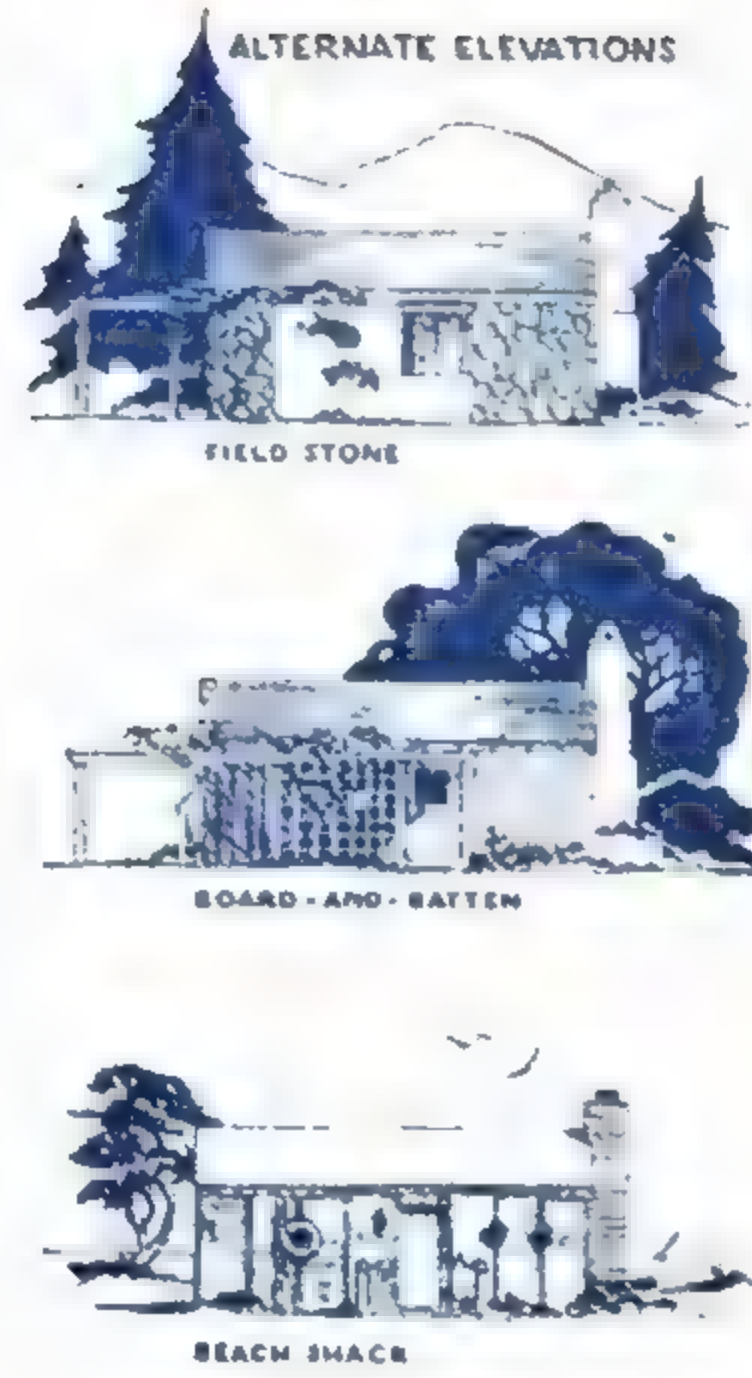
Bedroom closet behind panel. Drawers below for blankets, above for miscellaneous. Trays for personal effects. Space at left is for sports equipment. Full length door mirrors.



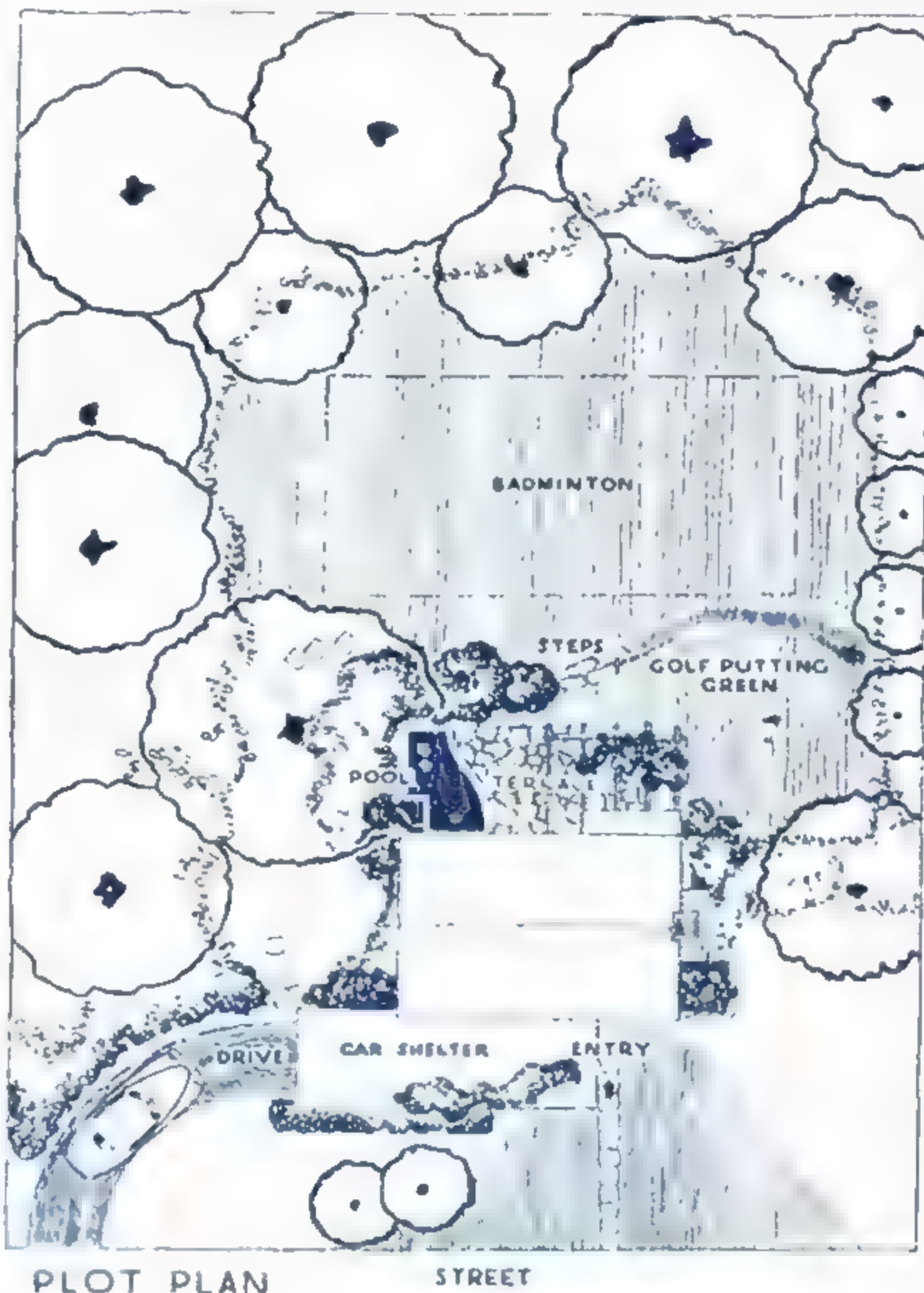
Galley detail: Note tube light, ceiling vent, neat arrangement.



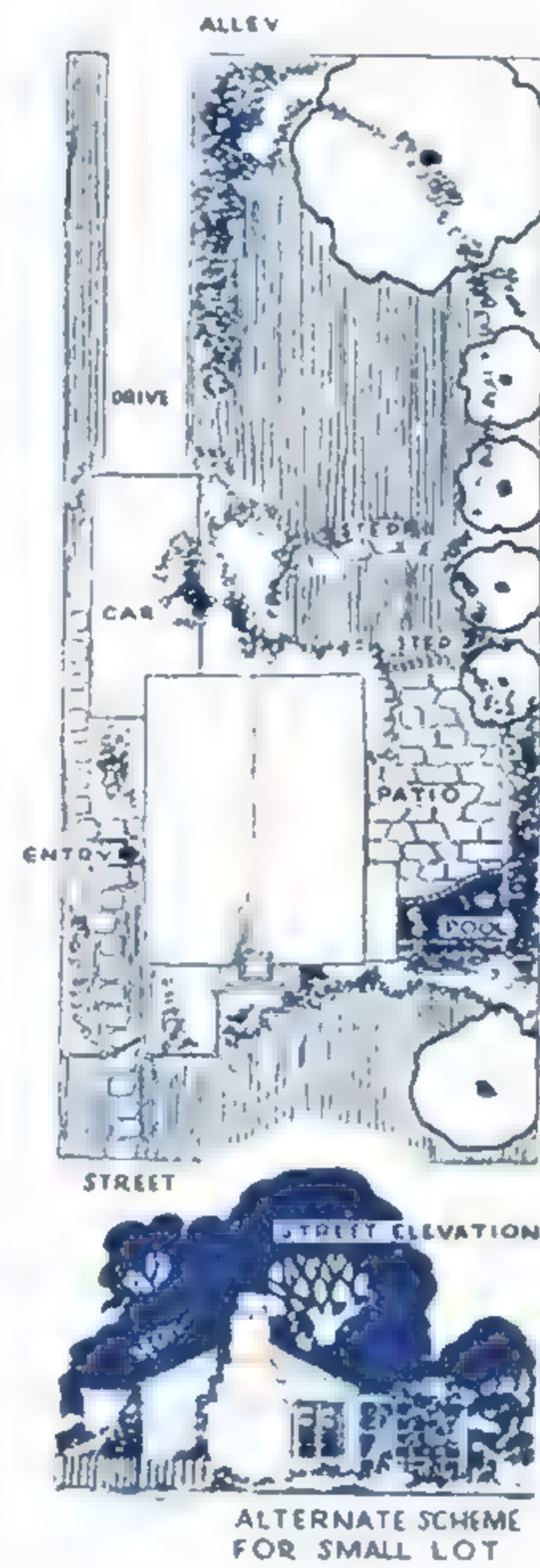
This is the house after your first party. At right are variations of the basic idea.



... also dining room, guest room. Drop-leaf table is moved out of the way.



This lot, 85x125, is located in a well wooded sector so that the exterior will require little attention. The trees are cleared to permit badminton court, putting green, and, with exception of lawn (shaded) and flower beds, balance is natural.



Lot is terraced to give effect of distance. Entry is on side. Original placing of house can be followed by turning car shelter at right angles.



Snug, tidy, and inexpensive . . . the answer to a bachelor's prayer.

Weathervanes and Fashions

Chary vacationers key their wardrobes to those changes in temperature which come impartially to the best resorts

by **O. E. SCHOEFFLER**
• WEARABLES •

If you are headed for any of the winter resorts from Florida and the Bahamas to Arizona and California, a little cynicism is only healthy. You may enjoy yourself under sunny skies, but not all days will be as perfect as you may be led to believe by illustrated booklets and chamber of commerce releases. Plan to take along clothes that will be comfortable and in good fashion for all sorts of weather. As a guide to this super-efficiency, wearables for different purposes are sketched.

for warmer days (LEFT)

Town . . . mesh weave or coconut palm hat, lightweight leisure jacket, lightweight sport shirt, washable slacks, anklets, moccasin sandals

Golf . . . Jippi Jappa hat, knitted lisle pullover, cotton gabardine shorts, ribbon belt, anklets, brown and white golf shoes

Tennis . . . white tennis cap, white knitted cotton shirt with contrasting piping and short sleeves, white washable shorts, white anklets, blazer striped shoes

Evening . . . coconut palm hat with white puggree, white dinner jacket, lightweight pleated bosom shirt, fold collar, black, maroon or blue tie, midnight blue trousers, black silk half hose, pumps

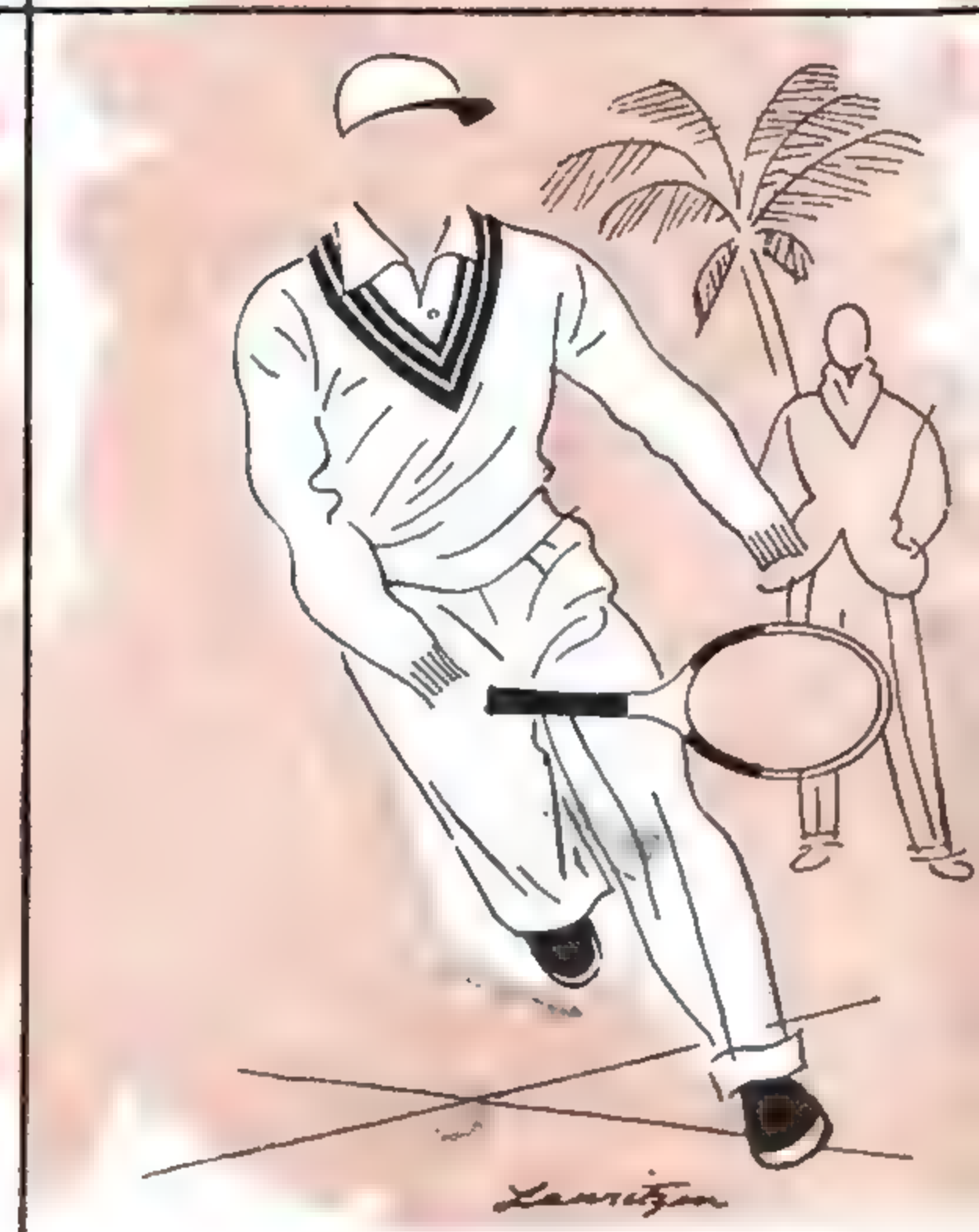
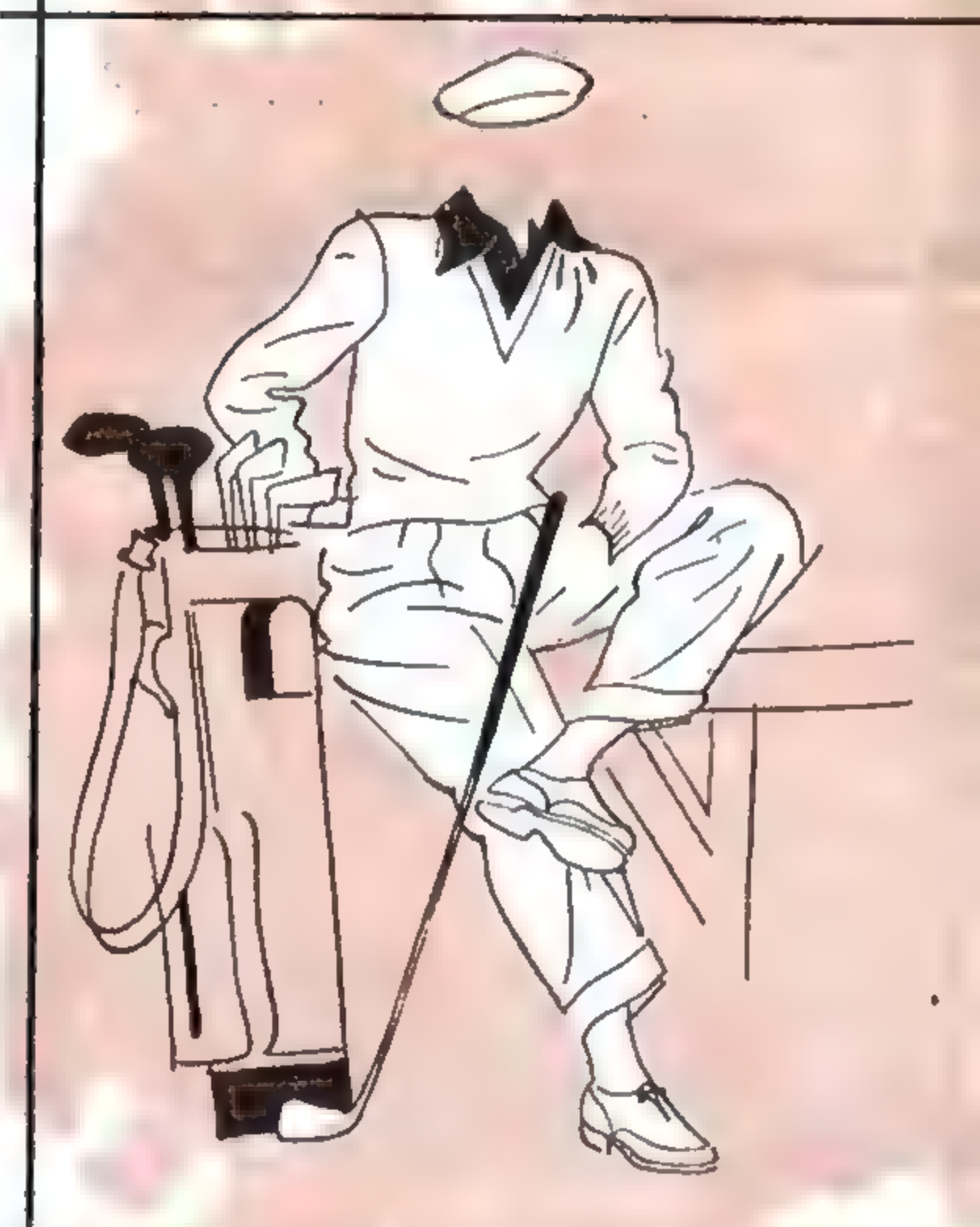
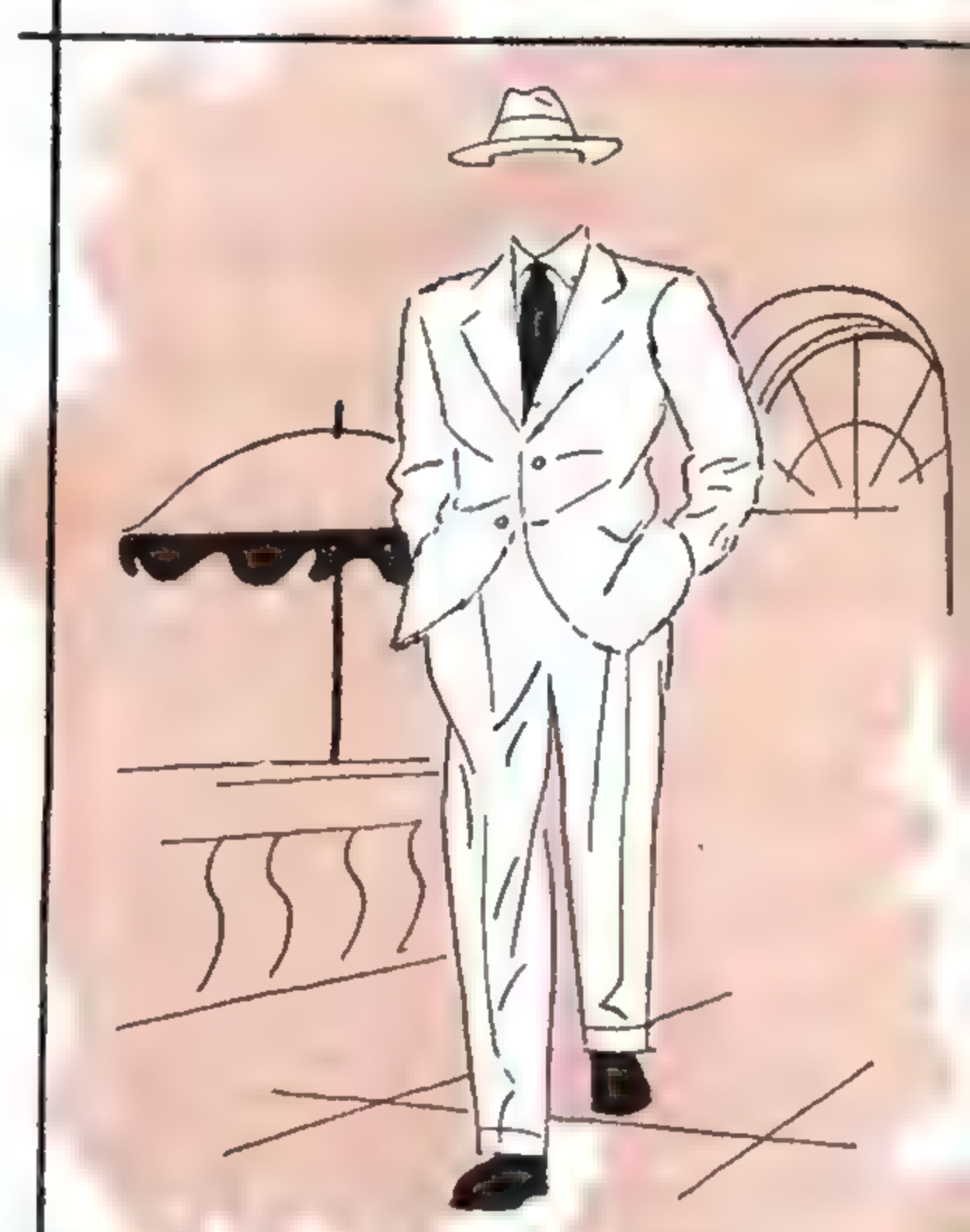
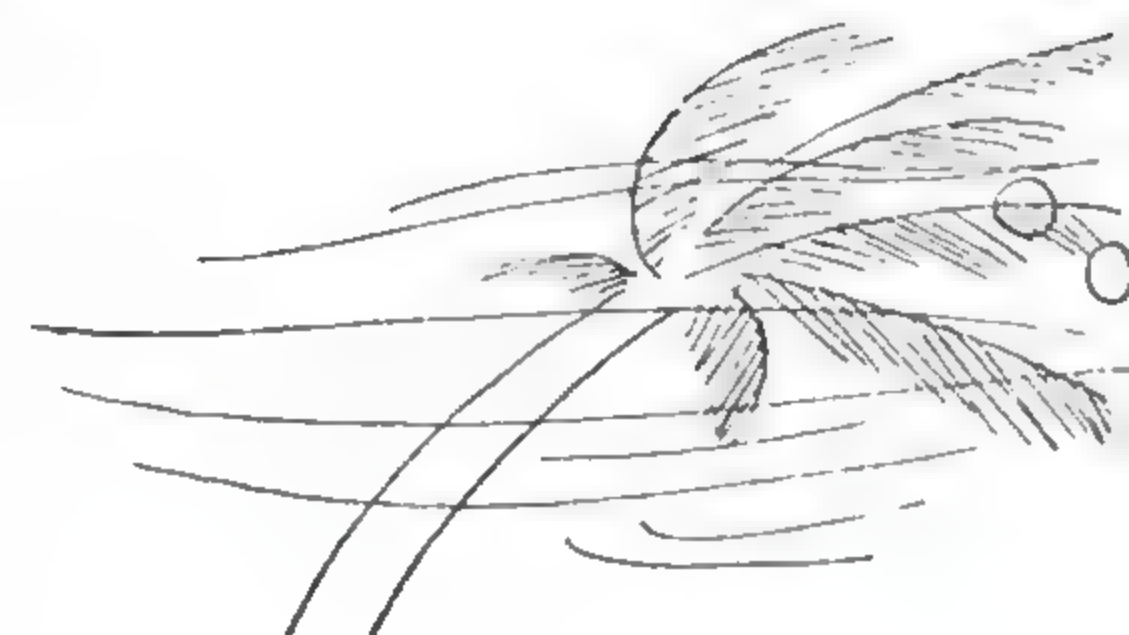
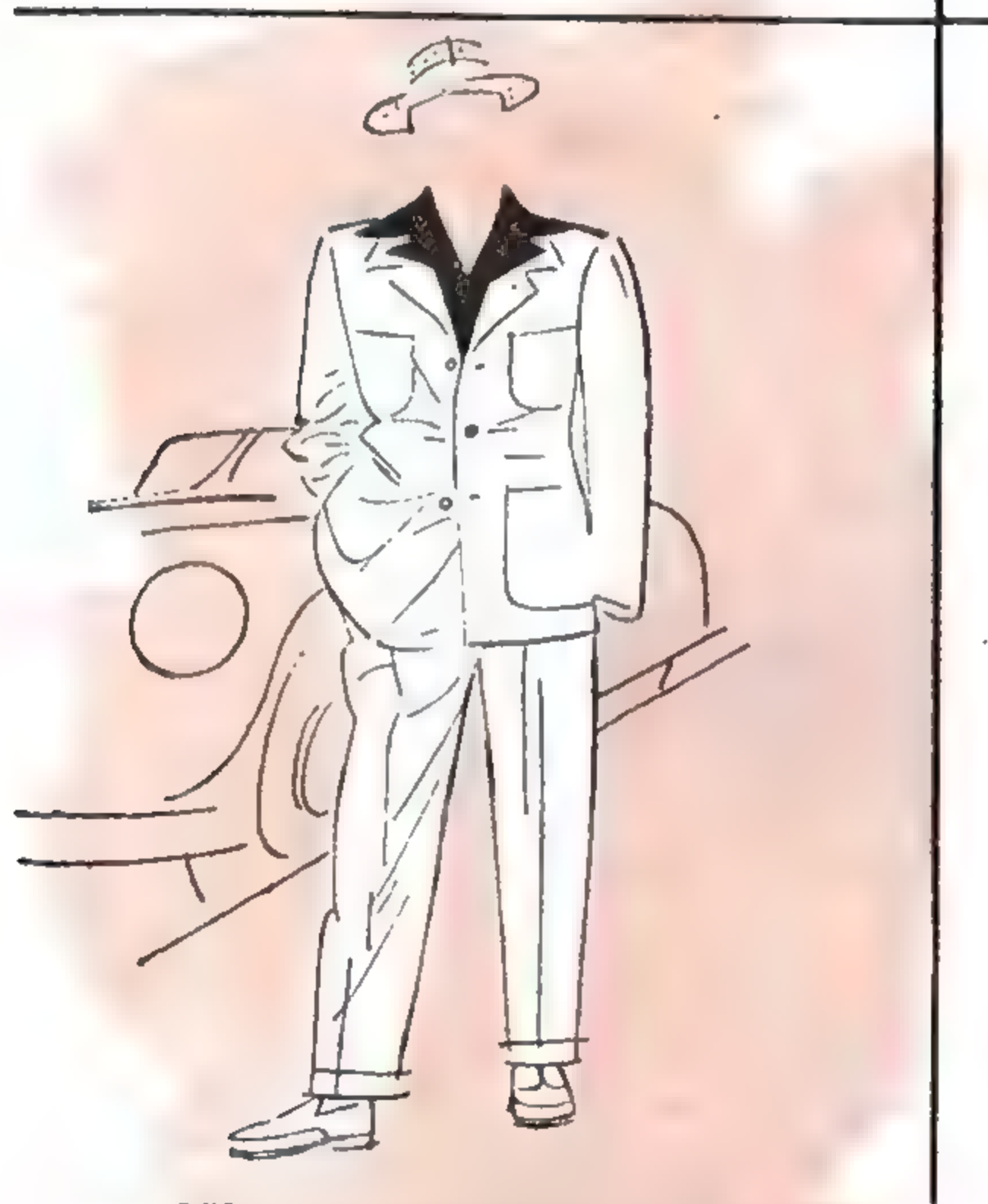
for cooler days (RIGHT)

Town . . . lightweight felt hat, Shetland or gabardine jacket, flannel slacks, oxford shirt, colorful tie, brown reverse calf shoes

Golf . . . tweed cap, knitted wool sport shirt with long sleeves, pullover sweater, leather or ribbon belt, flannel slacks, wool golf socks, all brown golf shoes

Tennis . . . white cap with green under visor, white knitted wool sport shirt, white cable stitched pull-over with colored border stripes, white leather belt, white flannel or doeskin slacks, white wool anklets, blue sneakers

Evening . . . coconut palm hat with white puggree, midnight blue or black dinner jacket with trousers to match, pleated bosom shirt, fold collar, midnight blue cummerbund, black or midnight blue tie, black silk half hose, patent leather low evening shoes



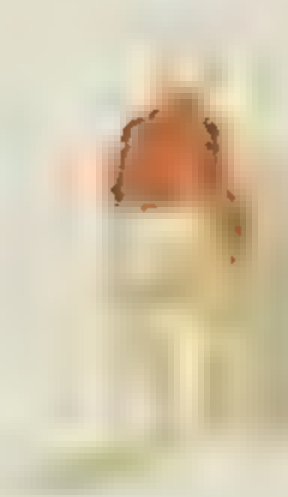
Beach



The man shielding his shoulders with the towel wears a pair of yellow and white native design swim shorts. His companion is wearing a pair of dark blue knitted worsted trunks with wide ribbed waistband. The coarse stitched knitted cotton beach shirt lying on the sand is trimmed with light blue border stripes. Also shown is a pigskin key case and cigarette case.

Esquire ***at the su***

Sports



The golfer in the foreground is wearing an ensemble consisting of dark blue shell stitched pullover sweater, processed cotton hat with contrasting trim, white lightweight wool shirt, Harbor Blue flannel slacks, ribbon belt, argyle wool half hose and black and white moccasin golf shoes. The golfer headed down the fairway has on a tropical outfit of knitted cotton shirt, cotton drill shorts, wool -tockings and brown golf shoes.

Town

The man drinking a highball favors the new Greatan gabardine suit, Sandune striped oxford shirt, printed silk tie, Sandune ribbed cotton socks and brown and white moccasin shoes. His pond palm hat with high crown is resting on the end of the seat. The other man is wearing a dark blue blazer jacket, oxford shirt, printed washable tie, mesh weave panama hat, grey flannel slacks and brown reverse calf shoes.



looks
in spots...

Evening

Light colored dinner jackets rule in the evening. The man leaning against the chair wears a white washable double breasted dinner jacket, pleated bosom shirt with attached collar, maroon silk bow tie, black pearl studs, midnight blue tropical evening trousers. The other men at the table are similarly turned out.







First Nights & Passing Judgments

While saluting *Let's Face It*, the Dean weeps crocodile tears over recent works of Messrs. Anderson, Lewis and Kaufman

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

Out, Brief Candle!—The old-time 10-20-30 melodrama of Hal Reid and Co., stemming from that of Sardou, was especially fond of the business of putting its heroes into jail for one reason or another and spending the rest of the evenings showing the valiant efforts of its heroines to get them out. Maxwell Anderson in his latest play, *Candle in the Wind*, has now deteriorated to what is essentially the same dramaturgical level. The only thematic difference is that his Scarpia is a Nazi, that his heroine is not requested to sacrifice her virtue to accomplish the hero's escape, and that neither is the latter effected by an appeal to the mercy of the Governor of a State or, as when they used to drag in Abe Lincoln, of a President of the nation.

But, the precisionist will indignantly complain, Mr. Anderson writes very much better than the Reids and the like and, as everything depends on the way a play is written rather than on the mere element of theme, any such observations constitute not only bad but rather mean and objectionable criticism. It is true that Mr. Anderson has a much better command of the language than most of the old melodrama scribblers had, and it is also true that his artistic intentions are very materially higher. But it is also true—and how true!—that this better writing sometimes and nevertheless can be as dramatically static and dull as all get-out, that Mr. Anderson's artistic intentions have influenced him to minimize his melodrama to the point where it is neither one of the three f's nor good red herring, and that it is consequently also considerably more static and a great deal duller than the lowly and unpretentious stage jobs of the melodramatists of the old days.

Nor, as in a number of his antecedent plays, does Mr. Anderson's attempt to give his exhibit some size by injecting into it the serums of Andersonian philosophizing help matters. For when Mr. Anderson goes in gratuitously for philosophical meditations—in this instance on the Nazi ethic, the course of history, the majesty of independence and fortitude and freedom, etc.—a doubled calm descends upon his work, interrupted only by audible winces on the part of the more cerebral and judicious sitting in attendance upon it.

In a recently published book of theatrical criticism, *The Entertainment of a Nation*, (adv't.) I have observed that Helen Hayes has usually been wise in selecting the plays she appears in. But on this occasion she has erred, if surely not so badly as in the case of *Ladies and Gentlemen*, badly enough. Although once again she gives a very impressive performance, in so far as such a thing is possible in an unimpressive vehicle, she wastes these precious years of her middle career by dissipating

her talents on such mediocre fare.

Now for a bit of perhaps trivial comment. When will actresses—and the very highly admired Miss Hayes is only one out of many—realize that nothing is more disturbing to the complete acceptance of passionately emotional drama than too immaculate dress? It is pretty hard to react properly to the emotional and mental tortures of a female character meticulously shod with the latest, shining thing in fashionable footwear, clad in a series of scrupulously pressed and draped Valentina frocks, stockinged in the precisest of gleaming French silk hose, and with a coiffure that indicates the three-hour assiduous pains of Charles of the Ritz.

II

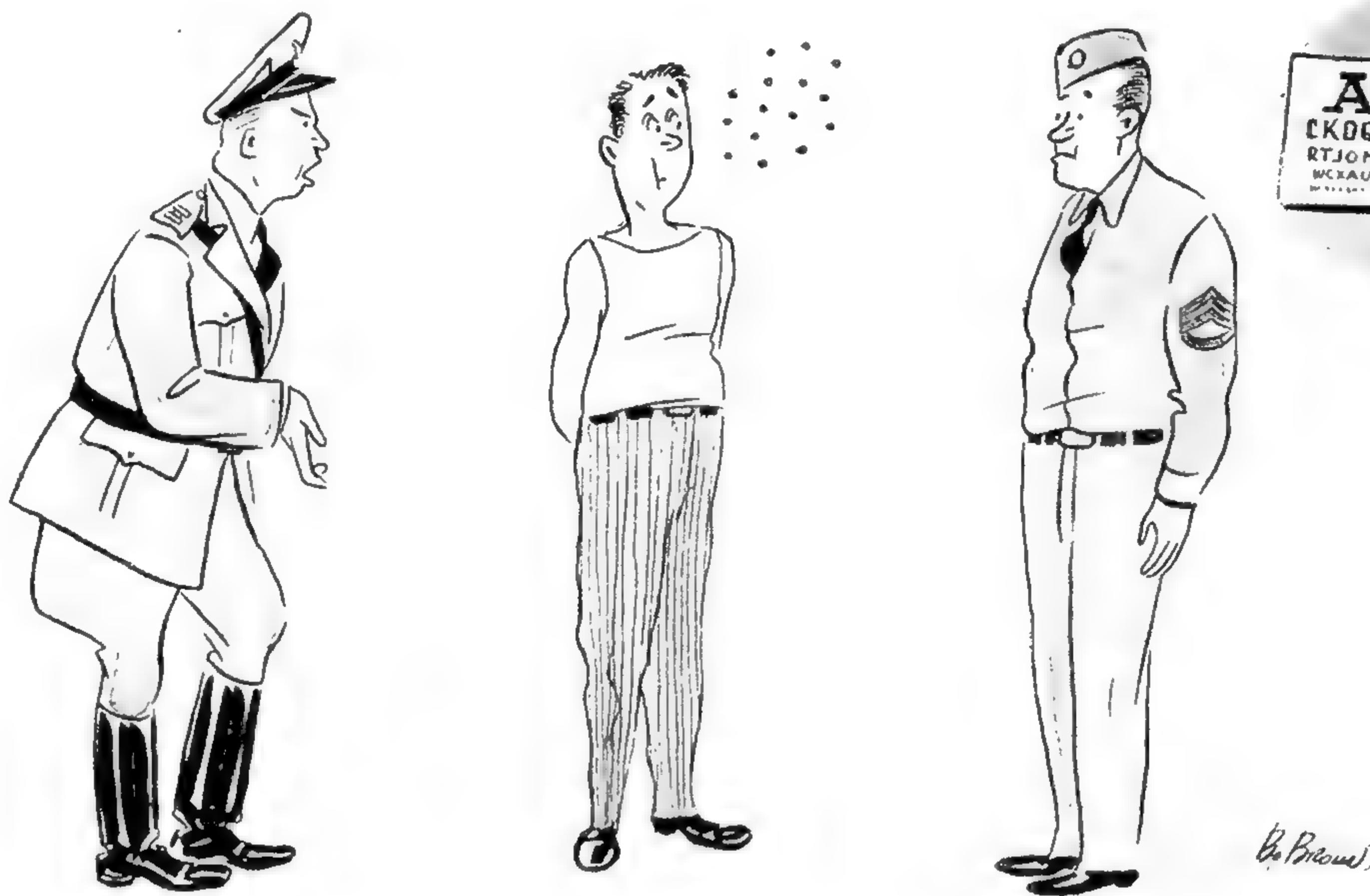
Ode to Bobby.—That select fraternity that has long arched the brows of others with its rhapsodies over the comic genius of Bobby Clark and that, for its zeal, has customarily been rewarded only with dubious looks and mayhap allegations that in all probability it has had too many drinks, to say nothing of being congenitally bughouse, has at length suddenly found itself esteemed as a body of veritable Aristarchi. It took one of the worst farces seen hereabout since *Call Me Ziggy* and the award of the Pulitzer prize to *The Old Maid* to do it. For it was in that grim and depressing dose of gum-resin—it was called *All Men Are Alike*—that our hero proved him-

self not only all we had claimed for him, but considerably more. Single-handed and alone the great man, through sheer stunning virtuosity, turned—at least while he was on the stage—what would otherwise have been an intolerable ordeal into something funny enough to bust your vest open. Single-handed and alone he extracted more robust, loud laughs out of material that didn't contain them than almost any other of his fellow clowns, save only Ed Wynn, can extract from stuff itself already pretty tasty.

This Clark, working in the old burlesque tradition, is a sight for sore eyes and a sound for even sorer ears. And, as a member of the Clark First Committee, I want here and now to denounce anyone who at last doesn't agree as a Communist, a warmonger, an enemy of Democracy, a despoiler of the Constitution and the Bill of Rights, a toady to England and English humor, a Jewish international banker without a cent, a stabber-in-the-back of Ham Fish, a scoundrel who criticizes Burt Wheeler because Burt's pants haven't been pressed for eight months, and a general all-around traitor, no-good and loafer. Because if there lives any man with soul so dead that Bobby can't make him howl his chemise right off his back, the louse should be either put into a concentration camp (with the Three Diamond Brothers of *Viva O'Brien* in the next bunk for added punishment), or deported.

Bobby's genius, however, has certainly not

Continued on page 150



"He's got spots before his eyes—take him over to the camouflage department and have them painted out!"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Estimating Gatti-Casazza and H. L. Mencken,
contrasting Edna Ferber with Edith Wharton,
and speculating on the inhibitions of Swift

by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

• BOOKS •

NEWSPAPER DAYS by H. L. Mencken, changes February into May. Mencken is irresistible. Anybody who did not like Mencken would not be liked by anybody. His gorgeous, refreshing common sense is like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Many false prophets have gone out into the world; we live in a time when men of authority issue gravely the most fantastic nonsense; Mencken's laughter will have no effect on them; they are as impervious to ridicule as they are to logic; but it will help us.

Newspaper Days he describes as "mainly true, but with occasional stretchers. I have checked my recollections whenever possible, and found them reasonably accurate. For the rest, I must throw myself upon the bosom of that 'friendly and judicious reader' to whom Charles Lamb dedicated the *Essays of Elia*—that understanding fellow, male or female, who refuses to take everything perversely in the absolute and literal sense, but gives it 'a fair construction, as to an after-dinner conversation.'"

Speaking of the constant temptations that try to lure young newspaper men away from

their job into something more pretentious, for newspaper men belong to the most nearly anonymous army in the world, and the majority of persons love to be prominent, Mencken says, "I was born, happily, with no more public spirit than a cat, and have thus found it relatively easy to throw off all the commoner lures," and then he mentions a variety of terrific opportunities, winding up with, "On five several occasions I have been offered the learned degree of *legum doctor*, though few men are less learned in the law than I am, or have less respect for it."

Although as a young reporter he was miserably paid, and fearfully overworked, he said, "I believed then, and still believe today, that it was the maddest, gladdest, damndest existence ever enjoyed by mortal youth."

This sentence is extremely important as a key to Mencken's character and career. The one thing in life in which he *does* believe with all his might, is Life. Mencken never betrayed his parents, his employers or his profession. His parents were just what he would have chosen: hell had no terrors for him for he spent his summers in Baltimore: for that remarkable City Editor, Max Ways, who showed him little mercy or consideration, Mencken might have said, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him," and if ever there were a loyal newspaper man it is H. L. M., who joyfully gave all he had.

Every page in this admirable and diverting book is charged with zest. This continual affirmation of life is robust and healthy, exactly the opposite of the tone taken by those afflicted with self-pity. But apart from Mencken's philosophy, his long experience as a journalist has given him an acute and almost infallible sense of news value; so that

every page is interesting, and every page exhibits literary skill. One chapter, *A Girl from Red Lion, P. A.*, will become a classic, and incidentally exhibits a tenderness and sympathy in our author's nature which will astonish no one familiar with his work.

It is interesting to remember that although Mencken is an absolute individualist (not a petition signer or a joiner of this and that organization) there is no better co-operative worker than he. Thus in the co-operative job of preparing the daily newspaper, he was the ideal man, because of his capacity for the best kind of work and because he is such a thoroughly good fellow to work with.

Newspaper Days abounds in portraits of famous people, and among them all perhaps the most accurately diverting is that of Paul Armstrong. Armstrong looked tough and he was tough, so that any man who tried to mix it with him, was usually literally knocked out. He was, like so many of nature's noble something-or-other, at heart very sentimental, which helped him in writing plays. Mencken says, "Despite his truculent ways and fearsome makeup—he wore a Buffalo Bill goatee and a two-gallon hat, and liked striking clothes and flashy jewelry—he was a simple-minded fellow at bottom, and more than once, listening to him expound the plot of a new play at his dinner table, I have seen tears roll down his cheeks."

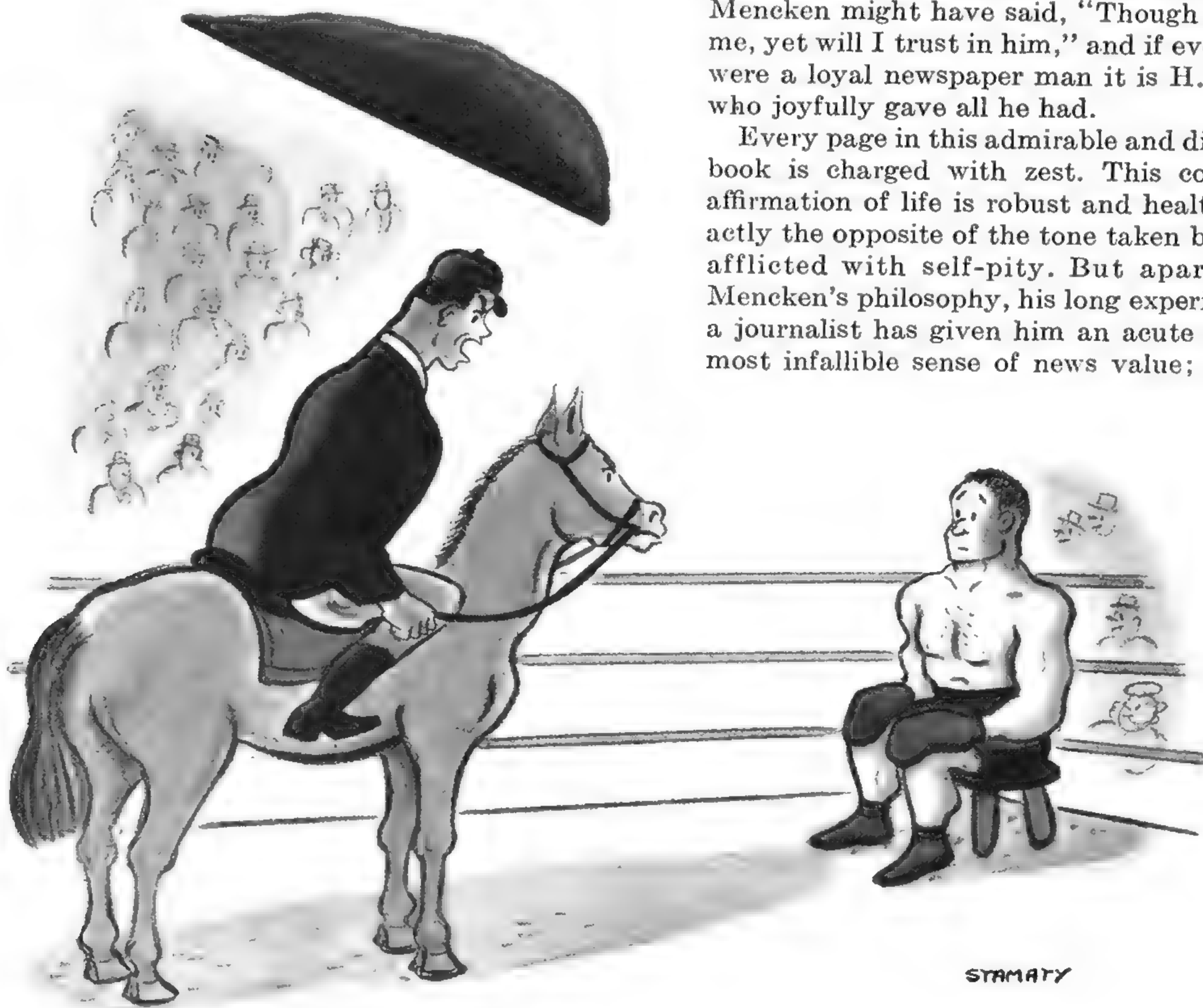
It is curious what misconceptions are common concerning Mencken. Many used to believe he was a dangerous radical; he has never been a political radical. He has a sense of humor. Many used to regard him as a snarling cynic. He never snarls and is not a cynic. No man is more considerate or more unselfish in his dealings with others. He answers letters promptly, never replies in print to any attack upon himself, never writes to his publishers about the sale of his books or rebukes them for insufficient advertising. Many imagine he is a heavy drinker because he discusses the pleasure of beer with such gusto. It is interesting, when Mencken has had so much fun with Prohibitionists to read in his book this testimony:

"I am what may be called a somewhat cagey drinker. That is to say, I never touch the stuff by daylight if I can help it, and I employ it of an evening, not to hooch up my faculties, but to let them down after work. Not in years have I ever written anything with so much as a glass of beer in my system. My compositions, I gather, sometimes seem boozy to the nobility and gentry, but they are actually done as soberly as those of William Dean Howells."

* * *

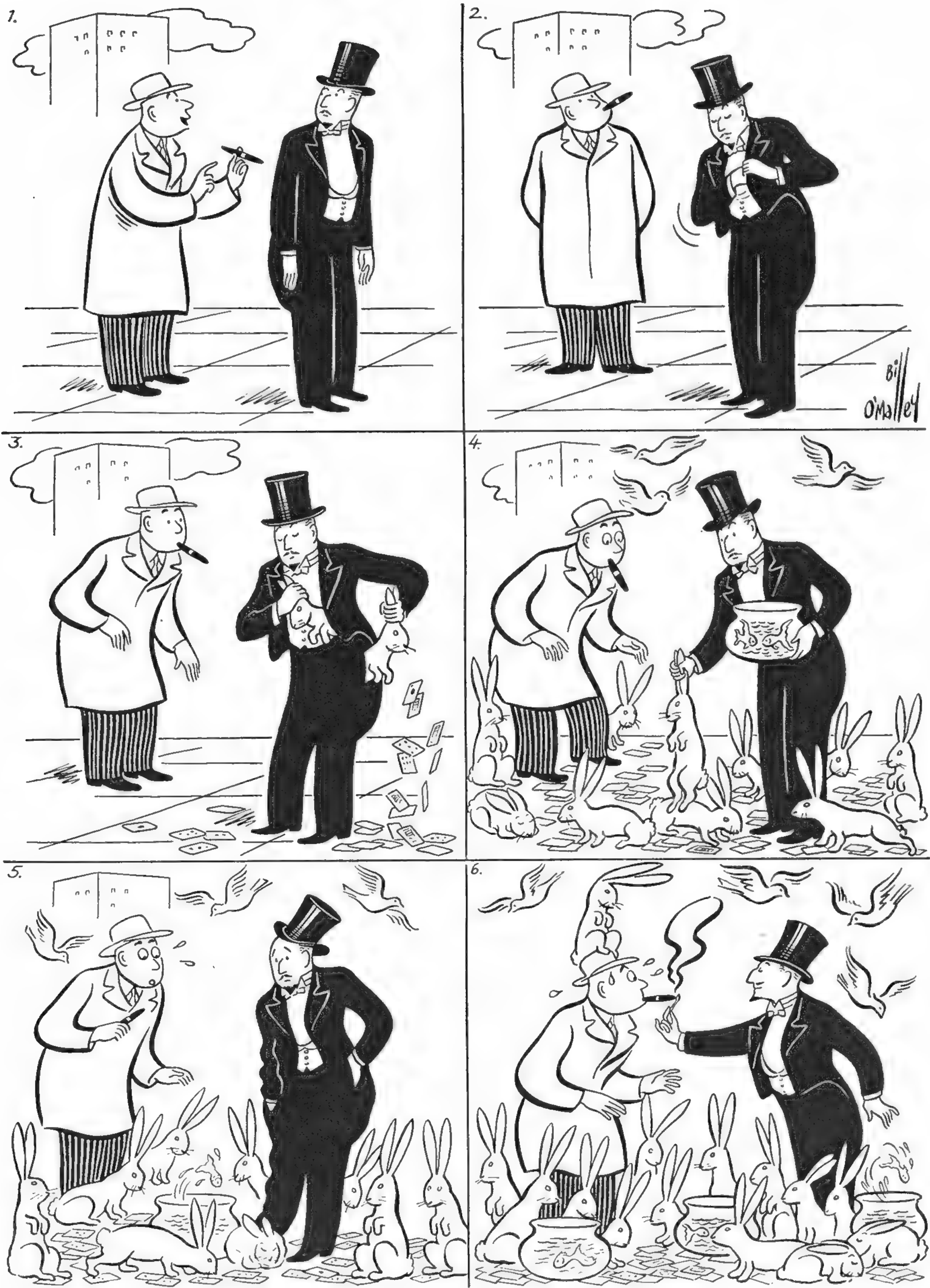
How strange sound today the words of Professor W. G. Sumner, in his little book.

Continued on page 106



STAMATY

"You know perfectly well 'what shoes' "



Uncle Jeff's Trump Card

Zack Bourne admitted if Sarah would only let him off his promise, he'd drink a dipper of hand-brand alcohol

by **EDMUND WARE**

• FICTION •

TOWARD the end of the cruel winter, which he had spent in Zack Bourne's cabin on the shore of the frozen lake, Uncle Jeff Coongate, the one-eyed poacher, took to dreaming of a brand of gin which went by the name of Old Perhaps. The effects of drinking Old Perhaps were said to be unpredictable. The label on the bottle was virtually a certificate of amazement. Perhaps you remained rooted to the spot, perhaps you spread absentee wings and flew, or perhaps you simply disappeared. Moreover, the old poacher had heard that Old Perhaps was inexpensive, and came only in splendid, two-quart bottles.

"What more had a man ought to ask than that?" he inquired of his friend, Zack Bourne, one blustery April morning. "There's a gin that'll guarantee us some kind of a surprise. First thing, after the ice goes out, we'll take the canoe an' go right down lake, an' buy us a bottle. Sim Pease carries it in his store."

Zack Bourne, for once, failed to respond to his old comrade's mention of stimulating beverage. Heretofore, invariably, Zack had brightened, drooled a little, and collaborated. But now he listened glumly, if at all, a fact which Uncle Jeff did not at first notice.

The two old men, in faded Mackinaws and fur caps, stood leaning against the sunny side of Zack's cabin, while overhead, and around them, blew the raw April wind. Zack's wife, Sarah, was inside the cabin preparing dinner. Sarah rattled stove lids. She sang as she worked, and on this morning sang with a special fervor and gratitude—a second fact which the one-eyed poacher, aloft in the mists of his dreaming, had not yet taken into account.

"Keep us eternal Lord, this day, From every sinful passion free," sang the devout Sarah.

Unaware that his theme contrasted sharply with that of Sarah's hymn, Uncle Jeff Coongate broke into a fresh rhapsody on Old Perhaps.

"Roscoe Carrion," he said, "bought jest one bottle. Told me his own self that when he unscrewed the cap, smoke come out—green smoke, it was, an' han'some. Roscoe took a cow-swallow, an' right away he heard singin', an' harps playin'. Then he said how he spilled a little on his hand by mistake



an' all his warts went away. Then he—"

"How'd it work on Roscoe's stummick ulcers?" Zack bleakly inquired.

"Hah!" said the one-eyed poacher, still impervious to his friend's mood. "I was comin' to that. 'Member how Roscoe used to worry turrible about them ulcers?"

"Yuh."

"Well, sir. It cured the worry. After jest two more drinks, Roscoe said he was *glad* he had ulcers! That jest gives you an' idea how we're goin' to feel, when—"

Uncle Jeff paused and looked out over the dismal wastes of the lake. There was one small patch of open water in which swam two precocious loons. "S'pose the ice'll maybe clear a little early this year?" wondered the old man, wishfully.

"Don't know. Don't give a damn," said his companion.

Uncle Jeff turned, his one eye blinking

irritably. "Say, what ails you, Zack? Don't you *want* to go to Priv'lige?"

"I got to go—for supplies. Dang near out of flour an' pork," said Zack emptily, while from the kitchen came Sarah's shrill voice, lifting in a new and more glorious blast of gratitude:

"Up, my neighbor, let us pray

Thank our Maker, every day,

Who gave us work our strength to test,

And made us proud to do our best."

The one-eyed poacher, listening, twitched his head, as might a hound with tender ears. "What's she singin' about? It ain't Sunday, is it?"

"No," said Zack, shuddering. "She's singin' 'count of me."

"You? Why? What in hell can you do, at your age, to make a woman sing?"

"I—uh—I promised her somethin'."

"What'd you promise her?"

Zack glanced at Jeff, and glanced away. An omen of dread, traveled coldly up the spine of the one-eyed poacher. "You don't mean thet you—?"

Zack, his eyes still averted, nodded affirmatively and muttered: "Yuh—not a drop. Never no more."

Thomas Jefferson Coongate winced almost audibly, then whispered, "Gawd A'mighty!"

Momentarily stunned, he closed his one eye, opened it, and turned its baleful blue on his lifelong comrade; his companion in a hundred crusades against the game wardens who unfeelingly arrested them for jacklighting deer, spearing salmon, and even chloroforming beaver; his friend in hunger, thirst and hangover—the one man above all others with whom he preferred to share bottle, keg and jug.

"Zack, you didn't! Honest! It ain't possible."

"I done it, Jeff," admitted the unhappy culprit. "Doggonnit, I couldn't help it. Month ago, after we finished that last quart of Old Sabre Tooth rum, she started workin' on me. Night an' day—prayin' for me. Wore me down to the jeesely core. I didn't have no resistance left. I—"

"Women!" murmured the one-eyed poacher, distractedly. "Women! Here we've spent

dang near the whole winter together, jest a-plannin', an' a-dreamin', an' a-waitin' for the ice to clear, so's we could go down to Priv'lige, an'—"

"Don't, Jeff. I'm sufferin' awful."

Uncle Jeff Coongate tendered no mercy. His lips wrinkled in the deadly grin of the bachelor who sees his dearest friend wife-softened before his very eyes. Zack simply hung his head in shame.

"This," intoned the one-eyed poacher, spreading his great, cracked hands toward heaven, "is prob'ly the partin' of the ways. The blow has fell after all these years."

"Dang it, Jeff," Zack whined, "you had religion once, when you got corresponded at by that widow woman from out in Idyho."

"That was different—on'y lasted a week, anyways."

Uncle Jeff now moved pointedly away along the cabin wall, as if to avoid contamination from a friend so thoughtless and disloyal as to go on the wagon at the time of the break-up of the ice.

"I remember last year," he sighed, his voice teary with nostalgia. "I remember how, after that first bottle of Hernandez's Fiery Dagger, you rode Stumpy Coldwillow's cow up the church steps in the Injun Villige. An' what you said to that little squaw—what was her name? Minnie somethin', wasn't it?"

Overwhelmed by the sweetness of his memory, the one-eyed poacher gulped and said, "Yup, Minnie was her name—Minnie Moose Bottom."

"That's a lie!" croaked the miserable Zack. "You had Minnie. I had Josie Deadwater. You know dang well I never had—"

"An' the dry doe we shot that same night, pratically in the new game warden's door-yard," pursued the one-eyed poacher, tugging his white mustache, "an' how the loin tasted, an' how we built our fire, an' cooked the liver in the old river bed behind the jail."

Zack Bourne was saved from further torture by Sarah, who came to the close of yet another hymn and called them to dinner in the same breath:

"Yes, Heaven is the prize! My soul shall strive to gain."

One glimpse of Paradiz-z-z-e, repays a life of pain-dinner's-ready-you-two-come-right-now-no-more-loafin'."

Zack gave a start, whereupon the one-eyed poacher coyly advised: "Don't be afeared, Zack. Jest obey, an' you'll be safe from harm."

"Tain't fair, you treatin' me like this," Zack vainly protested, as he hulked around the corner of the cabin toward the kitchen door.

Following, stepping along with immense dignity, the one-eyed poacher sank home a few more barbs. "Guess I'll share my bottle of Old Perhaps with Jumbo Tethergood," he

mused aloud. "Mighty good feller, Jumbo. There's a man that'll stick."

At dinner that day, and subsequently till the clearing of the ice, Uncle Jeff Coongate behaved toward his friend with a lacerating aloofness. He hummed to himself in corners of the cabin, and repeatedly counted his money, saying after each count: "Three dollars an' ten cents. Yup, that'll do it, an' leave me enough to buy a bottle of vanilla for mornin'."

If he was cold to Zack, the one-eyed poacher was almost fiendishly courteous to Sarah, treating her as a being far too good for

Noting limply that Christmas was about eight months hence, Zack said: "Thanks, honey."

"Or maybe," caroled Sarah, "I'll jest pour it all on our plum puddin', an' light it. Wouldn't it be pretty?"

"You do," snarled Zack, in a brief spasm of recklessness, "an' you'll blow the roof off'n the goddam cabin!"

A sly chuckle from the one-eyed poacher caused Zack to subside. He remained in that condition till the morning after the ice went out, on the second of May.

As they started paddling down lake toward Privilege, there was no sign of a storm. The sky was a brilliant blue, and the little wind of morning set the lake to sparkling.

Wild geese, loons, and arctic black ducks filled each sheltered cove, having appeared, as if by miracle, the moment the ice had gone. But neither the coming of spring, nor the feel of a canoe under him, could lift the burden from Zack Bourne's spirit.

Sarah had given him a carefully prepared list of supplies to purchase in Privilege. Now, as they rounded Leadmine Point, Uncle Jeff Coongate called maliciously from the bow: "I got my own list all wrote out, too. Here she is, Zack. Jest read her over."

Resting on his paddle, the one-eyed poacher removed a wadded bit of paper from his Mackinaw pocket and tossed it to Zack, who spread it flat, and read: "For persinal use of Thos. J. Coongate, 1 2-qt. bot. Ole Praps gin. 1 4-oz. bot. vinilla for mornin', ha, ha, ha."

Silence, except for Uncle Jeff's carefree whistling, endured for the rest of the trip. It was about ten o'clock when they hauled the canoe onto the public landing in Privilege. Uncle Jeff then decided to make a last appeal to his friend.

"Ain't you goin' to change your mind, Zack?"

"Nope," said Zack sullenly.

"I give my word. I promised."

"You didn't promise yourself, did you?"

"Nope. I promised Sarah."

"Then," said the one-eyed poacher, after a moment's reflection, "if she left you off, you'd take a drink?"

"A drink?" Zack echoed wistfully, unaware of the scheme-light rising in his comrade's eye. "A drink? Hell, I'd drink a pint dipper of hand brand alcohol. If Sarah'd jest leave me off that promise, I'd drink a small tub of canoe glue, with hair in it."

Uncle Jeff Coongate nodded, glanced cunningly at the horizon beyond Caribou Ridge, turned on his heel and made a beeline for Sim Pease's store.

Many times and oft that arid morning Zack Bourne caught sight of his erstwhile drinking companion. Each view deepened Zack's melancholy, and harrowed his soul. While Ruffy Dixon, the storekeeper, was filling out his order, Zack first spied Uncle Jeff

Continued on page 114



this earth, such as a nun. Zack lapsed into a brooding silence, rueing the moment of exhaustion when he had promised Sarah never again to touch anything stronger than Doctor McGuffog's Stomach & Kidney Tonic, also recommended for gall stones and rupture, alcoholic content not more than five per cent by volume.

Sarah, herself, grew happier by the minute. She gloated over Uncle Jeff Coongate like an avenging angel in apron and spectacles. In her triumph she managed to make her hymns sound sprightly, and she paused in her housework now and then to pat her towering, lank-jointed husband, and to whisper words of blessing and encouragement in his listless ear.

"You'll be strong, Zack, won't you? There! I knew you'd resist. It's like my prayers was answered at last. And—maybe next Christmastime when you come around I'll let you have one little drink out of that rum I hid."



Should Wire Tapping Be Permitted?

**Shocking disclosures of what goes
on constantly over the telephone,
unknownst to the long-eared FBI**

by PARKE CUMMINGS

• SATIRE •

PERIODICALLY the problem of wire tapping rears its ugly head in this country, and in these times with espionage and sabotage in the air, the question has once more come to the fore. Taking all things into consideration, we've come to the conclusion that it is for the best if telephone-snooping is permitted. At any rate our own secret agents, after tapping innumerable wires, have been enabled to list and condense the ten most frequent types of telephone conversations in this country. This is going to shock you pretty badly, so brace yourself:

1. "Hello. Harry?"
"Joe! Where the hell are you? We expected you half an hour ago."
"I hate to hold up dinner, Harry, but we seem to be lost. Didn't you say to take Route 57?"
"Yeah, that's right."
"And then we were supposed to turn left just before we came to the white church?"
"No. I said *afterwards*. Where are you right now?"
"I'm telephoning from a filling station."
"Yeah, but *what* filling station?"
"Wait a minute. . . It's Mozowski & Turner's, he says."
"Holy Joe! You're way over in West Redding. You're ten miles out of your way. I can't see how you ever—"
"Yeah, but how do I get to your house?"
"I know. You must have taken the wrong fork at—"
"How do I get—"
"I'm coming to that. Joe. Do you know the Newtown Turnpike?"
"No."
"Well, just before you get to the cemetery, you—"
"The cemetery?"
"Before you go over the viaduct, you come to—"
"What viaduct?"
"Look, Joe, I've got a better idea. You just stay there, and I'll come and pick you up.

It might take a little longer, but I guess it's the easiest way. Anyhow we're just having a cold supper tonight so it doesn't mat—what, darling?"

2. "What? . . . Aw—! You wouldn't kid me, would you? . . . Huh? . . . Oh . . . Yeah? . . . Aw . . . You wouldn't kid me, would you? . . . Yeah? . . . Says you! . . . Huh? . . . Gee? . . . Izzat so? . . . Now you wouldn't try to kid me, would you? . . . Huh? . . . Uh huh . . . Of course . . . Of course not . . . Of course . . . Of course not . . . What . . . You do? . . . You really do? . . . Oh you! . . . Huh? . . . You wouldn't kid me, would you?"

3. "Hello. Alice? This is Mary Thayer."
"Oh hello. How've you been?"

"Fine. Henry and I were wondering if you'd like to come over and play a little bridge."

"We'd love to, Mary, only we just promised the Harrises we'd play with them."

"Oh my. Everybody seems to be busy—er, I mean of course I don't blame you for being busy when we try to get you at the last minute like this."

"Well, I do hope you'll try us again real soon."

"Oh we will, Alice. We'll call you up real soon. We'll try to get some in soon."

"I'd certainly love to. Goodbye."

"Goodbye."

4. "Gildersleeve, Carothers, Hempel, Hempel and Walker. Good morning."

"Good morning. Is Mr. Grayson in?"

"Who's calling?"

"Mr. Stone."

"I'll connect you with his office. Just a minute, please . . ."

"Hello."

"Hello. May I speak with Mr. Grayson, please?"

"Who's calling?"

"Mr. Stone."

"I'm sorry. Mr. Grayson is out of town,

and won't be back until Thursday."

"Um. I see. Well, let me speak to Mr. Paulsen then."

"Just a minute, and I'll give you the central switchboard . . ."

"Gildersleeve, Carothers, Hempel, Hempel and Walker. Good morning."

"Hel—er, good morning. May I speak with Mr. Paulsen?"

"Who's calling?"

"Mr. Stone."

"I'll connect you with his office . . ."

"Hello."

"Hello. I want to speak with Mr. Paulsen, please."

"Who's calling?"

"Mr. Stone!"

"I'm sorry, but Mr. Paulsen didn't come in this morning."

"Oh. Well, how about Mr. Throckmorton?"

"I'll connect you with the central switchboard."

"Gildersleeve, Car—"

"Hello! I want to speak to Mr. Throckmorton!"

"Who—"

"Stone! STONE!"

"Hello."

"Hello. This is Mr. Stone calling. I want to speak to Mr. Throckmorton."

"I'm very sorry. He just this minute stepped out to lunch."

5. ". . . So I'm going to put ten bucks on Bluebeard's nose, and I'm going over to the
Continued on page 143



Escapist Refreshments

If you cruise in the Caribbean, ski in New England or bask among oranges and beautiful women, you'll need a bracer

by LAWTON MACKALL

• POTABLES •

TRAVEL is broadening and moistening—to the tune of Let the Quenchment Fit the Clime. No matter how lightly luggaged the junketeer may be in his triumphant getaway from it all, he seems to make a point of bringing his thirst with him. Whether the fresh-caught air so gratifyingly inhaled is the crisp, champagny ozone of snow-cruised, pine-plumed Canada and ski-scooted New England, or the palmy balminess of basky California, Florida, and the Cruise Isles, the elation of nostriling it leads to the happy thought, "How about a little drink?"

Any way you look at it, there has been great progress in winter adventures since the simple days when service was by St. Bernard dogs.

Don't misunderstand me. I'd be the last to criticize those noble, sturdy canines of rescue who gallumphed through the snows of Switzerland to seek out distress cases, bearing their little kegs of brandy under their chins (and were they fussy about its being the best!). Saturday nights the mountainside would be dotted with lost hopefuls stoically waiting. When caught up with, the typical driftee would respond with a "Good dog, nice dog" routine in an endeavor to talk Mr. St. Bernard out of his keg. But like a wise old innkeeper innured to that kind of gab, the dog would growl him off with, "Only two snorts to a customer. We run these mountains for a refined clientele."

If the customer's condition called for more serious thawing out, the four-footed servitor would stagger back to the hospice and hic-cough five or six times to announce the state of affairs. Which though less scientific than the modern singing telegram, was almost as effective.

Wintersporting today has been de-hard-shipped into a gala network of trailside hot-spud huts (Sun Valley specialty), swig chalets, smart clubs, roaring hearthed inns and hotels with lusty line-ups of ski boots along the bar rails, and a general aura of:

HOT SPICED WINE

Put a bottle of good American Burgundy or Claret, without uncorking, into a deep pot of water atop a fire. Let it heat up, but don't let it actually boil, rescuing bottle when on the verge.

Uncork and pour into pre-heated pitcher. Add hot syrup made with sugar and water, spiced as desired. Toss in sliced (or halved) lemons and oranges and any other flavorful cargo that occurs to you. Serve in glass mugs with a stick of cinnamon in each.

In instances where more intensive grape glow is required, a bottle of brandy is substituted for the wine, with 1½ quarts of water as dilutor. Where party opinion is stalemated on the question of Wine vs. Brandy, the solution is Hot Wine *with* Brandy—the brandy inserted to the extent of 3 ponies per bottle of wine; spices and décor same as in Hot Spiced Wine. The only hard and fast rule is: Never let the wine or spirits boil.

Special élan is bestowed by

SKI JUMPER'S THÉ DANSANT

1 pint strong hot green tea
Juice of 4 lemons and 6 oranges
½ pound granulated sugar, stirred till dissolved
1 wineglass Curaçao or Triple Sec
1 bottle Rum, heated.

Serve hot and watch your slaloms.

A mechanical-minded friend of mine, noting the assiduity and steadfastness with which lips clamp over brims when this potion is served, has thought up a great idea: the lip-grip ski tow. Instead of man hoists mug, it's the other way round. You come up for air when you reach the top, with a sigh whose fragrance causes any nearby bruises to emerge sniffing out of their hibernal hideouts.

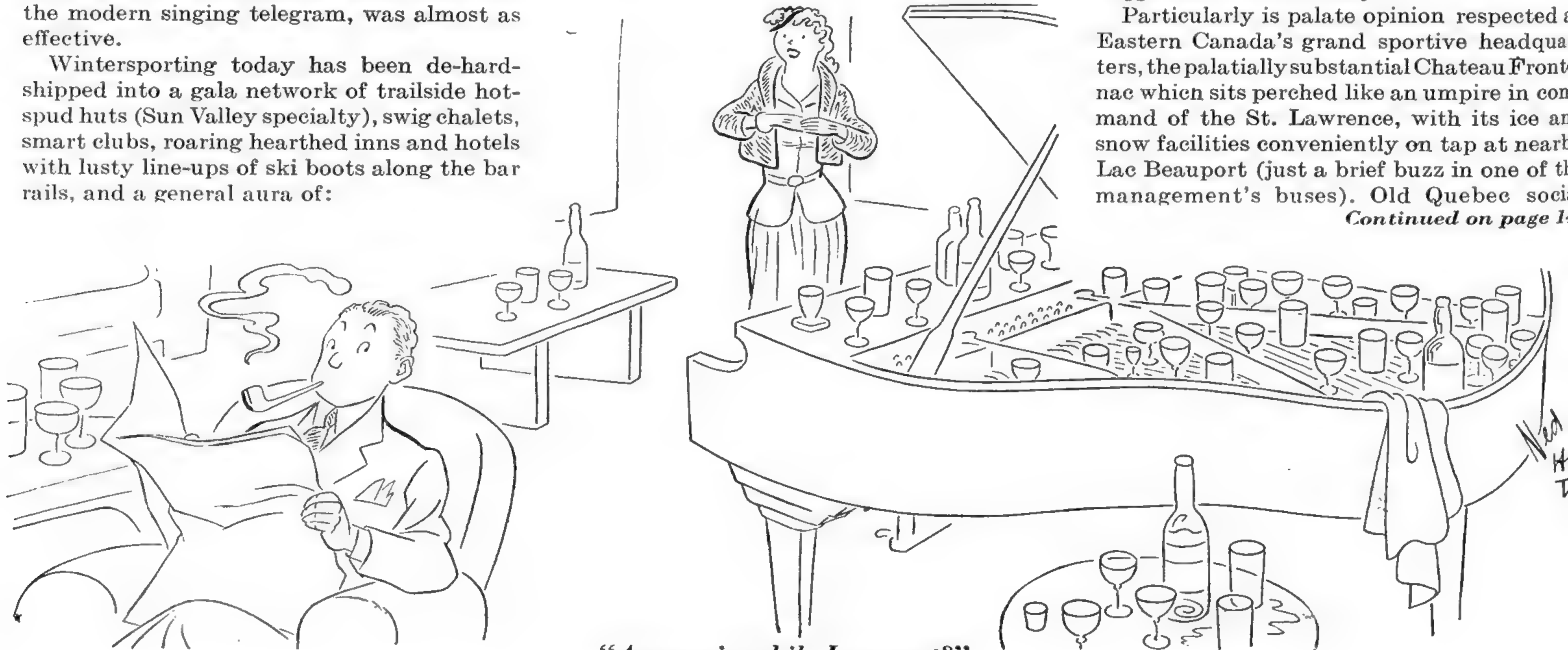
Which reminds me of a rather unusual experience I had last winter up at Mt. Mansfield, Vermont. We were in the midst of Hot Buttered Rum seance when a moonmistook it for his call and suddenly burst among us and licked all the butter off, somehow vanishing the rum with it. His head now over my fireplace, still wears that insufferable smile.

Rather than invite hazards of this kind the slat-bearing excursionists who storm aboard ski trains for Berkshires and White Green Mountains (the latter's pistachio hum turned to virginal vanilla) mostly concentrate on Scotch, with soda or just plain water please, for there they've got something which no snoopish creature of the wilds has ever been permitted a whiff of, thanks to Caledonian caution through the centuries. I don't have to tell you that if a Scot is ever so feckless as to exhale outdoors after imbibing a dram of his traditional bracer, he quickly and carefully inhales it all back again along with three ounces of fog which serves him a chaser and is cheaper than seltzer.

Indeed, despite the fact that contacts with wide open air tend to ventilate the gullet and prepare it for future use, the nearer the future the better, there's no compulsion, warping and forsaking. The snows of Stowe needn't wean a Crescent City sentimentalist away from his wonted Sazaracs. Manhattan are astir on request in the glistening white paradise of Lake Placid. Bostonian War Eights can be conjured up in the pink to match the spectacle of Old Sol's evening to boggan act at Sun Valley.

Particularly is palate opinion respected at Eastern Canada's grand sportive headquarters, the palatially substantial Chateau Frontenac which sits perched like an umpire in command of the St. Lawrence, with its ice and snow facilities conveniently on tap at nearby Lac Beauport (just a brief buzz in one of the management's buses). Old Quebec social

Continued on page 13



"Anyone in while I was out?"



“You mean there are no provisions for practicing my profession in my spare time?”



"It ain't no gag—this guy is staging a comeback"



"I really don't have time to come to Florida this winter"



“Bridge at your place, John? Sure! Pick me up in about twenty minutes!”



*“He wrote that book about the escape from a concentration camp—
the trouble some people will take to gather material”*

**SAILORS****BARROOM**

"Sailors" and "Barroom" courtesy Associated American Artists, New York City; "My Wife" courtesy Sheldon Swope Art Gallery, Terre Haute, Ind.; "Ring Around the Chimney" courtesy Mrs. Bruno V. Bulker, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

**MY WIFE**

A Group of Paintings by LAWRENCE BEALL SMITH

**RING AROUND THE CHIMNEY**

The Shorthand Caricaturist

Larry Smith's canvases record the artist's pleasant wanderings among people in street and park, put down in clear, fresh colors

by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •

LAWRENCE BEALL SMITH was born in Washington, D. C., a little more than thirty-three years ago. He was still in his crib when the family moved to Winston-Salem, North Carolina, had just about risen to a position of uncertain uprightness by the time they changed their address to Vincennes, Indiana, and was a mature grammar-school boy at Louisville, Kentucky. In Chicago, he received practically all of his education and a Phi Beta Kappa key which is supposed to prove it. At Gloucester, Massachusetts, one summer he found a passable substitute for the Munich School of Art and a young woman who came from somewhere in New Jersey with whom he fell in love. Thereafter he made his home in Boston on the ground, among others, that that city was much closer to Jersey than Chicago could be. Now the young woman from Jersey is Mrs. Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Smith take turns pushing a baby carriage on an elm-shaded street in Cambridge, within a hefty stone's throw from the Harvard campus and a couple of subway stations from the heart of Boston.

So far as the most indefatigable research has been able to uncover, Mr. Smith is the only full-fledged artist who may claim a Y.M.C.A. secretary as his father and the only artist who sketched within the shadow of a prayer book during a Methodist church service. He was four and the senior Smith was stationed at Louisville at the time. (It may have been Vincennes.) Anyway, the young artist's father did not thoroughly dust the young man's trouser seat, as you might have expected, but neatly folded the sketch, put it in a safe place and has treasured it ever since as the dawning indication of his son's genius. The son's blue-eyed and blond-headed son, now eighteen months old, has yet to give a clear sign of the direction of his genius; so far, Mr. and Mrs. Smith have to make the most of Dustin Beall's rhythmic body motions when César Franck's *D Minor Symphony* is on the air.

In his youth Larry Smith showed in more ways than one that he planned, or hoped, to become an artist, but he was pulled also in other directions and for considerable periods of his early life confused the trail so that a career in art did not appear inevitable. There is in him a somewhat moral and pedantic strain such as one finds in teachers and social workers, and for a fair stretch of time within recent years he did butter his bread as an art teacher, and I suspect that he was an excellent teacher within his limitations. He recalls that as a bed-ridden boy in Louisville he could hardly wait until the morning paper arrived so that he could copy the front page political cartoon.

It is easy to guess that he made sketches

and drawings at every available opportunity.

Both at high school and at college he drove himself in the effort to excel and to lead. He attended the high school connected with the University of Chicago and then the university itself. The high school was an experimental project school out of which Smith emerged with a regrettable ignorance of languages and mathematics, but with plenty of time for participation in athletics and other extra-curricular activities. Slightly built and probably underweight, he was determined to show them. There was probably a drive for compensation in the things he did after school hours. At high school he was on the track, lightweight basketball and soccer teams. He was president of the Drama Club and of the honorary society. At college he tried for four years to get his letter, concentrating on water polo, but did not succeed. He also played a good deal of tennis. He was head cheerleader. For three years he was a member of the Blackfriars, which puts on the annual college musical, and in his last year played the feminine lead. He took part also in fraternity life. He held before him the constant aim of maintaining as high an average as he could in his class grades and although he could manage no better than B plus at the end of his college life he was elected to Phi Beta Kappa as much for grit as for scholarship. No one could say of Larry Smith that he wasn't in there, trying.

Where was the art impulse, the art training during these vital years? Although no time or energy seems to have been left over for it, art was Smith's most engrossing extra-curricular activity. At high school he decided he would become a commercial artist, and a successful one. To that end he took every art course in high school and at college, and several courses outside. He took part-time courses in architectural drawing, which helped him a great deal. He attended also special classes at the American and Chicago Art Academies, specializing in such subjects as life drawing, layout design and lettering, from which he obtained first-rate practice in neatness and orderliness. Lawrence Beall Smith feels that there is not sufficient concentration on the teaching of neatness in the fine arts schools, nor the proper kind of training in the doing of a specific job. It is a consequence rather of temperament than of training that a Smith drawing or painting is a clean and finished piece of business, but the temperament sought, and found, the training suitable to it. He took part in several poster contests and during his last two years at college earned a small part of his tuition by making charcoal portraits, among his most distinguished sitters being Mrs. Robert M. Hutchins, wife of the university president, and Thornton Wilder, who fell asleep during the ordeal, for which there was enough reason.

He was graduated in 1931, with no more
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"I don't think I'll need you after all, Miss Beecher"

Roulades and Cadenzas

Singin' Sam, the idol of the cornbelt, gives out with his folksy baritone for network transcription and makes it pay

by CARLETON SMITH

• MUSIC •

MUSICAL historians of 2042 will have a tough job explaining Singin' Sam. No entertainer in our ether is as mysterious, elusive, and all-pervading.

Recently, on a cross-country trek, I took my own Gallup Poll, quizzed radio listeners. Yes, they knew bits of *Simon Boccanegra* and *The Magic Flute*, they liked Wagner, Beethoven, and Tchaikovsky. The piano concerto now nauseates both banker and bus boy. But, also they liked Singin' Sam. Wherever you are, whatever you do, wherever you may be on those vast plains from the Rockies to Pittsburgh, you won't go far without word of Singin' Sam.

Curious to hear this Bible belt bard, to sample his brand of rural Americana, I kept inquiring which network he was on.

"His own!" was the apt reply.

Sam, one of the highest paid radio performers, is heard by transcription daily on more than 250 NBC, CBS, and Mutual stations. The President of the United States doesn't do much better. Sam flies to New York twice a month, makes discs for the next two weeks, and his sponsor furnishes them free to distributors who put them on whenever they think it will do the most good. He comes in, usually, between Chapter VII, episodes 236 and 237 of some soap opera. It's his sixth year as a Coca-Cola salesman; he sang seven for Barbasol; and, before that, he was "Singin' Sam, the Coffee man," and still

earlier, "Singin' Sam, the lawnmower man."

Not often mentioned in print, he holds countless radio records for appeal to home listeners. He's not heard in all big cities, but out in Richmond, Indiana where he lives, he says: "Just listen, and you'll get me all day long." It's true. Twirl the knob on your radio any hour any day and it's an even break you will run into Singin' Sam.

Sam—his real name is Harry Frankel—began as a boy basso in the J. A. Coburn Minstrels, which he joined before he finished high school. From there he went to vaudeville and burlesque as a member of the "Big Four Quartette"—those were the days when burlesque was burlesque. Sam says there's not much you can't learn from burlesque.

Once when there was a lull he had a yen for the old home town and went back to open a photographic supply shop. But the Al G. Fields Minstrels got him and then he toured the Keith Vaudeville Circuit with Joe Dunleavy as "The Two Blackbirds." Suddenly, in 1928, fate gave him a resounding whack on the back and knocked him right into radio.

He and his partner were doing a three-day layover in the home town, catching up on their groceries and "bulling" with the natives when three cronies dropped in to ask advice about advertising. "What would you think," one of them inquired "about going on the air for us. We sell lawnmowers."

Big slow-talking Harry said in his amiable

way, "Sure thing, when ever you're ready just let the Old Boy know." He thought they were kidding. "The Two Blackbirds" went off to Youngstown, Ohio to play a date and soon Frankel got a long-distance call. As he tells it:

"They said, 'We fixed that radio thing up.' I said 'I thought you were just kidding.' They said 'No, we've got it all set. You're going on WLW.' I said I didn't know what to do, didn't know a thing in the world about radio. They said 'Well, you fix something up.'"

"So I sat down and started to think up some kind of a routine. I thought I'd better first make up a name that was easy to remember, something like Dancin' Dan or Weary Willie. I kept a-thinkin' about it and thinkin' about it but couldn't get anywhere. It was always on the tip of my tongue but I just couldn't get the right name.

"That night on the train going from Youngstown to Richmond, I was layin' awake in my berth, thinkin' and thinkin' and the clicking of the wheels began to drum in my ears. I got the feeling the wheels were singing and I started humming in rhythm. I kept saying over and over, 'Singin', Singin'—and then all of a sudden it came to me. Singin' Sam, that was it! And so I went on the air and been at it ever since."

II

Radio gave Sam exactly what he wanted: not a country house in or near the city, like most big-time entertainers hope for, but a good sized farm. "There never was a trouper in show business but what didn't always think about settlin' down somewhere in a little home," he says. "Showfolks are always talkin' about gettin' a little chicken farm or somethin' like that. Most of them just talk about it and never get it. The show business is fascinating, but tough. At Christmas time you go by other folks houses and see the wreaths and trees and you are on a train or living in a dumpy little hotel eatin' in greasy spoons.

"The Old Boy always wanted to be a farmer but never dreamed he'd get money enough to buy a farm. But now he's livin' the kind of life he's always craved."

That means presiding, like a country squire, over one of the most modern farms in the country, raising alfalfa, soy beans, corn and oats, mixing with the horses, milking cows, killing pigs and chickens, canning fruit and planning a truck garden of onions, lettuce, beets, beans, cabbage, and strawberries. When he's not off fishing, Sam gets out in the fields in overalls and battered felt hat and works with the rest of the hands.

He likes to have pitch-in suppers. "We call up the neighbors, ask one to make salad for twelve, another chicken, and so on. They

Continued in center of page 113





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HUNTER

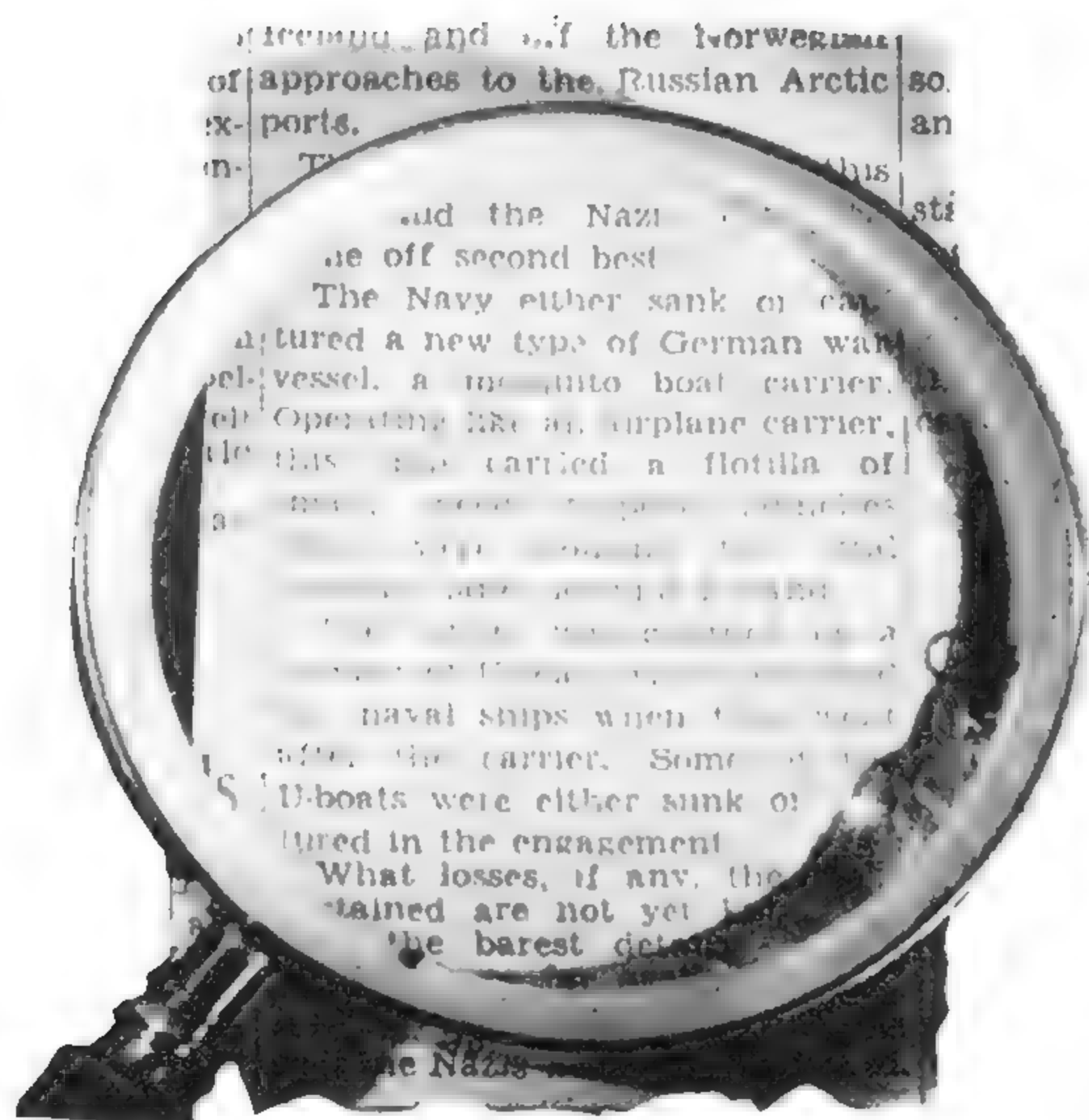
Naval Hit and Run Power

Suggesting the construction of sea-going carriers for basing, launching, docking and servicing deep-sea torpedo squadrons

by **CLYDE VANDEBURG**

• ARTICLE •

R



THE development of rifle-bored guns, with high velocity, armor-piercing explosive shells, marked the adoption of heat-treated alloyed armor plate as a defensive phase preliminary to the introduction of mechanized war. Under the threat of these seven-league guns, there followed an era of progressive armor plating that began in 1889 with French-developed nickel steel, and progressed to chromium-plated steels by 1894.

Until the first World War, the ingenuity of the armor platers far outstripped the engineering achievements of those who sought greater fire power and heavier ordnance. The gasoline engine was as yet unbroken to the harness of the Panzer tank or the wings of a Stuka plane. While first seen in the theatre of the World War, their developing importance was lost in a victory that gave all credit to the armor platers.

By the end of the World War, the emphasis on armor plating had developed a military technique, on land and sea, that depended upon a system of fortresses, both mobile and stationary. This grew into the "entrenchment" technique—the STAND AND HOLD military theory.

Since the Allied powers were the successful proponents of this fortress system in the Great War, it is natural that they should have retained and developed that technique after the war. The Maginot Line, the Belgian Forts, the Stalin Line, and a dozen other, now shattered works, are colossal monuments to Allied faith in that military theory.

The deadly dive bomber, the Panzer tank unit, the demoralizing movements of parachute troops, the submarine and the mile-a-minute tactics of surface torpedo boats, are the mechanized application of a counter-military technique—HIT AND RUN versus

STAND AND HOLD. This military innovation depends for success upon the speed and power of complete mobility. It is designed to probe and penetrate the weak points of an entrenched military system which, once broken, is unable to retire and form upon a new line.

Success of the Hitler machine can be largely attributed to the adoption of a mechanized technique that depends upon the high-speed mobility of gasoline engines for its hit-and-run power.

Hitler's raid-and-run tactics may have been adopted from the despised submarine of World War infamy. These diminutive craft of the German Navy took an enormous toll of Allied shipping. They were equally destructive to merchant marine and armored battle-ships. They introduced the raid-and-run tactics of current mechanized warfare, and removed forever the invincibility of fire power behind armor plate.

The saga of mechanized development is nowhere better exemplified than in the little-known story of the surface torpedo boat. With the advancement of the "mosquito" boat to a deserved place in naval tactics, we witness the triumph of a minority naval clique that has fought a stubborn battle against the traditional naval bogies of armor plate, fire power and gross tonnage.

It might well have been a losing battle had it not been for the popularization of the modern automobile. With it came the development of high-powered, low-weight gasoline engines, enabling undreamed-of speeds on the high seas, in the air, and on the land.

The motor torpedo boat received its naval baptism as early as 1915, when the British and Italians experimented with motor-driven "suicide" boats in raiding and smoke-laying operations. By the end of the World War, improved torpedo boats of England, Germany and Italy were numerous, and in active service. Speeds up to fifty miles an hour had been developed, and Italian craft were credited with having torpedoed and sunk two capital ships of the Austrian Navy toward the close of the war.

By 1939, all major powers save the United States possessed considerable fleets of gasoline-powered torpedo boats: Italy led with a fleet of 300. Germany, the U. S. S. R. and England were close behind.

Since the invasion of Poland in September of 1939, and the following declaration of war by England and France, the raid-and-run fleets of a half dozen nations have seen active service.

Previously unpublished in America are reports of German mosquito boat successes, as described by Admiral Z. V. Prentzel, writing for the Berlin *Volkischer Beobachter* in August of 1940. He said:

"The results of the naval war in recent months have brought to the foreground a type of warship which has been previously little known. These are torpedo boats of from 10 to 20 tons and equipped with powerful motors. They are armed with torpedo tubes and torpedo throwing apparatus, with two to four torpedoes, machine gun and anti-aircraft weapons, depth bombs and devices for laying down smoke screens . . .

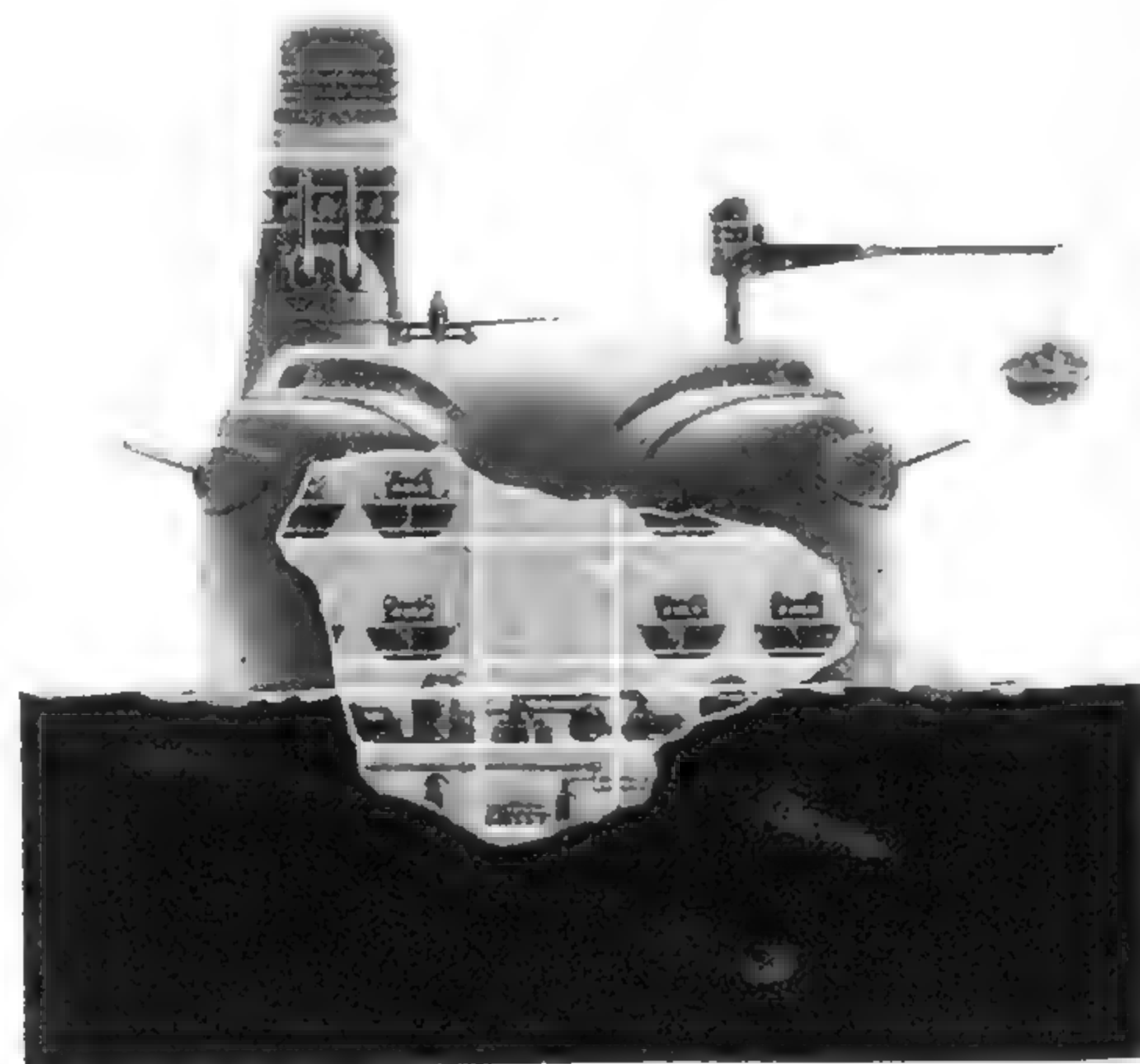
"By working closely with the Air Force it has been often possible for these torpedo boats to carry out surprise attacks in the twilight or early dawn. . . . In the occupation of Norway our torpedo boats came into full service in forcing entry to northern ports and as convoy to our troop ships. On May 10, a German torpedo boat encountered a number of English destroyers. After sending one destroyer to the bottom with a torpedo shot the boat outran its pursuers and escaped . . .

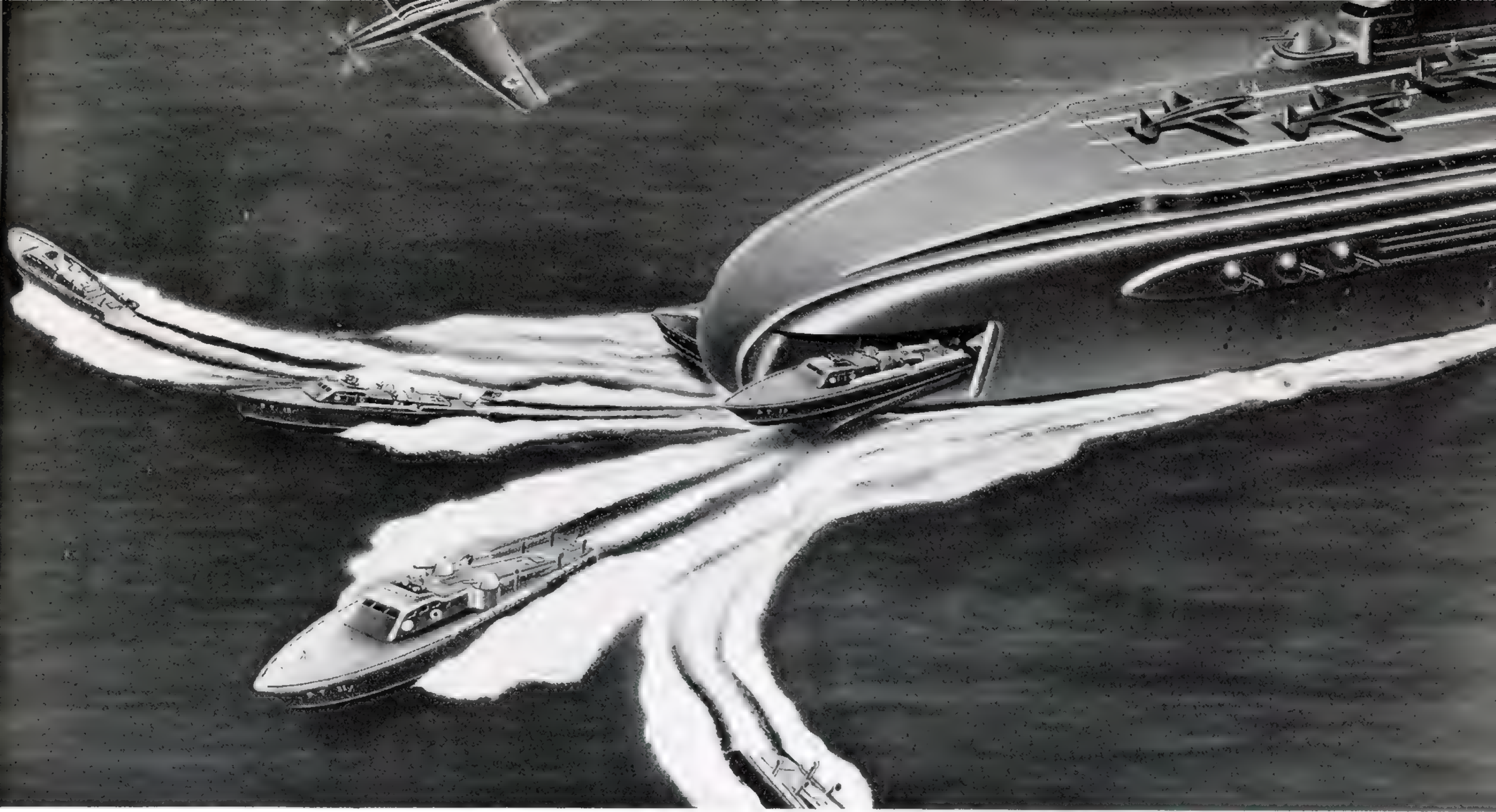
"Between May 10 and June 24, German torpedo boats have destroyed 6 enemy destroyers, 2 submarines, 1 auxiliary cruiser, 2 transports, 3 armed steamers and 1 airplane. . . . In the course of the war it has been shown that these boats can be very advantageously employed against merchant shipping. *Here they have proved to be as successful an attacker as the submarine when employed in Channel or coastal waters.*"

In contrast to the offensive action of German torpedo boats are stories of heroic rescues by British torpedo boats in the evacuation of Dunkirk. One such boat was the last to leave the beach and carried off General Alexander and his staff, comprising the rear guard unit of the British Expeditionary Force.

One removed General Gort and members of his staff, while a third crossed the channel with 150 soldiers crammed on her tiny deck.

Another motor torpedo boat rammed her nose against the side of a destroyer and held her at a blasted Dunkirk jetty while wounded





ALL DESIGNS BY GEORGE W. WALKER, DETROIT

soldiers were boarded. A seven-mile current was running against the destroyer, and the torpedo boat caved in her bow while steaming into the destroyer's side at 1,300 revolutions a minute for a half-hour on end.

Yet another British torpedo boat was blown half out of the water when a near-by merchant ship rammed a floating mine. Despite the explosion, the mosquito boat went to the rescue of the doomed ship, which capsized toward her while she was taking the rescued aboard. Forced to move forward at full throttle, the torpedo boat broke the lines that held her fast to the sinking merchantman and got safely back to England with her freight of twice-rescued soldiers.

The torpedo boat program in the United States received major impetus in 1938, when Congress authorized fifteen million dollars for a torpedo-boat design contest among American small boat builders. At the same time, the Navy sought American engine manufacturers capable of building a liquid-cooled, gasoline-burning, aviation-type motor, developing in excess of 1,000 horsepower. Near-est ideals were foreign motors with horsepowers up to 1,150.

The search for American marine engine builders quickly narrowed to three. Packard got the business with a secretly developed engine, which proved an excess of 1,350 horsepower. Following "shakedown" cruises, these engines are now in mass production as the power units for the torpedo fleets of the United States, Great Britain and Canada. It is interesting to note that these Packard marines have more than three times the horsepower of the Packard Liberty built for fighting aircraft in World War One. Within such power development lies the secret of successful military mechanization and fighting superiority.

The first torpedo boat squadron of the United States Navy was completed for trial tests in March of 1941.

Lieutenant Earl S. Caldwell won the signal honor of the first command. His official orders were to put his mosquito boats through a "shakedown" cruise that would make or break them. Lieutenant Caldwell took his assignment seriously.

His first necessity was a salt-seasoned crew. He found them on destroyers, where the going is rough, and he picked them in their

middle twenties. Each of Caldwell's seventy-foot water wasps had cost some \$200,000 to build. Each was manned by a crew of eight and an officer, who was Commander, navigator and pilot.

Each boat developed more than 4,000 horsepower. Speeds up to seventy miles had been recorded. Caldwell figured that nothing short of a bronco buster could ride his mosquitoes and he considered a uniform for the crew that was a cross between a hockey goalie's outfit and a sand-hog's working clothes.

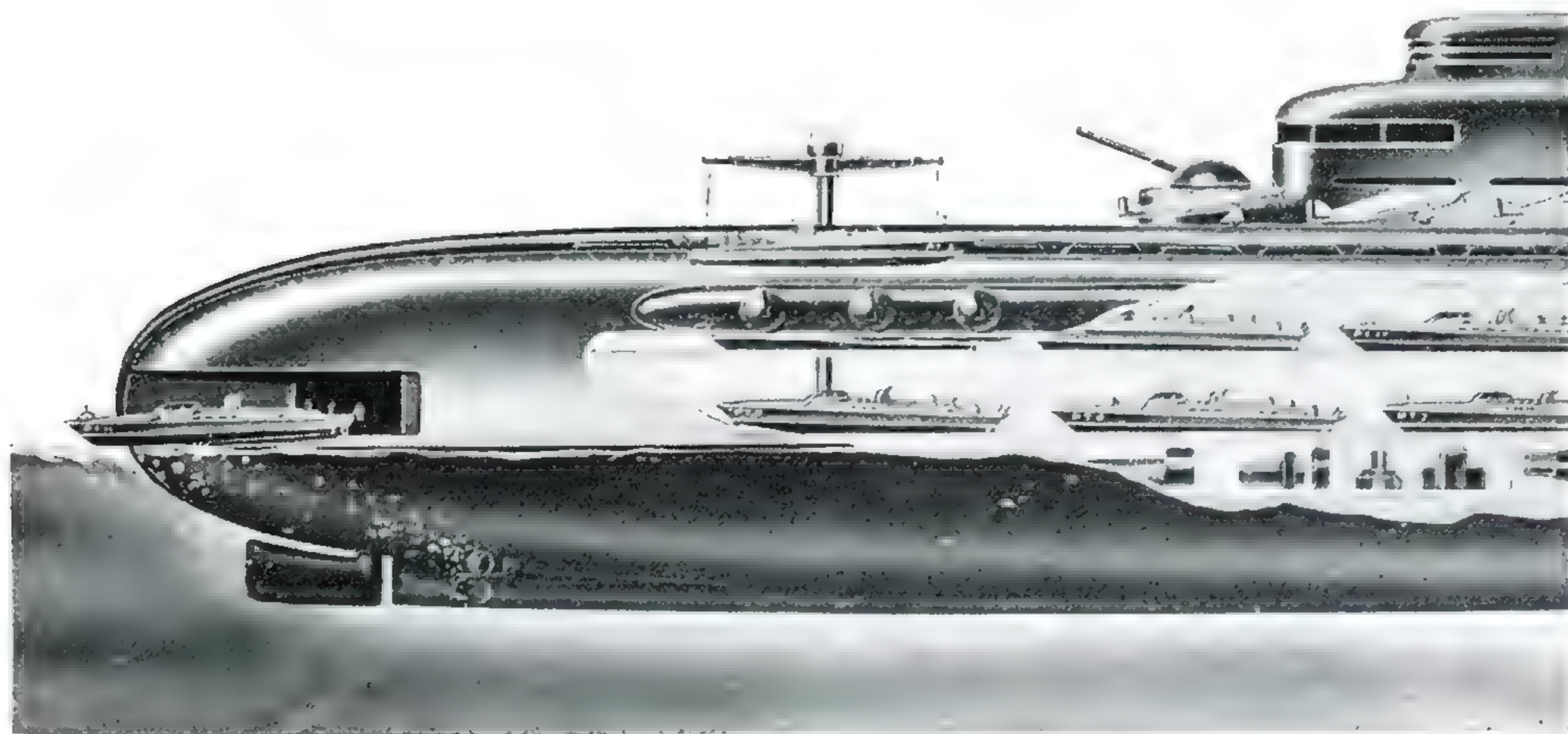
The crescendo of 4,000 horsepower in the engine room necessitated ear plugs for the engineers and frequent relief from the jolting thrust of the planing hulls. To ease the shock under high speed, deep rubber mats were installed and crews were instructed to stand with bent knees. Hand rails were provided for balance, and the food question was solved with cold sandwiches and hot thermos liquids as the seagoing fare of a mosquito hand.

Lieutenant Caldwell completed outfitting Squadron Two late in February, and early in march left the Brooklyn Navy Yard on a "shakedown" cruise that included the Caribbean bases and a jaunt through blue water to Cuba. Naval secrecy shrouds the greater portion of the voyage, which included a midnight typhoon off the Cuban coast; the partial foundering of the Squadron's seagoing "mother ship" and a record-breaking return cruise to New York, where she claimed her naval spurs.

One excerpt from an informal log of the Cuban voyage will serve as tribute to the types of men and motors and hulls required to write "well done" on the final report of a "shakedown" cruise.

"... Cienfuegos, Cuba: At 5:30 p. m. March 11, orders were received to return to Key West immediately. The mosquito squadron was made ready and the Commander decided to run the rocky coast of Cuba in pitch darkness. Departure was made at 12:30 a. m. Squadron proceeded in formation throughout

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“Wipe off that silly grin, Your Honor, and turn around and present the key”

Esquire on the Record

**Citing recordings from the Golden Age,
a hot jazz anthology, songs of the Red
Army Chorus and music for the clavier**

by CARLETON SMITH

• RECORDS •

THIS is the time of year when records are likely to become warped. Excessive heat in apartments, the addition of new sets and "loose" discs, failure to keep them tightly packed together often render significant treasures useless.

Should you discover warped records in your collection, it may be possible to straighten and preserve them. The *Gramophone* suggests this method: Take two sheets of plate glass about thirteen inches square or, if these are not readily available, two pieces of nine to fourteen plywood which are absolutely flat. Then hold the disc to be straightened between the palms of the hands and place it in front of a fire, gas or electric. Turn the record over and over until both sides become thoroughly warm. Be careful not to get it so hot that the record becomes partially plastic. That, obviously, would be fatal.

When the disc is warmed, place it on one sheet of glass, or board, and place the other sheet of glass on top. Add weight, heavy books will do, and allow to cool. Try the record on your turntable and if it is not absolutely flat repeat the process.

Recent releases should respond easily to this treatment provided sufficient weight is placed on them. But earlier, thicker records may prove more stubborn. In this case, the sheets of glass or boards should also be warmed, and then weight added. Thus, a slower rate of cooling is achieved; and all the warped records we have treated this way have yielded. Be careful, however, not to heat the disc so much that the grooves will be distorted under the pressure and thereby made unplayable.

If all this seems too much trouble, then either construct a storage receptacle or buy one for your records which will keep them from warping. With the substitute material now being used, greater care is needed.

NEEDLES

The prickly subject of needles also deserves attention.

We might as well admit that there is no completely satisfactory needle. Many tones, vibrations, and blasts from the gramophone are false. Improvements, tremendous though they have been, are not sufficient.

The old argument between advocates of fibre and of steel still rages, and offers continuing evidence of the phonograph's vitality in an hour when most non-belligerent controversies slip into oblivion. The thorn or fibre needle must be changed more frequently but, in my opinion, it is preferable over steel for the reproduction of the tone of string instruments, particularly for the playing of string quartets.

Most of us, however, are lazy and will not

put up with the nuisance of changing needles. Nor do we seem to notice the wear of metallic surfaces on our discs. No doubt about it, this has been considerably reduced by the decreased pressure of the tonal arm on the needle point and use of the light beam on the latest model instruments.

"BREAKS"

For me, the most annoying of the phonograph's shortcomings is the break, the sudden stopping of the flow of a musical discourse while a record is being changed. It is analogous to asking you to look at the *Venus de Milo* or da Vinci's *Last Supper* in six or eight broken sections.

Until we can hear a composition reproduced in its entirety, recording will remain at best incomplete, a mixed blessing. The long-playing, slowly revolving discs were not a success; the newest machines cut down the waiting time between records, but there must be a more satisfactory solution. Until it is on the market, we shall have to content ourselves with breaks and pray that recording authorities will arrange breaks with taste. Certainly, sudden stops are more satisfactory than the fade-outs which were tried on Philadelphia and Minneapolis Symphony records a few years ago.

A correspondent suggests these principles:

1. Breaks should not come in the middle of a musical sentence.

2. They should preferably not occur during a modulatory passage, breaking its continuity.

3. They should come at the end of a diminuendo rather than a crescendo, and in any event at the end of a rallentando, and not in the midst or at the end of an accelerando.

4. They should not occur in a passage where the continuity of a rhythmic figure is of paramount importance.

5. Depending on the context, the record side should not end on a perfect cadence, creating the illusion of finality, when no such thought was intended by the composer.

Of course, a four to five minute side allows little latitude as to where breaks must come, but all of us have heard sets which could be improved in this respect.

INDICTMENT?

A successful concert impresario passes along the following application:

"I want you to be my manager. If you will do for me what you did for Galli-Curci and McCormack I can best Paderewski's record as a box-office draw. I have more passion and fire than any pianist before the public. Imagine Chopin playing like Rubinstein and you have my playing. I am glad you believe in astrology because my horoscope promises success. I have Venus and Jupiter in conjunction in the ascendant and friendly to Neptune in the mid-heaven. If you wish I will make a recording of my playing, although I have to

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"Oh, no, mam! We add the chocolate ourselves"

Man the Kitchenette

**Vassar soup, fortified by hormones
according to your doctor's orders,
will work wonders in regeneration**

by **ILES BRODY**

• EDIBLES •

LATELY I have been sampling a quite unusual soup, which apparently is just an innocent, pleasant tasting chicken broth. But combined with the juices of raw vegetables, it contains in liquid form such dynamic elements as the raw glands of freshly killed, young, vigorous animals. The name of the culinary apostle who brought this liquid health food over to the U. S. from Europe, is Frank Vassar, who is himself a splendid advertisement for his product. The man is seventy, looks fifty, cuts a fine figure in clothes, and his picture in the nude would put to shame the most robust Bernarr MacFadden pictorial torso.

According to Mr. Vassar and his customers, among whom he numbers Greta Garbo, this revolutionary broth if taken every morning for a month, might very well make you feel ready for tremendous achievements. In any event, the glands of animals are full of vitamins and enzymes, and it is an established fact that the "insides"—excepting chicken livers en brochette, the favorite luncheon dish of women—are easily digestible. Also, the soup in question is really very good, and part of the treatment is to take a half hour's walk after having finished it. All these factors together are bound to lead to a feeling of well-being—except in my case, as I hate walking.

Let me first try to explain from a gastro-nomic angle something about vitamins and

enzymes before talking about the involved matter of glands, of which I don't pretend to know too much. Where I come from, schools didn't teach this new science, and when I was young, battlefields and not academies were my school.

In plants, fruits, and vegetables there are no vitamins; only pro-vitamins (Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Carotin). These pro-vitamins turn into vitamins through metabolic processes in our bodies. On the other hand, herbivorous animals that supply us with meat eat the grass and other plants, and their organs are the warehouses of ready vitamins. Thus, meat has plenty of vitamins, such as the very essential B₁ and B₂. (The American Meat Institute has an ingenious chart showing the vitamin contents of various uncooked meats.) Vitamins are composed of nitrogen, hydrogen, oxygen, carbon, and sometimes sulphur and phosphorus. Most of them have no taste and no color, excepting riboflavin which is yellow, and no odor, excepting B₁ which has the odor of yeast.

Enzymes are a ferment—a substance of complex nature—(e.g. pepsin) of which a very small quantity can cause great chemical change without itself being appreciably used up in the process. Incidentally, you can be sure that all this is true—I have just looked it up in Webster's, and I am quoting word for word. They are present in vegetable as well as in animal organisms; they perform

the highest functions, there is no life without them, and science has it that occasionally just one enzyme molecule of good-will may be the greatest enemy of a particular disease. Enzymes are destroyed by heat, by cooking, or by coming in contact with metal—Mr. Vassar's enzymes remain uncooked and never touch metal.

All this might be dry-as-dust, but it pertains to the soup I mentioned, to eating, and to life in general.

The glands—of which the soup is partly composed—are a collection of cells which manufacture substances intended for a particular effect upon the body. They are like factories, the cells being the workers, and their product the secretion. Naturally I am not talking about the tears of the eyes and the sweat of the skin, these being external secretions and not particularly mysterious, but about the ductless glands. Internal secretions of these ductless glands are like chemical messengers, sent from one organ to another through the public highway, the blood. Scientists, looking for a short and pretty word to describe these dynamic elements, the secretions, finally christened them all "hormones," from the Greek, meaning to arouse or excite, or set in motion.

Your life in every stage is dominated by your glands of internal secretion. They are the basis of your personality; they make you act differently from Professor Einstein or King Carol. They may make a Don Juan or a puritan, a dwarf or a giant, a genius or a moron. If you don't feel you're living your life to the fullest, if you aren't working well, if you aren't eager for love, it is possible some gland somewhere has fallen down on the job. Find out which one it might be by an endocrine analysis, and supplement what's missing. Today, fortunately, you can do this in most cases, and on the basis of *similia similibus curantur*.

Although I love Pheasant Suprême à la Périgourdine, and had a very good one the other day at Gene Cavallero's Colony Restaurant, I am not nearly as continually in search of this tasty dish as I am of methods of achieving or regaining good health through the stomach. From the times of the Pharaohs man has been intrigued by this. According to the oldest medical book, the Ebers Papyrus, dating back to about 1550 B.C., the ancient Egyptians were convinced that all diseases arose from food—from too much and unwise eating. And then there are the dicta of Hippocrates, the founder of dietetics: "Old persons should use less nutriment than the young." "In winter an abundant diet is wholesome; in summer, a more frugal diet." "White meat is more easily digested than dark," etc. One also remembers the couplet

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"Eat your nice spinach so you'll be big and strong like Junior"





Toddy and the Revolution

**A small dog played a leading though
silent role at a dinner party during
those first days of terror in Vienna**

by ALFRED POLGAR

• SATIRE •

TODDY, the dog, belonged to the genus of rattlesnakes. He was voracious, gadded about on the streets, and his master couldn't stand him. The only thing certain about the mistress' relationship to him was that she couldn't stand the fact that her husband couldn't stand the dog. As a consequence of this attitude, the man's aversion to Toddy gradually developed into deep-seated enmity.

For the evening of that fateful day on which the ominous clouds of revolution were to unloose their fury upon the city of Vienna, Mr. and Mrs. had invited guests to dinner. Seven were expected, three women and four men. The tour de force of this repast was—or rather was to have been—Mushrooms à la Transylvania, the recipe of which, passed on from generation to generation, was a closely guarded secret in the household. But on that evening the host and hostess sat alone at the table set for nine. All seven guests had stayed away without apologies, but no apologies were necessary because of the staccato spitfire of machine guns outside and the light switches inside, which, when turned on, failed to rouse the lamps from their cold and dark lethargy. Under eerie candlelight, the couple ate a simple supper of scrambled eggs; the dish of mushrooms reposed on a shelf in the ice box, which, since the electricity had been shut off, was now nothing more than a box without ice. Even Toddy didn't wander out onto the street on this particular evening, if for no other reason than that the building was hermetically sealed.

Throughout three times twenty-four hours horrible things happened in the city. Many clocks stood still because people forgot to wind them up, and many a heart, too, because it forgot to dampen its insistent beating. Another morning and another evening passed by, what had happened had happened, and the elastic human beings got over it, just as they can get over anything except their own death. Obediently, the light bulbs answered the flick of the switch, the front door swung open, Toddy trotted through the streets, the refrigerator baked perfect crystalline ice-cubes and in its cool confines the Mushrooms à la Transylvania waited for the moment when they would at last make their appearance on the festive board.

The clocks again began to tick, and the pulsating life of the city resumed its interrupted cycle. Consequently, host and hostess again extended the invitation to their seven guests. However, there was some question whether the Mushrooms à la Transylvania should find their way to the table, or whether they should be thrown into the garbage can. The host had very grave doubts. Thus, he gave Toddy a portion of the savory dish to sample. What had he to lose? Toddy gobbled it all up

and even after a few hours showed no signs of being poisoned. Full of food and lust for adventure, he ambled out on the street. "The mushrooms are perfectly all right," said the host.

* * *

Dinner was over. The guests lingered over their coffee cups, talking about the theatre, politics, the secret of preparing Mushrooms à la Transylvania, movies in particular and life in general. Suddenly Resi, the cook, came into the room, white as a sheet; tremulously, she informed her employer that there was a man outside who wished to speak to him.

The visitor was a man of the people. "Your address was on the collar," he said in a sympathizing tone, pointing to Toddy's inert body.

"Dead?"

"I'm afraid so."

Quickly the following startling developments took place: An s.o.s. call for the doctor; gentle imparting of the news that everyone was poisoned; panic, forestalled by the assurance that Toddy ate the mushrooms four hours ago, whereas the guests partook of same just a half hour ago—ergo, there was still time to forestall the Grim Reaper. One after the other, every participant in the feast filed into the bathroom to have his stomach pumped, last of all Resi, the cook. After all, social distinction must be observed.

"Have you any idea how lucky, how con-foundedly lucky you are that the man found the dog in time?" said the doctor. "And to

whom shall I send the bill?"

"To me, of course," replied the host magnanimously. "The treat's on me."

Everyone sat around for a little while longer, numb and ill at ease. Not another word was said about the secret of preparing Mushrooms à la Transylvania. The conversation was restricted to a discussion of life, respectively the moving pictures.

Until the cook re-entered to inform her master that the man was still waiting outside.

The host, taking a few coins out of his pocket, went out to reward the most praiseworthy fellow.

"I just wanted to tell you," said the latter, "it wasn't really my fault. The pup ran right into my car. I've driven taxis for twenty years, but that's the first dog I've ever run over."

The host let the coins drop back into his pocket. His face seemed contorted with pain.

"How can anybody love such a homely little mutt," thought the cabbie, with a tinge of remorse.

After they had gone to bed, the wife gave free rein to her grief. Her mate tried to console her: "The whole world is out of joint. And our poor Toddy is just one more victim of these turbulent days."

"What did Toddy have to do with politics?" she moaned dolefully. "He was just a dog!"

"Nevertheless, he was a contemporary. And there's no getting around it, my dear: for that you have to pay the piper." ##



"Everytime I say 'ski suit' she says 'gesundheit' "

Chariot in the Sky

Continued from page 39

and struck off the ear of one of the servants. But the Master told him to put up the sword, for all that take up the sword shall perish by the sword. Then He touched the ear that was cut and healed this servant."

"He healed the one who came to take Him?"

"Yes. But this was not the miracle I awaited."

"And the disciples?"

"They feared for their lives and left Him. The night was dark."

"Then they took Him?"

"Yes, they took Him and led Him to the court of the high priest and here they waited for the cock to crow. They waited for morn to arrive. But time itself seemed held back. The sky that was dark seemed unwilling to light up the world. The wait was agony itself. As soon as it was day the chief priests and scribes gathered and led Him before their council."

Because of so many carts in the road returning from the city market, they were required to reduce the speed of the chariot.

"Look at the sky," said Judas. "A storm seems gathering. The rays of the sun have difficulty in piercing the clouds. They cut through like a fan of knives."

"Yes, I see," replied Lazarus.

"Is there a meaning to this?"

"I don't know."

"Perhaps we are too late."

Lazarus' reply to this was to swing his whip over the horses' back. The trot broke into a run.

Soon the walls of the city of Jerusalem were seen in the distance. Within were the towers and domes of many buildings. But due to a strange reflection from above, the white of the domes and towers took on a pale greenish cast. The two in the chariot looked above.

"See," said Lazarus. "There is a road reflected in the sky. How strange! It is like our road and a chariot rides there also."

Judas searched the sky with his eyes and at last he saw the place where the chariot was riding. "They are riding with all speed. See the great cloud behind them."

"It is we ourselves reflected in the heaven. The horses are mine and the chariot is the same."

"How can it be?"

"There is a silver light coming from somewhere which reflects like a mirror. And the road in the sky seems to go on and on. It is a narrow path like a silken thread that has fallen upon a great billowy carpet of clouds."

But as they looked closer the sky seemed to grow darker and in the far horizon the great heads made themselves visible. The heads were as though chiseled by Greek sculptors out of cream-white marble. Some of these heads seemed covered with hoods and others were bare. Were these the great prophets all gathered together to stand witness? Or had they come to proclaim a new word which could open a secret door, a door that led to a new life?

The chariot rode on and the sky seemed to smooth itself over. The deep peaceful blue of night crept up from the horizon.

Once more the carts and people in the roadway forced them to reduce their pace.

"You said that the cock crowed and they took Him before the council of the chief priests?"

"Yes," replied Judas. "I followed behind secretly and heard the false witness that they brought up to accuse Him. Then I thought He would reach out His arm and destroy the Temple and the council and all. I expected to see the walls crack and all tumble upon us. But He stood calm and made no defense. They spoke evil against Him and accused Him of blasphemy. Then they brought Him before Pilate and accused Him of many things. But to these things the Master made no answer."

"And then?" asked Lazarus and he swung his whip out with a long arm.

"Pilate wanted to release the prisoner but the chief priests would not hear of it. They cried out again and again demanding the penalty of death. Then Pilate said he would order Him beaten with reeds and released, for it is the custom to release one prisoner at Easter time. This is a symbol of Easter liberation which goes back to ancient times."

"And then?"

"But no. They cried for the release of Barabbas instead."

"Who is Barabbas?"

"He is a robber, a plain robber!"

"And Pilate released this robber instead?"

"I do not know but I believe he did. The commotion which followed was great. In the confusion my eyes and ears grew dim. They dressed Him in the robes of a king only to mock Him and they gave Him a crown, but the crown was made of thorns. This, surely, I thought, would infuriate the Master against His enemies and provoke Him to show His power. But He submitted to all. Seeing Him dressed in purple, some cried: 'There stands the king of the Jews!' This was cried out in mockery. And even Pilate tried to make light of it all so that the priests might temper their wrath. Pilate pointed to the Master and said: 'Behold your king.' But the priests were quick to answer Pilate. 'We have no king but Caesar,' they said. Again and again Pilate tried to intervene in behalf of the prisoner but..."

The words he was about to utter were interrupted by a sudden darkening of the sky accompanied by a strange trembling of the earth. One of the horses reared in fright and broke one of the stout leather traces. Lazarus pulled on the reins with all his might and brought the chariot to a stop.

Darker and darker grew the sky. The earth quaked once more. Great rocks beside the road were seen to split and a dust of fine

stone rose from the hot cracks. In the noon of day stars appeared in the twilight of the sky.

They looked above them and beheld the scene in silence. Dimly in the far horizon they could see their own chariot reflected in the sky, riding on and on. This was strange indeed. The great prophets, too, showed their white heads in the far, far distance. And behind the row of prophets they saw the figures of great multitudes who merely stood and waited. And while these multitudes waited in silence they seemed to shield their eyes from some blinding light. But this light itself neither Lazarus nor Judas could see. It seemed to come from far behind that deep, starry curtain of night.

"Do you know the meaning of this?" Lazarus whispered.

"No," replied Judas, turning his eyes to the ground.

"It is indeed strange. There must be some meaning!"

"There is!" finally spoke Judas. "I know what it all means. But I dare not speak this meaning."

"If you know, speak!"

The words came very slowly from the mouth of Judas. "We are too late. Alas! Alas! Too late!"

"Yes, that is what I myself thought but did not dare to say it."

"And it is all because of me."

He held up his bag and shook it.

"You hear the sound of silver. Thirty pieces they gave me. But I will take them back and tell them..."

"Too late, alas! Too late!"

Slowly the blue of the sky grew paler. The white heads of the prophets melted away, the chariot with its dusty trail was also lost from sight. And the shadowy multitudes who seemed to shield their heads from a blinding light, they too vanished slowly.

Lazarus drew the dagger from his belt and mended the broken trace. The wall of the city was now close at hand and very slowly they journeyed on. Soon they passed through one of the gates.

There was much commotion in the streets. People were running here and there. And some cried out: "The Temple curtain has been struck by a finger from heaven and rent in twain!"

Now the sky grew still lighter and many who had hidden in fear of the sudden darkness came from their places of hiding and filled the streets. The two in the chariot paused for a moment to watch a small crowd before them.

They saw a Roman soldier walking arm in arm with a rough and desperate-looking character. The soldier carried a bundle.

"One more glass of wine," said the desperate character.

"Who pays?" asked the soldier. "Nobody pays. They give us the wine for nothing."

"For nothing at all?"

"Nothing."

"Your looks," said the soldier with a smile.

"No, no. Just you see. Here is a wine tavern. Hey! Hello, you.

Come give us a glass of wine!"

The proprietor looked up.

"Pour it full," said the desperate man.

"Why?"

"Why? Because I am Barabbas the robber. Today I was to hang but instead they set me free. Did you ever have a life given to you? Is it not worth a glass of wine?"

"Yes," admitted the proprietor. "It is worth a glass of wine, but your companion, what has he done to deserve his glass?"

"He has done nothing, only he is lucky. And when one is lucky, then it is enough. Is not luck also worth a little wine?"

"Yes, it is," admitted the wine-shop keeper and he poured two glasses full.

"He is very lucky," continued Barabbas. "He just rolled dice with the men and he won the clothes."

"What clothes?"

"The garments of that king of the Jews." Then, turning to the soldier, Barabbas said: "Now you see. The wine comes to us for nothing. We live for nothing. And all because... Here, drink!" They lifted their glasses and drank the wine down with one long draft.

The chariot rode on.

"We are too late, too late!" lamented Judas.

They passed beside the court of the Temple. They passed the palace of Herod and the pavement court where Pilate sits in judgment. Here, only a few hours before, He stood in the robes of a mock king. They passed the wall of the Roman arena of sports with its prison dungeons beneath. But those two robbers, Barzor and Rongus, were no longer in their cell. They had been removed that morning and crucified on the hill of Calvary.

Soon they came to this very hill and they stopped to see what was going on. The figure from the center cross had already been removed. In the distance a small crowd of the faithful could be seen lamenting. In the foreground the Roman soldiers were drinking wine and still rolling dice. Vile oaths issued from their mouths.

But the two thieves were still alive and they spoke from where they hung on their crosses.

"You call this destiny!" said the younger one in a tone of bitterness.

"Perhaps," replied Barzor.

"I call it agony and death."

"Perhaps it is both."

"They already took him down," said Rongus. "They mademuchado over him. Why do they not make much over us? We too must die."

For a moment or two the older robber did not reply. A spasm of agony gripped him. But when it passed he spoke to his companion. "As you live so must you die. And as you die so will you live."

"It is all beyond my understanding," came the reply.

And these were the last words spoken by the two thieves. #



“Doesn’t anyone here want to join me in my morning exercise?”



Familiar Fifth Columnists

- ... The partner who raises you from two spades to four on two small trumps and a guarded king.
- ... Wives who argue with traffic cops when you’re driving.
- ... The fourth Dry Martini after the three you’re sure you didn’t feel.
- ... The guy who sits in your cheering section and roots for the other team.
- ... The dog that barks and wakes up the wife when you stumble home at 3 A.M.



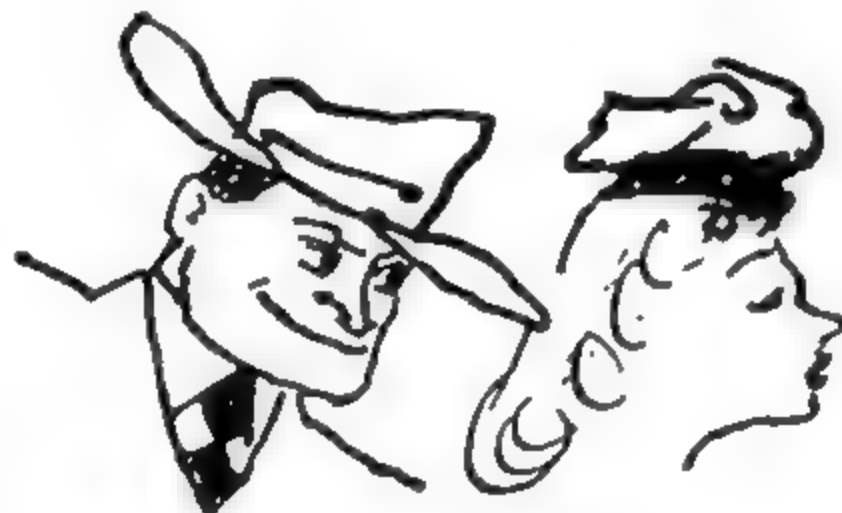
I think that I shall never see
A thing as dangerous as a tree,
And since on every trail they be,
—I think that I shall never ski.



“Just a minute now and we’ll have us a son-in-law!”



“Darling, I’m never too busy to speak with you!”



Truism

If Little Red Riding Hood lived today
The Modern Gal would scorn ’er,
She only had to meet one wolf—
Not one at every corner!

Dollar-a-Day Paradise Lost

Continued from page 37

the furnishings—roughly 500 dollars, which bought me a large bed, a small bed, small tables and cupboards for the bedrooms; dining room table, six chairs and sideboard; four upholstered chairs, and complete kitchen equipment as well. All hand-carved, of course. The total amounted to 1,875 dollars—a sum for which, I realized, one can almost buy a fairly decent farm in many American communities—property one actually owns in his own name.

I was on the brink of discouragement with this whole dollar-a-day notion. But I decided to think it over. There was plenty of time for that. To build a small home like that would take a year, at least. The house next door was in its seventh month—gradually it was assuming the rough outline of a domicile. No roof, floors, glass, woodwork or plumbing, of course—but what does one expect in seven months?

It was watching his house progress, indeed, that finally sold me off building my own home in Santa Catarina. Each day began with a chat between my friend and Julio, his contractor. It ran like this:

Monday

Friend: "Buenos días, Julio. When will the tiles for the roof arrive?"

Julio: "Manana, señor, manana."

Tuesday

Friend: "Good morning, Julio—and where are the tiles I ordered?"

Julio: "They come Tomorrow, señor. Tomorrow, sure!"

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, ditto

Finally, Saturday

Friend: "For the love of all the Saints, Julio, here it is Saturday, and still I have no tiles!"

Julio: "But señor, what tiles? Why didn't you say you wanted tiles! If you want tiles, all you need do is ask me!"

All of this palaver was tough on my friend, the Guatemalteco. Can you imagine what it means to an Americano, who doesn't gargle the language?

It means that when you go to market with a gringo accent, or pidgin English, or a "no sabe," right away that porterhouse steak listed at five cents a pound in September's Esquire becomes ten cents. Even if you chatter Castilian like Don Quixote, your milky complexion is the tip-off to tack on a few centavos.

The double standard, you discover, prevails in all these Latin lands, where the natives deal in coppers, while *your* currency always runs out in silver. And don't holler "unfair!" What do you suppose our own merchants of wares and services do to unsuspecting Latins who visit our shores? Human nature is human nature—North, East, South and West.

It doesn't help much to send your servant to market. Your

servant will do better than you will. But there's a difference—in China it's called "cumshaw"—between what the cook pays and what *you* pay. The cook doesn't get rich on her racket—but you grow poor.

Not that the cost of Guatemala's native food ever mounts up high. You can eat tortillas and frijoles until you're blue in the face, and it will break your spirit before your pocketbook. But after all, you're an American. Comes a day when you wake up with a burning desire for a dish of cornflakes, or a can of peaches, or a good old American cup of coffee. Talk about a dollar a day—you pay almost that for a package of grapenuts.

But you don't like cornflakes or grapenuts, you say. So you'll eat Guatemala grub and like it. Well, maybe you'll get a goiter, too—the big grape-fruit sized affairs that are the scourge of the Highlands. One look at the scores of goiters you see in a single market place like Solola and you won't sleep until you have at least one neat package of iodized salt in your pantry. And iodized American salt costs more in Solola than in the A & P around the corner.

From the foregoing you're apt to get the idea that Guatemaltecos are somewhat avaricious and that Guatemala is an unhealthy country.

Neither impression is true. Compared with the crimes perpetrated on American tourists travelling in Europe before the war, the Guatemaltecos practically give you their shirts. Actually, they're about the most honest and least money-grubbing folk in the world. But they can't be blamed for inching up the ante a trifle when they're dealing with "wealthy" Americans. Especially since Americans are so much more particular and demanding than the locals.

As for the healthfulness of the land, that all depends. There are certain dietary deficiencies from which the Indians suffer. Americans, however, rarely live on a purely native diet, and therefore rarely suffer any native ills. But you must, to repeat, pay dearly for imported vittles.

Americans and Europeans, indeed, have been known to live there for years in the best of health. Mr. X, for example. Mr. X is the owner of one of the prettiest hotels in Panajachel. Mr. Torrence mentions him in his September article. Mr. X arrived from Scotland as a young man, over forty years ago. He fell in love with the lake, and undismayed by local lethargy or governmental fiat (the anti-foreign law hadn't been passed when Mr. X arrived) he built his little inn, which has supported him comfortably ever since. He married a Guatemalan girl and they had one son—today a handsome, aristocratic-looking chap of twenty-four, easily identified by the pith hel-

met which he's never without, and a fine set of white teeth which flash occasionally in a shy smile.

Young X is shy, all right. He's shy because he is conscious of his British blood, but he cannot speak a syllable of English. He can't read. He can't figure. He can't write his own name. Because there aren't any schools for foreigners near his home on the lake, this intelligent lad never learned English nor Spanish nor anything else. Even today, the nearest good school is in Solola—too far to send a child.

If you're married, that's something to think about. It isn't easy, or fair, to bring up a family in Guatemala. Not even the wealthy natives do that. They send their offspring abroad or to private schools in Guatemala—difficult on a dollar-a-day budget. Otherwise, they're apt to grow up like young X.

There's your wife to consider, too. What are her hobbies? Movies? Shopping? Golf? Bridge? Whatever they are, she probably won't be able to pursue them. In the cities, the facilities are all there. But the highly formal American and British colonial set doesn't cotton much to dollar-a-day escapists. You have to watch your wife in a place like that. Many women become morose, homesick, wistful. They yearn for the folks they left behind them and the good old slushy sidewalks of Chicago.

Maybe you aren't married. Then you're probably all worked up about those "full-bosomed, narrow-hipped gals with the strange eyes, and the carriage of princesses," you read about in Esquire. Well, if you like the dusky type, they don't come any nicer than the Indian girls of the Quiche country. But don't count the chickens in your harem until they're hatched.

The love and marriage *costumbres* of the Indians are primitive and highly ritualized. To make a good marriage, and to secure for her family a valuable gift from the groom, the bride must be a *capoj*, or virgin. The average girl is considered suitable for marriage at fifteen. From her twelfth birthday on, she has been busy weaving herself a *siquicul*—a wedding sheet. When the wedding feast is finished, this sheet is placed on the bridal bed, and bride and groom retire. Next morning, the wedding sheet is inspected by the groom's mother. And becomes exhibit one in determining the bride's moral status. If all goes well, the marriage is off to a flying start. If not, the groom reclaims his gifts, the family raises bloody murder, and the girl is ruined for life.

Virginity is, therefore, highly prized and religiously guarded. You quickly learn about these quaint *costumbres* of the people. If you have a conscience, you'll refrain from dallying with a *capoj*. If you value your hide, you'll cer-

tainly steer clear of the married ladies. If you don't behave, you're apt to find yourself persuaded to marry the girl. Not by the shotgun method but by a strange variety of local voodoo that will make you play ball, or take a run out powder. Guatemala, you'll discover, is slightly less the libertine's Elysium than your own home town.

The Tutzuhiles and Catchiquels of Guatemala are among the sweetest, simplest and least spoiled *indigenes* in the world. But way down deep within them, they're not overly fond of foreigners—and, in view of the record, you can't blame them. In the village of Nahuala, for instance, no stranger is ever permitted to stay overnight. In Chichicastenango, number one tourist attraction, and seat of the beautiful Clark-controlled Mayan Inn, the natives at one time tried to raise sufficient funds among themselves to buy the Inn, so that they might burn it. The plan fell through—all the Indians in Guatemala could scarcely afford to buy the Inn—but to this day, white folks are unwelcome in San Tomas and the Calvario, Chichi's two beautiful churches. The native servants at the Inn lose caste among their fellows for they serve the foreigners whose kin, under Alvarado, destroyed their ancestors centuries ago.

These resentments barely smolder, and have completely died in many areas. But it sometimes occurs even to dollar-a-day escapists that in the long run, two dollars spent among one's own kind might be a better investment than a dollar invested among strangers.

The Indians, of course, are the servant class of the country. They are cheap enough—a good one, by Guatemalan standards, runs to about ten dollars per month. But like the servants of the Orient, whom they closely resemble, each is a specialist in one household function. A man is either a cook or a sweeper or a houseboy or a gardener. He's rarely a jack-of-all-trades. That means you either employ several servants, which is incompatible with a dollar-a-day budget, or you tolerate mediocre service, poorly cooked meals, slipshod housekeeping, or weeds in the garden.

Worst of all, however, is the way the servant habit gets into your blood. Good or bad, they're always servile. You become accustomed to this docility. And never again, should you return to the States, will you be able to take it on the chin from an independent Biddie or Mammie who knows her rights, like it or lump it.

Along this same line, remember this—Guatemalan life will make you lazy. The climate's delightful—quite brisk mornings and evenings, cool at night—but nevertheless it is a *manana*-land. You soon adopt the largo-tempo of the

country. If you run down for a few years of "escape," you're apt to be hard put to step on the accelerator again when the reckoning day arrives and you return to bustling America.

Of course, there are men who are able to rule out the possibility of ever returning to America. There's the little doctor, for instance, who lives in Panajachel, on Lake Atitlan. He came to the lake three years ago and hasn't left his village from that day to this. He's past sixty today. In his active days he'd been a medico on the Dollar Line. He'd travelled around the world scores of times. He knew the world—lived in California, in Taxco, in Peking. And yet, the instant he spotted Lake Atitlan in Guatemala, he knew his wandering was done.

Here he has found all that the heart of a world-weary man could desire. Here is a garden spot to settle down, to paint a little and write a little and make friends with his unaffected neighbors. Here is earth which mates with the seed on one day and burgeons forth the next with flowers and fruit. Money counts for little and inner contentment counts for all. He had done his stint for his fellow white men. Now, with ambition ended, his only thought is to pass the remainder of his life in peace and reflection. He won't go back.

The doctor and I discussed escapism in his beautiful garden one afternoon. He sat, relaxed, in a deck chair, in the shade of a great Ceiba tree. His little green parrot chewed busily away at a papaya. A small fox, recently captured in the mountains and not yet tame, rolled over and over at his feet, anchored by a chain to a stake in the garden. At the foot of the garden, the lake licked placidly at the smooth yellow beach, and the wind brought a faint whisper of the waterfall tumbling from the other side of Tzanjuhu.

"You're making a mistake," he said, when I told him of my plan to settle down in Santa Caterina.

"But why? There's nothing the matter with this place that I can see."

"It isn't the place. It's you. You're too young."

"I'm thirty-four."

"Not enough. Have you made love to all the women you want to? Have you drunk all the whiskey you want to? Have you visited all the nightclubs you want to? Have you seen all the shows you want to?"

"No."

“Have you earned all the money you want to? Are you through with the competitive spirit? Do you still root for the team? Have you made all the friends you want to? Have you drained that world up there completely dry of everything it has to offer?”

"Truthfully, I suppose, no."

"Well, then, you'll never be happy in exile—even in a charm-spot like this. You'll rot, go stale—sooner or later, you'll wonder what you're missing by being here. It will start to burn in you—a

feeling that you ought to go back. And you'll go, all right. And you'll never be quite as good as you were when you came."

"Well, how about coming back in twenty years or so?"

"I don't know," said the doctor. "Depends on the kind of person you are then. Lots of old men are empty. If they've been chasing dollars all their lives, they can't stop the chase and be happy. If they haven't a rich fund of memories, their minds have nothing to feed on. They go nuts. Nobody ever goes hungry in Guatemala. But that goes for the stomach, not the spirit. The rainy season, or the constant sunshine, or the Indians, or the quiet or something else gets on their nerves. They can't adapt themselves to a strange environment.

"Having failed to satisfy all hungers and slaked all thirsts in their earlier years, they suddenly are seized with strange cravings in old age. They meddle with the local women. They take to *aguardiente*. They long for action in a country that doesn't provide it. The one thing they need to exist in a place like this they lack."

"What's that?"

"Philosophy. This, my boy, is a paradise for philosophers, not dollar-a-day escapists."

The doctor had me stumped.

And talking about doctors reminds me—you might, you know, become ill. I've already mentioned goiter, but let's assume you'll dodge that. Should you be blitzed by a toothache or a boil you'll have to suffer until the local doctor makes his rounds. That may be once a week, or, in the rainy season, once in two weeks. Of course, what you'll probably do is hop a bus and go to Guatemala City or Quetzaltenango. You'll pay your fare, plus a foreigner's fee to the doctor, plus hospitalization or a hotel bill if you need to stay over for treatment. No one ever figures on these things beforehand, but my, how they shatter a dollar-a-day budget!

Then, take the matter of enter-

tainment. In the U. S. A., chances are you get into a car week ends and drive to the mountains, the shore, or to the next town—anywhere, just for a change in scenery. What makes you think you won't want to do the same in Guatemala? Of course you will—if that's your nature, Guatemala won't change it.

Well, that's another snag. Automobiles are luxuries in Guatemala. A car you'd pay one thousand dollars for in New York costs eighteen hundred dollars in Guatemala City. Second-hand cars sell for the price of a new car at home. Gas costs over 30 cents a gallon. And Guatemalan roads, or what pass for roads, wear down the tires, springs, gears and giz-zards of your car almost three times faster than in the U. S. A.

So you *won't* own a car, you'll travel by bus. That means a five-dollar fare round trip from the lake to the big city. When you get there, movies cost a half a dollar. Scotch and soda is seventy cents. The bill for two at the Granada, the best "night club" in town averages well over five dollars. If you drink *aguardiente*, the native brandy, you save money—but you risk your life. *Amaja*, the native rum, is a good compromise—but an *Amaja* cocktail, like our daiquiri, costs 30 cents in most places.

Actually, you'll find night life and the general entertainment of the cities a bore. If you are accustomed to the flesh pots of the American metropolis, Guatemala's fripperies will plunge you into despair. Guatemaltecos are simple, honest, unspoiled. They're delighted by concerts in the park, by military bands of uncertain quality—Hollywood movies—"futbol"—military parades—marimba dances. But most Americans, after a while, tire of them all.

All, that is, except the earthquakes. They never fail to thrill you—especially when you're riding right on the crest of the wave. Guatemala City was razed, to the last brick, in 1917. Lately the

country has been relatively quiet—quiet, that is, for Central America. The natives don't mind little tremblors now and then. But to an escapist who has his last nickel invested in an adobe bungalow, it's no fun to see it pancaked by a cosmic *danse du ventre*.

If it isn't an earthquake, it may be a "temporal." That's the local pet name for a particularly nasty spell of rainy weather that blows in with the September winds. Like all tropical climes, Guatemala has a rainy season. Usually, it's mild, a few hours of rain each day, the rest of the time sunshine. But once in a while, God really wrings out the heavens like a wet towel. Then the roads are washed out. You're marooned for days. Houses sometimes dissolve, ooze down the hillside and join the nearest stream. And building a new one—or making repairs—is also disturbing to the escapist who had things calculated to the last penny, but didn't figure on earthquakes or monsoons.

Disasters like these may never happen—but they're apt to. The natives take them philosophically. To you, they're likely to prove discouraging—they contribute to the mounting feeling of futility and disillusionment that have overwhelmed escapists from time immemorial. Ultimately, you come face to face with reality. You become desperately homesick. You almost pant with longing for the smell of a Fifth Avenue bus—the bark of a traffic cop—the damp kiss of a snowflake.

The first symptoms are boredom—a desire for American magazines—a tendency to harass the radio for American programs—an abnormal craving for mail from home.

You find yourself button-holing tourists—asking them where they are from—secretly hoping they know someone *you* know in the U. S. A.

Finally, you pack up, leave—and face, in fear and trembling—the strange, cold, busy world that is America—a world for which you may no longer be gaited.

Only if you have inner resources, can you withstand the test of self-imposed exile. Painters, writers, philosophers—they can go on and on, feeding on the beauties of the countryside, spurred by a sense of creation, content with their solitude.

The scientists at San Pedro have their work. The young United Fruit men have their bananas. The souvenir shopkeepers who serve the tourists have their little businesses. The escapists who really escape—like the little doctor in Panajachel—are philosophers who know the world all too well, and are content to leave it.

But if you are not one of these, don't be silly. Apologize to the boss. Pay your next month's rent. Make up with your mother-in-law. And leave the dollar-a-day paradises to fools who don't know on which side their bread is buttered.

Fools, for example, like me. ##



"What I want is a simple little gold band—something like mother had—er—only smother it with diamonds, will ya?"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 80

What Social Classes Owe to Each Other: for his point was that social distinctions result from the different degrees of success with which men have availed themselves of the chances they had. Instead of distributing between the existing classes the acquisitions made, the aim should be to increase and extend the chances. No class has a right to make demands upon "society," meaning other classes; the duty of any one class to another is to "cherish for each good will, mutual respect, and give mutual guarantees of liberty and security."

* * *

I welcome with joy a new book called *Memories of the Opera*, by Giulio Gatti-Casazza. The translation and Preface are by Howard Taubman. Mr. Gatti was General Manager of the Metropolitan Opera for twenty-seven years, and had been director of opera companies in Italy fifteen years, making forty-two consecutive years as Manager or Director. He retired to his native country in 1935 and died there in 1940.

No one can read this book without immense respect for Gatti. He had to an extraordinary degree the combination of an almost infallible appreciation of the best vocal and instrumental music with a Caledonian regard for the box office. "Watch the box office," was his motto; and justly; for it is the surest test. Grand opera, like great poetry, novels, pictures, should give delight; that should be their object.

I cannot agree with the statement on the inside jacket of Gatti's *Memories*: "The autobiography is Gatti all over. Exuberant, delightfully flamboyant, ingratiating, colorful, and honest. His personality, down to the last gesture, shines from every page." If he could read that sentence, he would rise from his grave. His personality was calm, taciturn, glacial; he talked little, made hardly any gestures, and was invisible to all except members of the cast and his professional associates. His remarks on the "music of the future" and on various experiments remind me of Calvin Coolidge. "Watch the box office." Gatti quotes with approval Verdi's remark about the music of the future: "The music of the future will be simply the music that will be performed in the future. That is how it will happen to live, even in the future."

"I once had a discussion with a sort of futurist of the arts. 'What do you think of the case of Wagner?' he asked. 'The case of Wagner, as you call it,' I said, 'is simply *The Flying Dutchman*, *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, *The Ring*, *Tristan*, *Meistersinger*, *Parsifal*—simply ten incomparable masterpieces constituting a new world of music. That is the "case" of Wagner.'

"When I am reproached for not going about in the world more frequently, or for not speaking

English, I have always answered, 'I can be the best conversationalist in English the world ever knew, but if my tenor kills his notes and does not know how to sing, the conversationalist counts for absolutely nothing.'

Gatti had no belief whatever in a lot of nonsense talked by Nietzsche about the "mission" of Wagner or his great effect on the economic or spiritual future of the world. Wagner had no effect on the future of the world except to provide the world with magnificent works of art, which ravished the hearts of millions.

It is fortunate for both men that Toscanini and Gatti became intimate friends in their youth; Toscanini is one of the chief characters in this book, and many amusing anecdotes are told of him; Gatti's enormous respect for his genius as a conductor is evident from beginning to end:

"In 1898 we came at the same time to La Scala. We fought our battles for art, shoulder to shoulder. We made Wagner beloved, and we made the *Pelléas et Mélisande* of Debussy and Richard Strauss's *Salome* known to the Italian public. And we resolved, in the pride of our youth, our ideals and our inexperience, that we should give opera without stars. I am sorry to say, after forty years of experience, that we were mistaken.

"Nor could we keep the repertoire entirely clear of inferior operas. Unfortunately, Verdi and Wagner are not replenishing it, and unworthy compositions will continue, at times, to reach the stage.

"I remember Toscanini's shake of the head, and his sorrowful words, one day, after a bad opera, sung by famous singers: 'Musica inutile.'

"In 1932 when we met again, I asked him,

"'Do you still meet with "musica inutile"?"

"'Unhappily,' he said, 'every day.'

"In the days at La Scala there was being organized a musicians' union. I recall that Toscanini, just at the first rehearsal, stopped brusquely at a certain moment when the orchestra was reading the trio of the Norns of *Götterdämmerung*, and said:

"'Well, have you organized your famous union?"

"And they all answered, 'Si Signore, Maestro.'

"'And who is your president?"

"'Professor Peretti, the first trombone.'

"'Well, then, Peretti,' said Toscanini, 'you are certainly preparing your rules and by-laws?"

"'Yes, Maestro, we are preparing them.'

"'Good. I beg you then to set down: Article One, "The members of the orchestra must always play in tune." Do you understand?"

"'Yes, Maestro.'

"'I say this because today, for example, you played out of tune,

in so indecent a manner that worse is impossible!"

On page 158 Gatti gives the list of stars that he inherited from Conried and those whom he brought in. He knew very well that stars are necessary for the success of Grand Opera; he learned this in his early days by trying to manage without them. And indeed, one star of the first magnitude can save the whole opera house. After the departure of the De Reszkés, came Caruso who remained until his death in 1921; and in later years came Flagstad, who saved the organization during a terribly difficult period. Caruso and Flagstad were alike in this: they had tremendous voices with inexhaustible vitality, so that they could sing every night if necessary, and with this prodigious quantity of voice, they were also great artists.

Maurice Grau, the Director during the last decade of the last century, should have a word of praise for managing his famous all-star team. One of the prima-donnas said to him, "You are a dirty Jew!" to whom the imperturbable Grau replied, "A Jew, Madam, but not dirty."

Everyone except cranks will love this book and the man who wrote it; and I should like to add my tribute of praise to Howard Taubman, who translated and arranged the text; and the cartoons by Caruso are diverting.

* * *

Thousands take the *New York Times* for the foreign news, but since September, 1939, its editorials have attracted an increasing number of readers. Therefore I salute with respect a new book, *Days of Decision*, with the secondary title, *Wartime Editorials from the New York Times*, edited and with an admirable Introduction by Charles Merz, the Editor-in-Chief. With a Prologue, these editorials are arranged chronologically, from September 2, 1939, to and including September 1, 1941. In the Introduction we are told that the eighty editorials in this book are by five regular contributors—Anne O'Hare McCormick, R. L. Duffus, Henry Hazlitt, Ferdinand Kuhn, and Mr. Merz, and that all five "find a steady inspiration in the integrity and the foresight and the complete good faith of the publisher with whom they work, Arthur Hays Sulzberger." This is a book to read and preserve.

In the issue of Esquire for October in my remarks on chess I wondered why chess champions like Dr. Alekhine never contributed great ideas to the thought of the world; for it seemed to me that chess masters must have powerful minds. I have received this interesting letter from the author of the recent novel, *River Rat*, Dan Lundberg. He writes from his home in Mexico:

"(1) There is no intellectual concentration required for chess,

if, say, the norm of intellectual concentration isn't too far beyond that required for pedicuring. If 'intellectual' means the same thing to both of us, then I'll hazard that one cannot possibly concentrate upon chess 'intellectually.'

"(2) Chess players aren't necessarily 'thinkers.'

"(3) When a professional beats an amateur 'with a powerful mind,' it is just another proof that the mind has nothing to do with deciding the outcome of the contest (sophistries aside).

"(4) The extra-chess opinions of our Casablancas aren't necessarily of value because of their excellence in chess . . .

"Chess is a game of designs and memory. The pattern-experience of one game arms the player more strongly for the next. The mind, during a match isn't 'thinking'; it is just browsing around trying to remember a past combination that made a knight in an almost equal situation look silly, trying to get a *feel* out of the pattern of the squares and symbols.

"There is luck involved! However orderly the mind may be in a contest involving millions of possibilities, it can no more make a completely accurate assay in chess than it can carry in its cells the sum of all the numbers in a metropolitan telephone book. One attacks, no matter after how much thought, with terror lest one has overlooked some 2,000,000 possibilities; one *hopes* that his opponent will overlook 1,000,000 of them. It's this element of luck which makes the game so exciting!

"Child-wonder Department. The child-wonder has played enough that there are grooves etched in his soft head—grooves worn by reactions to pattern experiences and to combination designs. These grooves have no more to do with actual intelligence than the hairs on his head.

"Consider the poor chess champion who sits his life out before a board, doing nothing, seeing nothing, contributing nothing aside from his mere excellence at chess! He moves little symbols about on little squares. Without any remote wit, a person content to do that.

"And I can take away something else from his glory. He is not excellent because of a talent that he developed; no, he became excellent because of a talent that he couldn't undevelop to save his soul. He was cursed when he played those first games and discovered that he was handsomely equipped with an *inability* to forget shapes and combinations. What chess champion cannot remember his every play for long periods afterwards? I humbly present myself as the not-often defeated Champion of San Pedro de los Pinos, population 3,502 (incidentally, Mexicans are simply goofy over chess.) If I should play too hot a game, or ~~one~~ too many, I must then make those same moves (or, naturally, lots better

ones) all night, whether I have to stay awake to do it or whether I fall asleep to dream. My point is, and I think you will agree, that I am not *thinking* during those moves. It is like this: if you ride in a swing for two hours during the day you will swing all night, too. Sensation, design, etc., are merely scrambling about.

"P.S. My son, one year old, can hold a knight and a couple of pawns in his mouth at once, which isn't bad for a beginner."

Edna Ferber's *Saratoga Trunk* is a full-blooded novel, for readers, not for psychoanalysts.

Those who like "Westerns" and those who like smart-set-books and those who like romantic love stories and those who like remembrance of things past and those who like satire and those who like an excellent literary style will love this book. It is interesting to compare it with Edith Wharton's posthumous novel, *The Buccaneers*; which appeared in 1938, the year after its author's death. The curious thing is that Mrs. Wharton's title would fit very well as a title for Miss Ferber's *Saratoga Trunk*. Both novels deal with Saratoga society and with mammas using their daughters as bait. Mrs. Wharton satirized the amoral smart set at Saratoga as a class, and then took her successful American family to England, making one more international novel, somewhat in the manner of Henry James. Edna Ferber concentrates the interest on the hero and heroine, with thrilling adventures. There is more delicacy in Mrs. Wharton's irony, more vitality in Miss Ferber's narrative. I place both these authors in the front rank of American women novelists of the 20th century.

A Williams College undergraduate, Nathan Smith, commenting on my statement that "Lord Byron was the only person I knew who hated Izaak Walton," adds to my knowledge as follows:

"There was another well known writer, however, who hated Izaak Walton. It was Leigh Hunt. If you read his essay, *Angling*, you will see how true this is. He says he was 'stuck with the likeness of the old angler's face to a fish. It is hard, angular, and of no expression. . . . He looks like a pike, dressed in broadcloth instead of butter.'

"Later in the essay Leigh Hunt seems to delight in this flight of the imagination: 'Fancy a Genius . . . baiting a great hook with pickled salmon, and twitching up old Izaak Walton from the banks of the river Lee, with a hook through his ear. How he would go up, roaring and screaming, and thinking the devil had got him!'"

One of the most important books in American history is the recently printed *Documentary Life of Nathan Hale*, by George Dudley Seymour. Mr. Seymour has spent the scholarly leisure of a long life (he is eighty-two) on this hero of the

American Revolution: he knows more about Hale than any other man in the world.

The illustrations are thrilling; they begin with the shadow-portrait of Hale on an old pine door, which is believed to be the only portrait of Hale in existence and remained concealed under paint for more than a century.

Hale's last words, so often misquoted, are, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." As an undergraduate at Yale, Hale took part in the college debates, and Mr. Seymour thinks he must have got his last words from Addison's play, *Cato*, where Cato says, "What pity is it that we can die but once to serve our country."

There is not one sentimental sentence; the documents speak for themselves: many letters, pictures, the testimony written by his friend and comrade, Lieut. Elisha Bostwick; an enormous number of contemporary references. This is the kind of biography I like; for it is the only kind that can be absolutely and unqualifiedly believed. As it is privately printed it can be bought only from Donald Lines Jacobus, P. O. Box 3032, Westville, New Haven, Conn.

One of the most extraordinary novels of 1941 is by St. John Ervine, called *Sophia*. The extraordinary feature is that Sophia dies in the first sentence of the book, and the remaining 300 pages deal with her life after death. It is astonishing how the reader is made to believe that this after-death existence is real. Sophia regards her dead body, the lamentations made over it, the arrangements for the funeral, precisely as a visitor might do; and she then continues her existence relieved not only from bodily pain but from the excess baggage of her physical frame. The author seems unconsciously to have spent his life pre-

paring to write it, for in his successful plays, *John Ferguson*, *Jane Clegg*, *The First Mrs. Fraser*, and others, he showed an infallible sense of dramatic effect; in his biographies of Parnell and of General William Booth he had shown himself a master of biographical narrative. *Sophia* is one of the best novels of 1941.

Like some other men of genius, Jonathan Swift was unfortunate enough to have a reputation for bodily impotence. No one will ever know whether this was true or not. Horace Walpole hated Swift and in a letter to George Montague, June 20, 1766, wrote, concerning two new volumes of Swift's correspondence: "There is one to his Miss Vanhomrigh, from which I think it plain he lay with her, notwithstanding his supposed incapacity, yet not doing much honour to that capacity, for he says he can drink coffee but once a week, and I think you will see very clearly what he means by coffee."

Ordinarily I am not particularly interested in the vagaries, or abnormalities of writers; what interests me is their writings; but if there is something that really helps to explain their attitude toward life, and their literary works, this becomes important; Swift was, as Bolingbroke said, an inverted hypocrite; that is, he hated conventional hypocrisy so fiercely that he insisted on the truth when the truth was ugly or disgusting. Many things about him we shall never understand; but any light that can be thrown on his character is important. It is probable that he was married to Esther Johnson (Stella) but not certain; after the wedding (if there was one) he never saw her again except in the presence of a third person. Many people believe Stella was the illegitimate daughter of Sir William Temple, on whose estate Swift lived as a young man

and undertook the private tutoring and education of the little girl. Now, in 1941 Mr. Denis Johnston (*Dublin Historical Review*) suggests that Swift was an illegitimate son of Temple's father, which would make him (if Stella was the illegitimate daughter of Temple's son) Stella's uncle. Curiously enough, Mr. Johnston suggested this over the radio three years ago, but no one took it seriously. Now this theory is greeted with respect by the *London Times Literary Supplement*.

Swift, whatever his physical peculiarities, was a genius of the first order; we know that his pessimism was so profound that he celebrated his birthday with fasting and mourning; that he believed it would be well if the human race could be exterminated; and he believed he would become insane, which belief was verified. Perhaps these articles of faith would be enough to prevent him from consummating the marriage with Stella.

Among the recent books about Swift may be included a novelized version of his life, written by Frank Stier Goodwin, with the title, *Jonathan Swift: Giant in Chains*. This emphasizes the tragic drama of his career and is written in a lively style; especially adapted to those who are not thoroughly familiar with his life and works. There are sixteen illustrations, and the picture of Moor Park I know to be good, for in 1900 we took tea on that very terrace with a hospitable American gentleman who had hired the whole place, was living there, and had never heard either of Swift or Stella!

I regard Eugene Lyons not only as an extremely able writer but as one who is performing great services to the U.S.A.; because he tells us from his own knowledge and experience, of the actual conditions that have prevailed for the last ten or fifteen years in Russia. His new book, *The Red Decade*, should be studied thoughtfully.

The only ghost story that I know that compares in absolute horror with Henry James's *The Turn of the Screw* is Oliver Onions' *The Beckoning Fair One*. I seriously advise no one to read this book at night. For years I have tried in vain to find a copy, and I am now glad to inform my readers that a volume called *They Walk Again*, edited by Colin de la Mare with a Preface by his father, the distinguished Walter de la Mare, contains among other famous tales, *The Beckoning Fair One*.

Another very queer book enormously admired by the initiated is *The Quest for Corvo*. "Baron Corvo" was the name assumed by an amazingly eccentric person, F. W. Rolfe, who in 1904 published an astonishing novel called *Hadrian the Seventh*. *The Quest for Corvo* was written by Mr. A. V. A. Symons. I am sure that among the subscribers to *Esquire* are many men of strongly individual tastes who will remember *The Quest for Corvo*. #



"I gather it's the silk worm's answer to the Nylon people"

Uncle Sam's Southern Exposure

Continued from page 33

southern exposure is the grand stretch of more than a hundred major volcanoes from northern Guatemala through Salvador, Honduras, and Nicaragua into Costa Rica. A volcano's façade always reminds you that it is something special—a mountain that has not yet decided to be good. . . . Central America and Mexico enjoy 20,000 quakes a year. . . . The World's largest crater is reputed to be Costa Rica's Irazu.

Buenos Aires, population two and a half million, is the hemisphere's third largest city. Chile, 2,653 miles long and only 150 miles wide (average) is the longest, skinniest, and climatically most varied country on the globe. It extends a thousand miles farther south than Africa's tip. The United Fruit Company owns some three and a half million Central American acres or almost half the area of El Salvador, the smallest republic. In power, wealth, and territory, it is Central American Republic No. 6. Paraguay should be noted not only for the Chaco war but for harboring more than sixty refugee colonies, among them Canadian Mennonites, Australians, Czechs, Poles, Jews, Germans, Austrians, and White Russians.

The tiny island of Rinca, near the Magellan Straits, is populated by one Swedish ex-sailor. The revenue derived by Pennsylvania from her motor vehicle tax would pay all the expenses of the five Central American republics and Panama, and have enough left over to buy a pair of shoes for every shoeless Indian in the region. Mexico is experiencing a counter-revolution, slow but sure. The Almazanistas lost the battle and won the war. The Ecuador-Peru border trouble should remind us that few boundaries between Latin American states are settled or even surveyed. Nearest to us the following are still in suspended dispute: Mexico-Guatemala; Guatemala-British Honduras; Honduras-Nicaragua; Honduras-Guatemala; Costa Rica-Panama. A square mile between the U. S. and Mexico is still being haggled over. If you don't drag Alaska in, Brazil is larger than the United States.

Everywhere you see the same U. S. gasoline tins (used for everything from water buckets to voodoo drums), corrugated iron roofs, autos, sports goods, new cables, and slanguage. Worst newspapers south are those of Nicaragua, where Dictator Somoza has reduced them to cringing yes-sheets, like high school weeklies. Best press is to be found in the Argentine, Chile, Colombia. Two excellent dishes which should be naturalized for U. S. gourmets are Cuba's *ropa vieja* ("old clothes") and Mexico's *mancha mantel* ("tablecloth spotter"), which can't be eaten without a little splattering.

You can't get to Bali until I'll-

ler is debunked, but there is plenty of nudism just below the Rio Grande. In the jungle villages of the Mexican states of Guerrero, Oaxaca, Chiapas, and Tabasco, the Indian women go about naked to the waist, toss a white shawl over the shoulders when going into town. They bathe in the streams in the all-together without shame or false modesty. In Guatemala where Dictator Ubico has fashioned a law against it, the women, who dress beautifully, deliberately don a long ugly rag for bathing. Chief Caribbean offering for Eighth Wonder of the World is the Black Caesar Henry Christophe's palace in the Haitian hinterlands, a super-Carcassonne set in the mountainous jungle. The lower continent contains several falls which dwarf Niagara. Iguazu tops it by fifty feet; Kaieteur in British Guiana, with a sheer drop of 741 feet, is higher than the Woolworth Building, five times as high as Niagara.

Drabbest hole "along the romantic Pirate Trail of the Spanish Main" is Margarita Island, off Venezuela, once famous for its pearl fisheries, now dirty, poverty-stricken, and desolate. But the names of its chief towns, Porlamar and Pampatar, sound like something out of a fairy tale. The island of Old Providence, a hundred miles off Nicaragua's east coast, was settled in the early sixteenth century by Puritans from England, helped out by their Massachusetts brothers who didn't like the winters or thought the New England colony was destined to be a flop. The Puritans brought slaves over, and after three hundred years of mixture, black has won out. A strange English with a dash of Scotch is spoken. The island, a nice site within bombing distance of the Panama Canal, is owned by Colombia. . . . Most interesting thing about Negroes of the British West Indies is their talk, which is extremely voluble and poetic. Accent is invariably on end of sentence or last syllable of word: "Fall down and got myself all nasty and dirty." "Look, de chicken." Jamaica Negroes can't talk without bringing in picturesque homemade proverbs: "If crab no walk, no see notting." "Higher monkey climb, plainer him tail show." "Chain on him belly go bam-bam, but ask him de time and he look at de sun." As last two examples show, most wisecracks are directed at pomp, bluff, and pretension. Few citizens know that U. S. owns or leases many a tiny island off coast from Texas to Panama, shown on detailed maps only.

After 411 years of agitation and projects, world's most unbuilt canal is the Nicaragua transisthmian waterway, over a route by which almost a century ago Commodore Vanderbilt conveyed the gold seekers to California in barges and blue-and-white stagecoaches.

You can freeze to death on the equator in South America. It gets colder around Quito, capital of Ecuador, than along the Alaskan coast in summer. The Argentine lake country north of Patagonia was opened, settled by U. S. Westerners who found the States too hot for them after the cattle wars at the turn of the century. Their descendents and a few lingering old-timers still remain. Brazil contains the descendents of hundreds of unreconstructed rebels who shook off the dust of a Yankee-controlled U. S. after the Civil War.

The Latin American melting pot contains many other picturesque American ingredients, like Guy Maloney, once a revolutionary general in Honduras, now leading a peaceful existence in a mouldy hotel in Puerto Cortez; Col. Glass, head of Guatemala's West Point, and a Guatemalan General; Col. Irving Lindbergh, financial wizard of Nicaragua; Charley Henkel, U. P. correspondent for Central America, always up to his ears in trouble.

If you can read signs in Spanish you know that Mexicans have plenty sense of humor. Among butcher shops are Three Little Pigs and The World War. But most humor is lavished on names of saloons, or pulquerías: My Office, Place of Monkey Business, The Brawl, Away from It All, The Latest Joke. The gaudy murals painted on the outside walls are as interesting as the exalted daubs of the Orozcos and Riveras. Most interesting sights in the churches are the crude paintings or *retablos* hung up by the altar devoted to the Virgin in acknowledgement of some prayer heard and granted—usually for recovery from illness or bad accident. They are done by the individuals concerned or by the same amateur painters who do the saloon murals and have all the crude strength and simplicity of a child's drawing.

Salvadoreans, proud to be known as the Yankees of Central America, have the highest divorce rate in the American Down Under. There is a Tobago island between Barbados and Trinidad, and a Taboga island in the Pacific off Panama. The latter is a Panamanian vacation hideout, the former an escapist's paradise falsely ballyhooed as the scene of Robinson Crusoe's adventures.

Most beautiful historical relic of a town is Cartagena, Colombian port. Founded in 1533, and the scene of much bloody work by the Spanish Inquisition and by English sea marauders, buccaneers and pirates, its old buildings stand as bright and shining as when new. Buccaneers and pirates are not, by the way, the same thing.

Buccaneers were just amateurs and part-time pirates, pirates were professional and full-time buccaneers. Original buccaneers were peaceful non-Spanish settlers in the Caribbean; picked on time and

again by Conquistadores, who regarded the New World as their private preserve, they fought back in self-defense and only against Spain. They got their name from *boucan*, process of drying beef.

Peru balsam comes from El Salvador. And Panama hats are really Ecuador hats, woven in the old town of Cuenca. The wrong name got attached because the hats were transhipped at Panama. Other distinction of the ancient town is primitive and gaudy murals with which inhabitants decorate their patio walls. Fanatics are still hunting treasure on Cocos, a little island belonging to Costa Rica. More money has been sunk into hopeless, squabbling, double-crossing expeditions to Cocos than could ever have been planted there centuries ago by other hopeless, squabbling, double-crossing expeditions.

A Jamaican Johnny Bull tests out visiting Yankees with a defective map of the West Indies, and so far only three out of fifty-seven have spotted fact, even after being warned the map was defective, that Jamaica was overlooked. Jamaica is about the size of Connecticut. Still, who would miss Connecticut except maybe a few Yale and Harvard men? Most important part of South America today is Guiana, British and Dutch, where the bauxite deposits are. To reach them ships have to steam long distances up broad tropical rivers like Paranám and Cottica, past bush-Negro villages. Bush Negroes are blue-black, shining with vitality, make many a white man feel inferior, and have a jolly time paddling after ships in dug-out canoes and yelling Yo-YOOO! Yo-YOOO! They despise blacks who go civilized and work for whites, but have weakness for civilized clothes. Not unusual to see black buck paddling along dressed in BVD's and derby hat. But they don't care for shoes and neckties.

Recent expert on South America (Lawrence Griswold, *The Other America*) estimates it is possible to live well in Bolivia on 60% of a normal U. S. budget; in Peru, 50%, Chile, 45%, Colombia, 40%, Ecuador and Paraguay, 20%. Furnished houses surrounded by gardens and with views on glamorous horizons can be had almost anywhere at from \$12 to \$50 a month.

A cook-housekeeper's wages are about \$5 a month; laundry, if not part of the bargain, is a couple of pennies a piece (handkerchiefs free); haircut and shave, about sixteen cents for the two, shoe shine, two cents, and so on. On Uncle Sam's southern exposure are twenty republics and two score of islands and dependencies teeming with a thousand and one marvels. After two and a half years among the same, the present exposé can still think of nothing better to do than to paw them over. ‡



COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTNEY HAFELA

beauty and the beach

Perhaps you've been too busy gazing at the lovely lady to notice anything else in this color photo. And we don't blame you, either. Judges at Atlantic City in 1940 thought well enough of Frances Burke to name her Miss America for that year. And since you insist on looking at her, we'll tell you that she's wearing a two-piece native print suit of knitted piqué, and red leather strapped sandals with flexible soles. Those are glare-control sunglasses she is holding. All good things must come to an end, so let's give a break and a nod to her gentleman companion. He is wearing a pair of blue and white native print shorts, and holds a knitted cotton beach shirt. In the background is his pair of moccasin beach sandals. And on the beach towels in the foreground are a high speed camera and an exposure meter. The beach dugout features a rawhide covered portable radio.

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after ski spirits

Some persons think this is the best part of the whole skiing expedition. One thing we're certain—it's the most comfortable. When the western skies reflect a pinkish glow against the snow, and you are off your skis for the day, you would do well to enjoy your fatigue, much in the same manner as the threesome above. They have the right pick-me-up spirit. The completely relaxed skier on the divan takes his tall drink by slow degrees. His boots are off, and he'll wear those fleece-lined moccasins about the lodge. Matching his trousers, and contrasting with his yellow turtle-neck jersey is his after-ski jacket of dark blue whipcord. The girl has on suede bootlets that combine with her grey trousers, hand-knitted sweater and flannel shirt. The pipe-smoker likes the comfort and colors of his native design sweater and tartan flannel shirt, neutralized by his plain bluish-grey gabardine trousers. His fleece-lined bootlets of brown buckskin have slide fasteners and flexible soles.

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The Saga of Zela

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some length in Hicupil, and presently the girl came to his hammock, carrying her mat with her.

Good God, he thought, and got ready to kick her out. But she paid no apparent attention to him. She slid her mat under his mosquito netting and crawled onto it, curling up under his hammock. He was infuriatingly aware of her presence, and once in the night when she turned over she bumped him from underneath, but aware of the mosquitoes outside he had not the heart to order her out. If she took shelter under any of the other hammocks she would have been raped without fail.

He learned later that was the first night in all her life she had spent without being half smothered in smudge smoke and bitten by mosquitoes. What with the undisturbed sleep and the plentiful food, including the luxuries of rice and coffee and sugar, she felt that she had entered upon a life of great luxury, and her admiration for the white chief who was lord of all this knew no bounds.

On the second day she bothered him less, by the fourth day he had grown accustomed to her, and was hardly aware of her. He noticed vaguely that she was genuinely useful around the camp, and that José and the boys were teaching her a little Spanish. She was called to his full attention only when he had to get up in the night and stepped on her stomach.

The time came to break camp and start the long trek to San Carralampio and the coast. When they were on the march and he saw her walking along practically stark naked behind the pack-mules, she came abruptly into the center of his thoughts again as a problem that had to be faced. He noticed that even in this short time her appearance had improved. Evidently her tribe was naturally cleanly; she was well washed, and had borrowed some coconut oil from the cook, with which she had made her golden skin and her black hair shine. She had put flowers in her hair. The sore at the corner of her mouth was smaller. Baird admitted to himself that she might be a tasty dish, only dammit, the circumstances were all wrong.

He called José to ride beside him, and discussed the problem. What in heaven's name should he do with the girl when they got out? Did José want her? José reminded Don Roberto that he had married himself with a new woman only last year, and it would be impossible to bring a pretty Indita into his little house. But some of the boys . . . Baird said they were impossible. Any of them would abandon her, and probably mistreat her because she was just an Indita, and he had a responsibility to that old man they had killed. How about leaving her with some family of tame Indians near the coast?

José thought that would work

all right if first the patrón would get her in the family way.

"If she is going to have a child of yours, they will know that you will come back sometimes to see it, or that anyway you will make a little gift from time to time. So they will esteem her, and she will be able to marry herself well, even if she was not born a Christian."

Baird said that it was one thing to make love with a girl in some village when one was passing through, but a different matter to leave a little hostage tagged with one's name near the coast, to be eternally remembered.

José remarked mildly that he himself had no less than eight stolen children between El Caído and San Carralampio. It was his way of indicating that Don Roberto was excessively delicate. Baird did not answer.

The major-domo tried another tack. "One reason you have not desires for her, señor, is that she is naked already. Civilized men like ourselves are accustomed to attaining that after some persuasion. But she is really very pretty. Put some clothes on her, and immediately you will wish to be able to take them off again, and thus matters will arrange themselves."

Baird told him he was wasting his time. They rode on for about half an hour in silence, then José said, "I have it."

"Good. What do you propose?"

"Why of course, take her to San Carralampio and put her in a house of joy."

Baird was startled. "One cannot do that, por Dios."

"But how not? First, you will receive a price for her, as she is pretty and not stupid. And then, being young and pretty she will have many customers, so that she will do well. She will learn Spanish and grow used to city life in a place where she will be protected and taken care of, and she will live an easy, gay life. Consider, patrón, in the houses of joy of the better class the girls wear stockings, not only for business, but whenever they want to. What a betterment this will be for a poor little Indita brought up to go naked, to carry firewood and water, and to slave over the tapiooca and the corn!"

Baird shook his head. "I fear that that cannot be done. I propose to find some decent household like that of Don Anastacio Menandez and place her there as a servant. She is a good worker, and thus she will learn Spanish and how to take care of herself."

José spat through his teeth. "Amigo, excuse me. Sometimes I do not understand you in any way. Look you—put her in Don Anastacio's house, and what succeeds? His son Anastacio and his son Telesforo, and probably the old man himself will all serve themselves of her, for which Doña Ysabel will beat her even more than is customary. She will have babies, but no one will be respon-

sible for them. She will work very hard and be paid almost nothing, because she is an ignorant Indita out of the big forest, and she will soon grow old and ugly and unhappy. This you would do, when you refuse to place her in a house of joy where she would flourish."

Baird felt defeated. He had no answer to what José said, save a moral scruple which the man would be unable to understand. And he was right about the respectable households. "Perhaps you have reason," he said. "I shall think about this some more."

He felt stumped. He wished José had not remarried, for while his major-domo was tougher than any of his subordinates, as he had to be, he was both kind and honest, and he had clearly taken a liking to the girl. The other men had grown used to her and treated her well, but they couldn't be trusted around the corner with her. It was out of the question to take her to the States, and what primitive Indians they might meet between here and El Caído would be Paranás, speaking an entirely different language. If they accepted her at all, they would make a slave of her. He thought sourly of Trelawney and Zela again, and wondered if Trelawney would have continued to feel so happy about the match if the girl had not been providentially poisoned. His own Zela would be fine in the bush and possible even in San Carralampio, but he couldn't quite see her at a faculty tea.

José's interest in the girl was evidently a real one. Two nights later, after supper, she came to Baird and spoke to him for the first time since she joined the party. In halting Spanish, apparently memorized word for word, she asked for some of the trade cloth he carried. She was entranced by the bright materials he brought out, and he found it amusing to watch her hesitate between three equally wonderful choices. She finally chose some bright blue cloth decorated with small yellow and red flowers. This she took over to José, and she seemed to be going to work on it under his directions. Baird had fallen asleep before she climbed in under his hammock.

The next morning she appeared in the simple, wrap-around skirt reaching to just below the knees, worn by the women of the simpler Christian tribes. She was clearly delighted with herself, and the effect was, in fact, handsome. Naked, her very innocence and virginity had seemed animal, now it became human. One was also much more aware of the fineness of her torso and breasts, and if anything, the skirt made one more conscious of her excellent hip-line.

Baird was both entertained and irritated. José was right about the effect of clothes. He fixed his mind on San Carralampio, and New Orleans when he got there. He knew that from her point of view

as well as for her best interests there was no reason why he should not have an affair with her; but by now she knew his name, and in any case, she was going to be left in country where he was well known, which would mean that the child would be named after him, and through all its life would be pointed out, and would itself boast, of being his. He didn't want one of the boys coming back to Talvert five or ten years from now to kid him about a little Roberto or Roberta Baird, or worse—he shuddered at the thought—some damn fool a generation from now solemnly putting in a book that one of his guides had been . . . Ugh!

This same scruple about miscellaneous progeny it was which had led him to resist all Doña Eloisa's advances. Doña Eloisa lived at El Caído, in fact she practically was El Caído. The place was at the waterfall which marked the head of navigation, and here too ended the road for ox carts. Beyond there one traveled on muleback, afoot, or by canoe. This gave the settlement anemic importance as a transshipping point. Doña Eloisa's house of three rooms dominated the scrubby field that was known as the plaza. One room was a store, one her own quarters, and one the guest house and restaurant. Half a dozen Indian huts were scattered around the plaza, and down by the river a slightly larger hut was the cuartel for a garrison of six soldiers. It was a pretty miserable spot altogether, but after six months in the bush one looked forward to the slightly greater variety of food, the choice of two or three kinds of liquor, the factory-made cigarettes to be had there, scraps of stale news of the outside world, perhaps an old copy of a newspaper—fleshpots, it seemed by comparison.

It was said Doña Eloisa had a husband when she first came to El Caído, but no one knew just what had become of him. Her family now consisted of eight extremely assorted children, one of the youngest of which was clearly Chinese. She was past her first youth, but she had kept herself remarkably well, she was handsome and attractive, an independent, fiery, competent woman; and she had set her cap hard for Robert Baird.

This tiny settlement was an explorer's crossroads. There were men in New York and Berkeley, in Oxford, Göteborg, Berlin, and Copenhagen, who knew Doña Eloisa; someone came through here almost every year, and so it was the very last place to run the risk of creating a little Roberto or Roberta for the edification of one's colleagues. Baird had politely parried her advances, and made a point of not drinking too much of the cheap malaga or the whiskey—great luxury that it seemed—which she stocked.

As they came into El Caído, he

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The Saga of Zela

Continued from pages 40-111

thought with some humor that now Doña Eloisa would get a shock. And she did. Prompted by José, Zela had that morning begged out of the patrón the last of the cheap rebozos he carried as gifts for natives, a long, narrow piece of dark material with a few spangles on it. José had shown the girl how to wind it around her shoulders and let the ends fall. The effect was startling, as the rebozo hid nothing of any interest, but adorned and framed the upper part of her body. She had also braided her hair and set flowers over her ears. She looked like a very tasty dish indeed, and anyone could see that she was enormously pleased with herself.

Doña Eloisa gave her one long, hard, venomous look and then ignored her. She also ignored Baird save for the inescapable politenesses, and she offered no drinks on the house. The atmosphere was definitely frigid. Baird was amused, he did not even much mind hearing his men rather embroiling the tale of how a heathen chief had given the girl to him.

The *pièce de résistance* of their supper was pork, something none of them had tasted since leaving the settlements, and Zela never. To his intense disappointment, Baird found that the meat was spoiled. He left it untouched, and urged the others to do the same, but the men were not particular about that, and his little savage had already wolfed down a large quantity of it. He noticed that, while she might have learned to make herself almost overpoweringly attractive, her table manners remained nil. After supper he drank a reasonable amount of malaga, was tempted to do something about one or other of the women, resisted the temptation, and went to sleep, with Zela on the ground under him as usual.

In the middle of the night her groans awoke him, and he lit a candle, to find her writhing with cramps and in an alarming condition. He got out his medicine kit, now largely depleted, and did what he could, but that was little. Several of the men also had cramps, but the girl seemed to be really poisoned. Her condition continued bad all through the following day. José was disturbed and helped nurse her, the men were solicitous, Doña Eloisa calmly indifferent. He himself was greatly affected. He felt remiss for not having ordered her flatly to leave the meat alone, and probably, too, he should have made her go easy on other new foods, such as spiced Spanish sausages and cakes. Then, she was pathetic in pain, she was frightened and far from home, and it was touching the faith she had in him, the comfort she seemed to get from his inadequate ministrations. He and José took turns watching by her that night. Early in the morning, with Doña Eloisa looking on tranquilly, she died.

They buried her a couple of hours later, with another piece of trade cloth for a winding sheet. Baird and José prepared her, and the scientist was moved as he had never been before by her youth, her beauty, and her simple adornments. He noticed that the infection beside her mouth had been completely healed. Even when they had laid her in the grave, under the cheap cloth one could make out her slight form, and he remembered her proud little breasts. It was unpleasant to see the dirt thrown upon her, and the men's matter-of-fact attitude offended him. He was thoroughly glad to leave El Caído.

They were out of the jungle now, and for a week rode through relatively open country along well-marked roads. One could sit in the saddle and let his thoughts drift. Baird kept remembering the girl, and now that it was impossible, wondering if indeed he might not have had a romance with her. She had been a lovely little thing, and he thought she would have been very devoted. He couldn't have taken her back to Talvert, but perhaps he could have remained in San Carralampio a season, working up his notes, and teaching her the glittering novelties of that very simple civilization. He knew he never would have done any such thing, of course, but now he could play with the idea, and he felt a certain melancholy at her loss. In camp one evening he heard the men arguing as to whether Doña Eloisa had poisoned the girl. He told them not to be fools, but he could see that they cottoned to the idea that women so loved their patrón as to commit murder over him.

The story came into San Carralampio with him, and he met it that night at the Jockey Club bar, which was the rendezvous for the nine anti-Axis foreigners of the town. They started joking him about his girl when the party got going well (someone new to talk to was ample excuse for a celebration) and at first he resented it and denied their insinuations. Then it dawned on him that there was a trace of envy in their humor, envy for the devotion of so beautiful and young a girl, and admiration for a man who could move one woman to kill another. The Dutchman, who had been long in South America, said something sad and rather wistful about those young girls "with the golden breasts," and Baird nodded. He knew what the man meant. Besides, it was clear enough that none of them would ever believe that he had not touched her, and would only think him a fool if he kept insisting on it.

Four days later the *Paramaribo* anchored off San Carralampio. He and a Swede went on board, he for New Orleans and then home, the Swede on the first leg of a journey to Colombia, whither his

mining company had transferred him. The *Paramaribo* was a smart steamer of medium size, and had on board a sprinkling of tourists as well as old-timers. Baird soon found that the story had spread among them, with trimmings, for there were few people aboard ship who knew just what a back-country chief's daughter would really look like. He soon learned of an interesting description of how Zela, brilliant in native costume with gold ornaments, had dawned upon the jealous, aristocratic Doña Eloisa who had loved him, Baird, in vain, and shattered her Castilian pride. The legend caused the women to look at him with interest, and the men to buy him drinks at the bar while tactfully trying to pump him. He denied the story in a general way, but it was no use really trying to fight it.

At the same port at which the Swede disembarked, Tompkins of Talvert came aboard. This was only Tompkins' second expedition, he was young and impressionable, and while he did kid his older colleague a little, he seemed to believe the whole story in the form it had now taken. It was from him that Baird learned just how it had been adorned aboard ship, and he found it hard to recognize.

"She was a sweet girl," he said. "No, I don't think Doña Eloisa meant to poison her. At least, I have no proof of it. Yes, she did have a sort of natural dignity—you could call it aristocracy, perhaps. But her table manners were atrocious." He took a pull of his Scotch and soda, and looked into the glass, remembering. "She was beautiful." Unintentionally, his voice had dropped. Tompkins was moved.

Tompkins, of course, brought the story back to Talvert and it went the rounds of the faculty. Bill MacDougall really ribbed him about it. Bill was as experienced an explorer as himself, he was equipped to fill in the background, and he had met Doña Eloisa.

But after all the ribbing he had added reflectively that those girls were appallingly beautiful sometimes, and a man could find less faithful and fine women right here in Talvert. "But they don't last, Bob," he added seriously. "It was lucky for you she died, really. I suppose that sounds hardboiled, but you know it's God's truth."

"Yes, I know. I couldn't for the life of me figure what I'd have done with her once we reached San Carralampio."

He remembered José's suggestions, and decided not to mention them.

At the museum the business was soon forgotten. Much more important were his discoveries, and especially the fact that old Gansevoort was so tickled at having a new species named after him that he came across with five thousand dollars for further exploration, and a thousand for im-

proving the Tropical Bird Room. But now and again the story cropped up elsewhere.

When he himself had almost forgotten it, while he was busy getting ready to head for South America again, he went to a dance at which he had supper with Patricia Mallerby, whose father was Dean of Arts and Sciences. He had a mild crush on Patricia, and didn't mind playing up his impending return to the jungle to impress her.

"And will you go by your Zela's grave?" she asked.

He was startled.

She looked at him with a soft expression in her eyes. "Oh, I've heard all about it. Will you?"

He supposed he would go in through El Caído. "Yes. I'm planning to."

"Was she very beautiful?"

"She was nice-looking for a native."

"Men are callous."

He could see he had said the wrong thing, had shocked her. He started thinking; it was hard to remember Zela clearly. She was a type rather than an individual, except that day and night when she was dying. The golden breasts. The incident had been slight but for the tragedy on the end of it, and now the myth had clouded it over. The cheap rebozo with the spangles, her pride in that skirt. . . . He had been looking far away, now he turned his eyes to Patricia's.

"Yes," he said quietly, "she was beautiful."

"Would you have brought her here to Talvert?"

"I don't think so. Not right away. She would have been wretched here, the winter might well have killed her."

"You would have stayed down then? Taken one of those white houses?"

"I was thinking of that."

"Of course. It would have been lovely. Then when you had—had educated her, so to speak, you could have brought her here. A real Indian princess."

He said nothing, remembering confusedly his conversation with José, and what he had thought after she was dead.

Patricia went on, seeking her fill of the romance. "Then that Castilian woman poisoned her?"

"Doña Eloisa? I've never been sure. But she wanted her to die."

He liked the way she looked at him. It made him feel that he was really something remarkable.

"And you called her Zela," the girl said. "You didn't realize how right you would be, did you? Just like Trelawney and Zela, right to the end." She laid her hand on his arm, her face contrite. "Oh I'm sorry, you must hate me for going on like that about your loss."

"That's all right," he said, "it's become almost unreal now. It seems past and remote."

She left her hand on his arm. "I think I understand." #

What Cooks with Slang

Continued from page 68

not one of the principals; and not only conferences, but committees and congresses are headed up by Someone; nothing is ever headed any more. The point has been reached at which the use of "headed" alone, in its nakedness, seems pedantic. And you can look forward to the jolly moment when you will meet up with the man who heads up the Society for the Preservation of the American Language. It looks like it will happen any day now.

It looks like the end of the spoken tongue to me, because the sports commentators and the folksy advertising pluggers have driven "as if" and "as though" from the language. I am responsible for what two or three people say, and the hardest job I have is to persuade them not to say "it looks like the Swedes are gonna win the pennant." (The pronunciation of the word "program" is the next hardest; Paul McNutt, and ninety-nine of a hundred radio announcers say "progrm"; they make it sound *as though* (not

like) the "a" did not exist; once I tried to restore the ancient spelling, programme, so that the second syllable would be sounded, but I failed.)

You have here two ways of manhandling the language. The downright wrong, provincial and ignorant are on one side: the meet-upwith and like-it-will-rain side; on the other is the current smart combination. I don't know why a businessman feels that he lacks authority if he heads, and doesn't head up; I don't know why people who whiz around the theatres like crazy (Lucius Beebe's patent) can't sing, but have to give out the notes or make with the vocal chords. But you can feel yourself being isolated, in your private ivory tower, if you are precise about the first group and are not up-to-date about the second. Between fear of pedantry, and a minor dose of snobbishness, you are likely to give in to both temptations. The howling vulgarity of 1930, by which you could "contact" me, has now become accept-

able; I think I have never actually used it, but I don't squirm when I hear or see it; it is specific and many people prefer it to "talk with" or "phone to"; and I suppose its original meaning was "get in touch with" so business has had a success over the purists. Being in conference was a joke during the depression; but "a meeting" has the sense of a political rally, so you can confer nowadays without people laughing at you. Another shrewd stroke for the junior executives.

The smart side is harder to judge. Why is it ever smart to say what everyone is saying—when the essence of smartness is supposed to be exclusiveness? Why were Woolcott's "faintly surprised" eyes, ears, and nose copied by two dozen others? Why did an entire generation of people who thought they were different and superior, all say "but divine," not to mention "but too divine"? What made "but" chic? And "revolting" popular?

There is, I suppose, a void to be

filled; a catchword has to be found; like God, if one didn't exist, we'd have to invent one. And the fate of the catchword is to arrive suddenly and to start dying out almost as soon as it has caught on. Today the radio hurries words as well as music into popularity—and grants survival only to the best. So you can come into the bleachers or into a ballroom and ask "what cooks?" and you will be understood, accepted as one who knows what cooks, a knowledgeable fellow. And then, by the first of April, you'll feel you don't care what cooks; the scent of stale food will be over it.

At that point, if you're wise, you'll go back to the standard tongue for a few weeks, keep your ear to the ground, and bide your time. Something new will crop up. You will not make the error of trying changes on the theme; you won't ask, what broils? You won't say, "you and what navy," to overcome the flatness of "you and what army." You'll make with the dictionary for a while. #

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 92

bring their own dishes and take them home to wash. We're always seein' folks easy like. That's the trouble with New York. You never can get people together . . ."

Sam's partner is Smiles, or Smiley, as he calls her. A graduate, too, of the minstrel ranks, she was playing Little Eva during the early 1900's. In World War I, she was among the first professional entertainers to volunteer to go overseas. At that time the song *Smiles* was just out and the publishers asked her to help popularize it. On shipboard she taught it to the A.E.F. One day a bunch of the boys began shouting, "We want Smiles, we want Smiles!" She didn't understand and they pointed to her. So she led them: "There are smiles that make you happy, there are smiles, etc . . ."

And then in Paris, a doughboy strolling along a boulevard saw her, raised his hand in salute and said, "How are ya, Smiles?"

"That was the only name they ever knew me by," said Mrs. Frankel, "and that's been my nickname ever since." She has still the iron helmet and knapsack she wore then.

"I began helping Harry with his mail. He tried dictating but that didn't work so one day he said, 'Why don't you just go ahead and write the letters yourself?' I did and started putting in a personal touch, getting away from the usual business letter. I'd write just as Harry would talk, sort of breezy and informal, and it caught on. People would keep writing back . . . and that was what he wanted," says Mrs. Frankel.

"Then one day he asked me, 'Why don't you become my secretary? I can't pay you anywhere

near what you've been making in show business, but I'll do the best I can.' He set a salary and since I wasn't getting any younger I decided to take it. It was a year and a half before he came back to New York from Richmond and asked me if I'd like to come back to the country with him. I asked him if he was proposing and he said (she affects his deep drawl), 'I don't know what else I'm doing'."

"So here she is," says Singin' Sam with a grin. "You know we just settle down here and relax. Radio is nerve wracking: you're fightin' time always. But out here, I can forget it. . . . We're just a couple of overgrown old fossils who have grown young again."

They live in a large colonial house atop a knoll at the end of a lane of fragrant catawbas. "Trouper Hill" it's called.

The place has every city convenience. Water is drawn by electric pumps, there is an indoor and outdoor recreation room. Down in the basement, Sam has a photographic dark room, and he turns out prize shots. The kitchen has a large radio map in the floor, and in the barn is a fully equipped carpentry shop with lathes, electric saws and other accessories of an expert woodworker.

One room is filled with hundreds of pictures of entertainers—famous and infamous—whom they knew on the way up: Gilda Gray, Fred and Adele Astaire, Marilyn Miller, Jeanette MacDonald, Edgar Bergen, Amos n' Andy, and others whose names you never heard of. "We called it the Hall of Fame," says Smiles, "but when we had friends over they'd go through pointing to one picture after another, asking, 'Whozat—

whozat.' So we called it the 'Hoozat Room'."

"Pop never hurries, he's always calm and unruffled, just goes along and takes it easy. I don't think I know any man like the one I'm married to. Most people want more money. He turns it down, picture contracts and all . . ."

"Well, you can only wear one pair of pants at a time," chimes in Sam. "The Old Boy don't want to put on the dog. He just wants to live simply. There's no use of hogging it."

III

His homespun philosophy, as much as anything, puts Sam over. Ministers ask him to preach sermons for them. Ranchers listen to him instead of going to church. He has been nominated as one of the 483 (at last count) successors to Will Rogers. He sees the other fellows' point-of-view and talks their language.

"I begin 'Howdy folks,' and, if I feel like saying 'Ain't,' I say 'Ain't.' Nothin' appeals to people like speakin' right to 'em in a language they know best. I always use slang. You know, slang is the most neglected part of the English language."

Sam's singing has no more relation to music, as defined by the musicologists, than a Missouri mule has to a gazelle. A concert critic could say that, while treating humanity as it is and getting his points across, he avoids the artificial vulgarities of the grandiose, the obviously sentimental, the coarsely impulsive.

His voice is a low, corn-fed baritone: no strident bellow nor thin goat-bleat. It is not trained, but it is as palatable and no more devastating than that of the shrieking idiots who carry the

blessings of our singing masters.

Sam speaks in a confidential tone and is anything but academic in his approach. He gives a well-marked refrain a good swing. He can be vigorous, but seldom is. When he has a difficult note to tackle, he doesn't stoop and lift his shoulders like a coal heaver. Nor does he indulge in the "back-house squeeze." Advocates of that method, bombastic and rough though it is, do last, I must admit; the singers themselves are as robust as dray horses and sixty appears to be the prime of their shouting age.

Sam sings in a comfortable range and is not too particular about the quality of his tone. He doesn't vanquish his songs by going at them as if each verse were a round in a very fast glove-fight which, incidentally, would be less fatiguing to the performers and, on the whole, less brutalizing to the audience than many contemporary vocal exhibitions.

Sam never varies his formula. First he sings a "hot-cha" for the young folks. Then he does a beautiful ballad which Mom and Pop enjoy followed by an old tune for grandma and grandpa, and a favorite semi-classic that they all like. Sam uses over 2,000 numbers a year, repeats such perennials as *Stars of the Summer Night*, *The Kerry Dancer*, *Sweet and Low*, and *Asleep in the Deep*.

"It's all in the way you read the song," says Sam. "You must sing it the way the people themselves sing it. They'll like you if you sound easy and aren't phony."

Being natural is a habit prodigies and pundits should emulate. It pays big dividends if, like Sam, you sing in the bathtub with half the nation listening in. #

Uncle Jeff's Trump Card

Continued from page 83

across the street in the act of unscrewing the cap of a two-quart bottle containing a clear liquid. As the old poacher placed the neck of the bottle to his lips and tipped back his head, Zack's mouth opened. His own lips worked, and his Adam's apple bobbed in spasms of sympathy and quenching.

Later in the morning, as he was getting his neck shaved in Eben Dicker's barber shop, Zack heard a faintly familiar voice lifted in vulgar song. Other voices joined in, all of them husky, issuing from throats which had lately been seared by the downward passing of Old Perhaps.

About noon Zack stepped from the drygoods store where he had dutifully purchased some yarn and crochet needles for Sarah. He found himself on the edge of a group of men who leaned upon nothing, yet remained upright. Stumpy Coldwillow's nose nearly touched the street, but Stumpy magically didn't fall. Uncle Jeff Coongate, obviously paying off some recent wager, was eating the visor from Joe Caledonia's fur cap. Pitt Skillinger, the town constable, after a single swallow of Old Perhaps, drew his gun and shot a crow off the top of the old tannery chimney. It was the first time Pitt had been known to hit anything except by mistake. Immediately following the shot, Pitt walked eight or ten laps in a small circle and veered off into Egghead Bowker's pool room, where he was found gazing at himself in Egghead's mirror, and repeating softly: "I'm the cynosure of m' own eyesh!"

Never more lonely in his life, Zack watched with mingled envy and awe. Quite clearly Roscoe Carrion's report on Old Perhaps had not been exaggerated. It gave unto men the power to thwart gravity, and to their arms the strength of ten. Someone loudly complained that the day had grown chilly. Promptly, and without effort, Thomas Jefferson Coongate picked up a two-by-four which was spiked down along the outer edge of the drygoods store porch. The one-eyed poacher negligently broke the two-by-four into pieces about eighteen inches long. These he tossed to Jumbo Tethergood, who, having had three jolts of Old Perhaps, split them easily with his fingernails and started a cheerful fire in the street.

"Whyn't you give old Zack a drink?" said Jumbo, toasting his hands over the blaze.

"Him?" scoffed Uncle Jeff, taking one himself and screwing the bottle cap down firmly. "Sood shay not! He's took the veil. He ain't drinkin'—not till Sarah says he can."

"Test him out a mite," urged Stumpy Coldwillow, idly feeding the fire with some small rocks.

When Uncle Jeff haughtily proffered the bottle, Zack felt himself buckling inside. His hands twitched. So did his nostrils. His

throat was rusty. Then he thought of Sarah, and turned hopelessly away, an outcast. He carried his provisions down the muddy street to the canoe, and sat desolately on the landing, listening to the wind rise, and waiting till his one-time friend should appear for the journey home. Thus he did not actually witness the horseshoe pitching game—but he heard about it later; heard how, after a sip of Old Perhaps, Tim Thompson, the blacksmith, had graciously donated his entire stock of horseshoes, with and without calks; how instead of the usual distance, the players in their new-

mine Point. Happily the wind was on their stern, and home was near—yet Zack was alarmed. The canoe pitched crazily, and the one-eyed poacher sang the same way, and seemed to enjoy a kind of super-equilibrium.

"Quit rollin' her!" Zack yelled from the bow. "Don't you know you can't swim?"

"She ain't rollin' a mite," roared Uncle Jeff.

A giant wave, gloom-colored, with a hissing crest, slewed them off course and slopped in a gout of spray amidships. Uncle Jeff raked with his paddle, and the canoe righted. Zack's knees began

where the terrified Sarah awaited them. After rescuing the canoe, which had beached itself nearby, they ran dripping to the cabin.

Sarah lit the lamp, and turned tremblingly to the one-eyed poacher. "You saved Zack's life, Jeff. He never would of made it!"

"I didn't save him!" modestly denied Jeff.

"You did, an' you know dang well you did," said Zack, shucking his Mackinaw. "An' further an' more, you can't swim. How—?"

"A mirickle!" breathed Sarah. "God must of wrought it."

Drawing himself to his full height, Uncle Jeff reached into the split-back pocket of his Mackinaw, and momentarily withdrew the near-empty two-quart bottle of Old Perhaps. His magnificent features glowed bronze in the lamplight. He stripped the water from his silvery mustache, and an expression of saintliness climbed in his eye, as he poured them forth a dose of incontrovertible logic on the subject of drinking.

"This is what saved the lives of two men tonight!" he intoned, thumping the bottle on the table.

"This, an' not a dang thing else, is what kep' us afloat out there!" He paused, looking from Zack to Sarah, then went on: "Sarah, supposin' I hadn't of drunk any of that gin? Where would we be now? An' jest supposin' this: Supposin', instead of buying thet gin, I'd of bought an anvil?"

Sarah's lips fluttered. Tears came into her eyes. She hung her head, and sniffled while the one-eyed poacher rounded out his theme.

"Poor ole Zack couldn't drink, 'cause of his promise to you. I had to drink mighty near all that Old P'raps my own self. But I done it willin'ly, an' it saved us. If it hadn't been for drinkin', poor ole Zack'd be at the bottom of the lake right now, an' when the water warmed up, an' the eels come swimmin' along, they'd squirm 'round him, an' feed off'n his carcass down there. Eels, Sarah! You ever see a drowned man that was et by eels?"

"Oh, oh—don't!" squealed Sarah. "I—oh, dear me! I got half a bottle of rum hid, that I stole off you boys. I'll go right an' get it, an' you shall both have it!"

A look of beatific gratitude crossed Zack's face, and he smiled upon his old friend with ineffable sweetness. But the one-eyed poacher, resting his case, stalked dramatically to the spare bedroom. There, while changing his clothes, he surreptitiously removed from the spacious back of his Mackinaw a pair of inflated water wings. Jumbo Tethergood had advised him to take the water wings as extra insurance. "That gin bottle mightn't be enough," Jumbo had said. "If you're goin' to tip the canoe over, you better take them wings. A sport left 'em here last summer, an' they'll float an anvil." #

Speaking of trump cards, don't miss the Varga girl's newest incarnation —two new decks of playing cards, for which you will find the all-important enabling coupon on page 23

found might had placed the pins, in this case crowbars, two hundred yards apart; how Uncle Jeff Coongate consistently overshot the mark; how, with an airy flip of his wrist, Uncle Jeff had cast a shoe completely out of sight; and how, early in the afternoon, the shoe had been found beneath the broken, stained-glass window in Moses Mutter's Funeral Emporium, resting on a dented coffin which held the mortal remains of Jonas Blake, a former game warden.

The one-eyed poacher arrived in widening circles at the canoe landing about four o'clock. With the near-empty two-quart bottle, he was waving farewells to imaginary friends. "Jake, old boy," said Uncle Jeff, shaking hands with someone who was not visible to Zack, "I never forget a face. But I can't remember your name, Jake. Shorry. Sh'long."

"Who in hell is Jake, an' where is he?" growled Zack.

"Wish poor ole Zack Bourne coulda been with us today," said Uncle Jeff, hurtling across the canoe landing. "Poor Zack'll never drink again—not till Sarah says he can."

The one-eyed poacher leaned horizontally out over the water, retrieved himself, glared beadily at Zack, and said: "Well, let's get a-goin'. What's been keepin' you, anyways? Here I been waitin' aroun' for you all day long."

"Get in the bow of that canoe an' shut up!"

"Get in the bow yourself. I'm paddlin' stern goin' back, like always."

Clutching his bottle, Uncle Jeff wafted himself into the stern. Zack climbed into the bow, and they were off. The wind, rising steadily, reached a half-gale by the time they approached Lead-

to tremble. He could swim himself only a little, and in the deadly cold water, he knew he would have no chance of saving himself, let alone his friend, in case of an upset.

Beyond Leadmine Point, the waves caught them full force. Zack saw the cabin, now only a few hundred yards away. In the dusk he saw Sarah on the wharf. She was watching them anxiously. If he could keep the canoe right-side up two minutes longer, they would make it easily.

"Go easy, Jeff! Don't try nothin' funny!"

"It ain't me! It's the waves!" cried the one-eyed poacher, joyously. "Whoops a-daisy! There's one now!"

Fifty or sixty yards from the wharf, in the deep water off the bluff, and with the night coming down upon them, the canoe rolled off a long wave, lurched, hung for a second, then lurched again. Both of them went over the side, and the canoe, righting itself, blew on toward shore.

Zack thought the shock of the ice-chilled water had stopped his heart. He came to the surface, stiff with horror, as he remembered again that his old friend couldn't swim. He heard Sarah's desperate screaming, called out to her once, then, a little way off, he saw the one-eyed poacher paddling buoyantly toward him. Uncle Jeff rode high and merrily over the waves, and called encouragingly to Zack:

"Jest keep your head, boy! I'm a-comin' to save you. There, now I'll tow you in slow an' easy."

Catching the dumbfounded Zack by the collar of his Mackinaw, the one-eyed poacher did exactly as he had boasted. A minute later, both chilled to the bone, they climbed ashore on the wharf,

He Flies Through the Air

Continued from page 28

Tokle where Torger himself opens the door.

Torger greets one with a broad, white-toothed grin that stretches under a nose of ample width and runs from one obvious ear to the other. He is wholly gracious, although a little embarrassed, and, in spite of the fact that it is almost noon, he informs you that he has just had breakfast—four eggs and some coffee, although, he says, he often has as many as six eggs just to start the day.

"Oh, I just eat what I like," he admits, frankly, in accents that still employ the characteristic Norwegian use of "y" for "j" and "oo" for "u" among others. "I like steak best of all, though—and spinach, lots of spinach."

Lest eighteen 4-H clubs from Utica to Uvalde immediately elect him an honorary president on the basis of this, however, it might be well to explain that he also smokes a pack or better of cigarettes a day and has been known, too, to bend an elbow on occasion.

The story of how Torger Tokle came to be a ski jumper, might be the story of almost any Norwegian youth—especially one born in the little sulphur mining town of Lokken Verk, which isn't far from historic Trondheim. Beside the village there was a fifty meter jumping hill, and the private ambition of every kid in the town was to go off this, the sooner the better.

"I was three years old when I got my first skis," Torger told me. "Kyrre made them for me. I was six years old when I first went off the jump. My brother, Egil, pushed me off—and I landed on my head!"

That's the way it was in the family Tokle which besides three girls, included eight boys—Sigurd, Jens, Alf, Kyrre, Henry, Egil, Torger and Artur in that order—and all of them jumpers.

Even as the other kids in town, however, Torger Tokle did not really learn to ski jump on the big hill. Like the youngsters of Vermont and New Hampshire, and Oregon and Washington, the kids in Norway have always gone stalking in the hills come the first fall of snow, making their own little jumps out of old boxes placed on hillsides of increasing intensity.

"When I was seven years old," Torger continued, "I really started to jump on the big hill. I would use it on slow days—when the snow was wet or before it became packed. Then I couldn't jump too far. Finally I got so I could use it every day—and sometimes I would even jump when no one else would. I was so light I couldn't jump far enough to hurt myself."

That of course is debatable, but so it seemed to Torger. At the age of nine he got his first pair of real jumping skis and entered his first competition. It was a sectional meet, and he was entered in the first class—for those under thirteen years of age.

He won, too, jumping 70 feet.

"That was my first cup," he recalled distantly, glancing at a row of beauties on the mantel. "It was about two inches tall and it wasn't even silver. They didn't give many cups in Norway."

From then on he competed in about ten meets a year until he was fifteen years old when he won the Spring Meet—a good name for any jumping competition—on the big Lokken Verk hill with a jump of 187 feet. At seventeen he was in the Norwegian championships at Roros where he out-jumped the winner by twenty-five feet, only to lose on form. Ski jumping is not at all like horse-shoe pitching. It is judged on the style of each performer on each of two jumps plus his distances.

"My brother, Kyrre, had been back home and told us of America," he continued, "and so I wanted to come over here. I had not expected to jump here but Kyrre had made me a member of the Norway Ski Club even before I landed and before I got home my first night here he told me I was jumping at Bear Mountain the next day."

In the first year alone, following that memorable day at Bear Mountain, Torger Tokle won seven of the eight meets in which he competed and set four hill marks. In the one meet he failed to win he fell on the tricky Norsemen Ski Club jump at Salisbury Mills, New York, but he made up for that when he tied his famed countryman and the then national champion, the late Reidar Andersen, for the Eastern Championship at Laconia, New Hampshire.

"I didn't want to try to compete with Reidar," Torger remarked, "but Kyrre and Kyrre's wife, Sallie, made me."

The next winter it was the same story, only in spades. As his fame grew he won eleven of thirteen meets and set seven hill records—which was a good lead into his grand slam of last season.

Starting on last February 2 at Duluth he jumped 203 feet for a new hill record. A week later he leaped 273 feet for a new national and hill record at Leavenworth.

Five days after that it was 180 feet for a new hill mark at Bear Mountain. Lake Placid saw him set a new distance of 243 feet ten days later on Olympic Hill, and the next day, February 23, he set the present mark of 223 feet at Brattleboro, Vermont. It then took him a week to get out to Seattle and practice for the National Championship, for it was seven days before he jumped the amazing distance of 288 feet to set the new national and hill mark. In another week he finished his season with another new record of 251 feet for the Laconia, New Hampshire hill on March 9th.

As for the secret of his success, he says it's simple. "You just jump." His training begins in early fall when, after a summer of as much leg exercise as possible, he concentrates on running and broad jumping. He likes to start on small hills until he gets the feel of his skis, but finds this hard in a country where one is virtually precipitated into the competitions.

As to form, in competition. You are on the hill. The starter's flag goes down ending a tough period of suspense. You do not look way down below but right in front of you as you take a deep breath and shuffle off, losing all sense of fear as your mind concentrates on your work. You crouch down as far as you can, to cut down the wind resistance. Just before you reach the lip of the jump you raise up, crouch down again and as the middle of your skis reaches the edge of the take-off, you push up and out, flinging your arms forward.

In the air now you fling your arms back, as you bend straight out from the ankle only. Then you start leaning from the hips. The ski points begin to come up and you are now riding the wind. Out, out and over you lean, until finally the upper part of your body is almost parallel with the skis. Your arms and hands, palms open, fan the air meanwhile in a circular motion to give you more pull.

By now you have reached your maximum height, and so you stretch out forward even more than your ski tips and you begin

to head downward as you pick out a landing place. Down, down, down you go and into this spot you glide, your body, by now, having gradually straightened up. Your knees are well bent, however, to take the shock and one ski is advanced ahead of the other. Then you just glide to a graceful stop while the people applaud. That's all there is to it, you see, and if you have jumped, say, 273 feet, you've been in the air approximately 3.6 seconds and have traveled at an average speed of about 52 miles per hour.

No, it isn't unreasonably dangerous. Or so contends Torger Tokle, who at Laconia last season catapulted himself into a violent snowstorm that was blowing over the Belknap Mountains blotting out everything from the top of the jump. Into the void of that stinging white blanket he plunged, coming most unexpectedly to a shocking landing only 20 feet from the flat. He had far out-jumped the safety limits of the hill under the worst conditions that had ever prevailed there.

"Those are the only jumps you feel," contends Tokle, who admits he doesn't like elevators and gets sick in airplanes, "those long ones where you land too near the flat. There isn't enough of a run-out to take away the shock gradually and your stomach feels like it's coming right up out of your mouth."

Once when he was a young carpenter's apprentice in Norway, he landed in front of a pile of rocks and had to take off again to avoid them and his own demolition—the biggest scare he ever had. Another time he lost a ski coming down towards the brink of the take-off and had to throw himself into some tree tops at the side while his ski went on alone! But he has never been seriously hurt.

"My biggest thrill," Tokle repeats after you. "I guess it was setting the record and winning the National Championship at Hyak near Seattle. It had rained for four days while we practiced, but the hill was fast. Alf Engen was the champion, and so I knew I had to beat him. On his first jump he made 239 feet, which was a new hill mark. I figured then that I would have to make 245 feet to keep in the running because as a stylist Engen can't be beat. The slide was faster than I figured, and I managed to make 266 feet. Engen, however, came back and made 262; so I figured to be safe I better make 275 or 280. As soon as I left the take-off, though, I knew I had beaten that and had a new American record, too."

It was the big 288 feet, of course, and the crowd of 25,000 had an excuse for thundering. This had beaten Tokle's three-weeks-old record by 15 feet, and it was 31 feet farther than any other man had ever jumped in this country. Never was a national champion better crowned. #



"I was just wondering how I'll feel when I return to my old job of kiddie cars and scooters in Bimble's Store"

Campus Choice

"Tavern—Illini Union" ILLINOIS UNIVERSITY Urbana, Ill.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <i>Piano Concerto B-Flat Minor;</i>
Freddy Martin. Bluebird 11211 | <i>Hindustan;</i> Frankie Carle.
Columbia 35570 |
| <i>I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire;</i> Horace Heidt.
Columbia 36295 | <i>Elmer's Tune;</i> Dick Jurgens.
Okeh 60209 |
| <i>Smoke Gets in Your Eyes;</i> André Kostelanetz.
Columbia 4266 | <i>You Made Me Love You;</i> Harry James.
Columbia 36296 |
| <i>I Guess I'll Have to Dream the Rest;</i>
Tommy Dorsey. Victor 27526 | <i>Easy Street;</i> Martha Tilton.
Decca 3843 |

"Houston Hall" PENNSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY Philadelphia, Pa.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <i>Jim;</i> Jimmy Dorsey. Decca 3963 | <i>Joltin' Joe DiMaggio;</i> Les Brown.
Okeh 6377 |
| <i>It Happened in Sun Valley;</i> Glenn Miller.
Bluebird 11263 | <i>Yes, Indeed;</i> Tommy Dorsey.
Victor 27421 |
| <i>Daddy;</i> Sammy Kaye. Victor 27391 | <i>Green Eyes;</i> Jimmy Dorsey.
Decca 3698 |
| <i>Chattanooga Choo Choo;</i> Glenn Miller.
Bluebird 11230 | <i>The Boogie Woogie Piggie;</i> Glenn Miller.
Bluebird 11176 |

BETHANY COLLEGE Bethany, W. Va.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <i>I Know Why;</i> Glenn Miller.
Bluebird 11230 | <i>Joltin' Joe DiMaggio;</i> Les Brown.
Okeh 6377 |
| <i>Chattanooga Choo Choo;</i> Glenn Miller.
Bluebird 11230 | <i>It's So Peaceful in the Country;</i>
Harry James. Columbia 36246 |
| <i>Star Dust;</i> Artie Shaw.
Victor 27230 | <i>Jungle Boogie;</i> Teddy Powell.
Bluebird 11232 |
| <i>You and I;</i> Tommy Dorsey.
Victor 27532 | <i>B-1-Bi;</i> Horace Heidt.
Columbia 36337 |
| <i>Green Eyes;</i> Tony Pastor.
Bluebird 11163 | <i>Yes Indeed;</i> Harry James.
Columbia 36246 |

"The Grill" MISSISSIPPI STATE COLLEGE State College, Miss.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <i>I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire;</i> Charioteers. Okeh 6332 | <i>I Dreamt I Dwell in Harlem;</i> Glenn Miller.
Bluebird 11063 |
| <i>Chattanooga Choo Choo;</i> Jan Savitt.
Victor B-11230 | <i>You and I;</i> Glenn Miller.
Bluebird 11215 |
| <i>Swanee River;</i> Tommy Dorsey.
Victor 27233 | <i>Time Was;</i> Mitchell Ayres.
Bluebird 11179 |
| <i>Boogie Woogie Piggie;</i> Glenn Miller.
Bluebird B-11176 | <i>Intermezzo;</i> Benny Goodman.
Columbia 36050 |
| <i>'Til Reveille;</i> Gene Krupa.
Okeh 6266 | <i>Big Beaver;</i> Jan Savitt.
Decca 3695 |

"Roxy Varsity Shoppe" and "Jack's Salad Bowl" WHITTIER COLLEGE Whittier, Cal.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <i>Piano Concerto in B-Flat;</i> Freddy Martin.
Bluebird 11211 | <i>To You;</i> Glenn Miller.
Bluebird 10276 |
| <i>Adios;</i> Glenn Miller.
Bluebird 11219 | <i>Daddy;</i> Sammy Kaye.
Victor 27391 |
| <i>Green Eyes;</i> Jimmy Dorsey.
Decca 3698 | <i>It Happened in Sun Valley;</i> Glenn Miller.
Bluebird 11263 |
| <i>Chattanooga Choo Choo;</i> Glenn Miller.
Bluebird 11230 | |

"Frecher's Restaurant" CAPITAL UNIVERSITY Bixley, Ohio

- | | |
|--|--|
| <i>'Til Reveille;</i> Gene Krupa.
Okeh 6266 | <i>Wasn't It You;</i> Sammy Kaye.
Victor 27567 |
| <i>Green Eyes;</i> Gene Krupa.
Okeh 6222 | <i>Prelude to Carmen;</i> Jan Savitt.
Victor 27570 |
| <i>You Are My Sunshine;</i> Bing Crosby.
Decca 3952 | <i>Where Is Our Love;</i> Horace Heidt.
Columbia 36245 |
| <i>Brahms Lullaby;</i> Bing Crosby.
Decca 3840 | <i>I'm a Little Teapot;</i> Horace Heidt.
Columbia 36306 |
| <i>You and I;</i> Glenn Miller.
Bluebird 11215 | <i>What Word Is Sweeter than Sweetheart;</i> Charlie Spivak. Okeh 6291 |

Esquire on the Record

Continued from page 97

tame down my playing for the recording machines—my best pieces ruin the machines."

MOZART IGNORANCE

Ignorance of Mozart is everywhere evident.

The nation's best-liked and best-informed commentator, Deems Taylor, revealed he didn't know the characters in Mozart's *Così fan Tutte*. Obviously, encyclopedic "Information Please" knowledge is no touchstone of intelligence, but this incident is indicative of our general lack of familiarity with Mozart's music. Unfortunately, most of the samples turned out last year by recording companies add little to our knowledge. They are, with few exceptions, insensible, uninspired, reveal little of the essential Mozart.

Time describes *Così fan Tutte* as the last of Mozart's operas to be recorded complete. It cannot imply that none of his operas are unrecorded—we have only five—nor is *Così* the latest to be recorded. Sir Thomas Beecham conducted the albums of *The Magic Flute* in Germany since the Glyn-debourne version of *Così fan Tutte* was impressed on wax. *Time* must mean the comedy of rococo love is the latest to be released in this country.

THE "GOLDEN AGE"

If your grandfather keeps repeating his praises of Lilli Lehmann, Fremstad, Calvé, Plançon, Tamagno, Jean de Reszke, or even Ellen Terry and Bernhardt, and you should want to hear them, write the International Record Collectors Club, Bridgeport, Connecticut. They specialize in historical recordings, and though their discs are sometimes noisy and weak and not in any sense comparable to present-day releases, they are unique and give testimony to "a world of artistic consciousness which is not that of today and which should be recovered."

The I.R.C.C. catalogue contains amateur recordings made by Lionel Mapleson at the Metropolitan Opera forty seasons ago. Jean de Reszke sings parts of *O Paradiso* from *L'Africaine* and of Siegfried's *Forging Song* (\$2.00) and *Mein Herr und Koenig* from *Lohengrin* (\$2.00). Gadski and Edouard de Reszke sing the duet from *Huguenots*, a sell-out in those days (\$2.25). Calvé, Dippel, and Journet record selections from *Faust* (\$2.25). Emma Eames, de Marchi, and Scotti do the torture scene from *Tosca* (\$1.75) and Nordica, Anthes, and Schumann-Heink sing a passage from the second act of *Tristan* (\$1.75).

Also in the catalogue are Lilli Lehmann's *Erlkönig* (\$1.75), Lucien Muratore singing "Ah, fuyez" (*Manon*) and "Ah, leve-toi" (*Romeo and Juliet*), both for \$1.75, Victor Maurel and Tamagno in excerpts from *Otello* (\$2.00), Frem-

stad's *Liebestod* and *O Don Fatale* (*Don Carlos*) at \$2.25. Albani sings *Ombra mai fu* and Gounod's *Ave Maria* (\$1.75); Eames and de Gogorza, duets from *Don Giovanni* and *Figaro* (\$2.25); Eames, the Valse from *Romeo and Juliet* (\$2.25); Nellie Melba, Henschel's *Spring* (\$2.25); Farrar, *My Mother Bids Me* (Haydn) for \$2.25, and a radio talk on the Four Marguerites with vocal illustrations from Schubert, Gounod, Berlioz, and Boito (\$2.25); Elena Gerhardt (accompanied by Artur Nikisch), Wolf lieder; and there are countless other collectors' items.

The Victor Company, in response to persistent demand, has re-pressed a number of items long withdrawn from its catalogues. They are issued in an album *Voices of the Golden Age of Opera*; include Battistini, Plançon, Calvé, Gadski, Melba, Dalmaores, Farrar, Scotti, Ruffo, and Sembrich . . . and if you listen carefully you will detect the kind of tone that was once considered beautiful. You may even agree with Sir Thomas Beecham that today singers are "a biologically extinct species."

FOR YOUR COLLECTION

Bach: Partita No. 5 in G major. Played by Walter Gieseking. Columbia Album X-208. Gieseking is one of the war casualties of our current season, and it is good to be reminded that he is still playing. No better interpretation of Bach's keyboard works is available.

Bizet: Symphony No. 1 in C major. Walter Goehr conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Victor Album M-721. You'd never guess the composer. Each movement might have been written by a different man, and only at the end would you say it was by the composer of *Carmen*. Written when he was seventeen, it collected dust for eighty years, when Felix Weingartner dragged it out at Basle in 1935. Obviously, it is not a masterpiece of the first order but it is full of melodies and like the symphonies of Gounod, Weber, and Wagner, and the string quartets by Rossini and Verdi, is not as inept as might be supposed.

Couperin le Grand: Music for Clavier. Played by Landowska. HMV Album. These are days when ingenious, delicate miniatures from two centuries ago help distract and heal the distraught and weary soul. Madame Landowska is at her best.

Handel-Beecham: Suite from The Faithful Shepherd. Columbia Album. These excerpts, Introduction, Fugue, Aria, Gavotte, Musette, Bourree, Pastorale, and Finale, are full of simple, noble beauty. There is no exaggeration, only faithful reproduction of the exuberant spirit of Handel.

Hot Jazz, Anthology. Featuring Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, Andy Kirk, Fletcher Henderson, Sidney Bechet, and others. Decca Album No. 182. A parade of the

individuals who made *le hot*. Selected by Dave Dexter, Jr., this represents the best colored jazz artists of the past decade. It's historically a "dream collection."

Monteverdi: Madrigals and other works under the direction of Nadia Boulanger. Victor M-496. Not the best voices in the world, but the best music for voices. Sung with reverence, devotion, affection, and full understanding of the style.

The bard of Cremona knew the weariness and the joy of the human spirit and he sang truthfully. This music is to be heard late at night in the quiet of your study. It will give you solace.

Shostakovich: Symphony No. 1 in F major (Opus 10). Artur Rodzinski conducting the Cleveland Orchestra. Columbia Set M-472. A dry, incisive interpretation of a barbaric, overwhelming work, iconoclastic and lonely. Instrumental details are not perfect, but the total effect is irresistible.

Songs of the Red Army Chorus. Sung by the Red Army Choir of the USSR. Columbia and Keynote Albums. The Keynote album

includes mostly folk and military music, the Columbia, operatic excerpts and a couple of songs in French. Both are presented with hearty, honest forthrightness. There is the rich, sonorous tone and the approach-climax-depart formula we are accustomed to associate with Russian choruses, but fewer mannerisms—excessive falsetto and violent fortissimos and pianissimos.

Tschaikowsky: Concerto No. 1, in B-Flat minor, opus 23, for piano and orchestra. Vladimir Horowitz with Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony. Victor M-800. Whatever your opinion of this war horse, it is impossible not to admire the gusto and flaming energy with which the seventy-five-year-old maestro and the volcanic Horowitz attack it. He has examined it objectively, noted its climaxes and plays it for all it is worth. His son-in-law who seems, by comparison, relaxed in his conception, is in the vein and turns out a performance that for its virtuosity, will probably remain unmatched for generations. #

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 98

from *Love's Labor Lost*:

"Fat paunches have lean pates;
and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt
quite the wits."

So Mr. Vassar's health soup, which contains brains among other things, intrigued me. And since we are talking of history, I tell you that it intrigued me for another reason—I know that throughout the ages, man was afflicted by instinctive, subconscious hormone hunger.

For example, the Roman Emperor, Vitellius, eagerly attended the oraculum ceremonies. At that time prophecies were read from the glands of animals and birds. After the ceremony, the Emperor devoured the animal glands with the greatest zeal, allowing only the Pontifex Maximus to grab an undersized gizzard now and then. The Romans were much concerned at the end as to what would become of their animal stock, and killed the Emperor.

The Greek, Persian, and Roman army leaders (and the Ethiopians today), before going into battle ate raw wolf or lion hearts or bear liver in order that they might be brave. And back in the XVI Century, Louis II of Hungary who was born prematurely, and was kept for months after birth in animal blood, drank pig's blood before engaging in combat.

Another ruler of the Middle Ages, Transylvanian Princess Elizabeth Bathory, believed in the conserving and invigorating qualities of human blood. So she gave orders to execute hundreds of virgin maidens and took baths in the poor girls' blood, allowing the few hormones found in it to seep into her body through her pores. It was common in those times to bathe in human blood

and obtain it in the easy way; nobles coming home from the hunt warmed their hands and feet in it; and a papal bull caused considerable uproar when it ordered the bishops to restrict themselves merely to one subject's blood at a time after chasing the boar or the bear.

To return to our less lusty present, the Eskimo's greatest delicacy today is the intestines and glands of the freshly felled reindeer. And have you noticed the ruddy cheeks of butchers? They love underdone steaks, and tripe, and some of them thrive on Cannibal or Tartar Steak—raw hamburgers to you.

I cherish tripe—perhaps the most easily digestible of all animal foods, especially *à la mode de Caen*; I love brains, sweetbreads, livers, kidneys, and such, but until now I was unable even to think of them uncooked. And this is the great achievement of Mr. Vassar; you are eating glands in their most potent form, yet your taste buds and gastric juices don't revolt on coming into contact with such unusual fare.

Liver is the richest in health-giving vitamins among all the animal parts; it possesses the whole scale of the B family, and other yet undetermined vitamins; it is the regenerator of the red corpuscles; it enriches the blood of anaemic persons. It is used successfully in the treatment of diabetes, gout, digestive disorders, tuberculosis, beri-beri, and other ailments. For home work I give you a recipe for preparing liver in a novel way at the end of this piece, since liver is good for you even in cooked form.

I cannot give you a culinary recipe for a most important animal glandular substance, which has a very great revitalizing char-

Continued on page 118

Best Sellers

Permanent

Transient

Briggs & Briggs Inc., 1270 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass.

Symphony No. 5 in E Minor (Tchaikowsky); Leopold Stokowski & Philadelphia Orchestra.
Victor M-253

Album of Johann Strauss Waltzes; Arthur Fiedler & Boston Pops Orchestra.
Victor M-445

Scheherazade; (Rimsky-Korsakoff); Leopold Stokowski & Philadelphia Orchestra.
Victor M-269

Tannhauser Overture (Wagner); Sir Thomas Beecham & London Philharmonic Orchestra.
Columbia X-123

Classical Symphony (Prokofieff); Sergé Koussevitsky & Boston Symphony Orchestra.
Victor 7196 & 7197

Piano Concerto in B-Flat; Why Don't We Do This More Often; Freddy Martin. Bluebird 11211

Yours; When the Sun Comes Out; Jimmy Dorsey. Decca 3657

Chattanooga Choo-Choo; I Know Why; Glenn Miller. Bluebird 11230

I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire; Hey Doc; Ink Spots. Decca 3987

Elmer's Tune; Birth of the Blues; Benny Goodman. Columbia 36359

It Happened in Sun Valley; Kiss Polka; Glenn Miller. Bluebird 11263

Lyon & Healy, 105 S. Ludlow St., Dayton, Ohio

Blue Danube; Stokowski & Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor 15425

Concerto in B-Flat Minor; (Tchaikowsky); Petri & London Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia Set 318

1812 Overture (Tchaikowsky); Artur Rodzinski & Cleveland Orchestra. Columbia Set 205

Grand Canyon Suite; Ferde Grofé. Columbia M-463

Nutcracker Suite (Tchaikowsky); Leopold Stokowski & Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor M-265

Piano Concerto in B-Flat; Why Don't We Do This More Often; Freddy Martin. Bluebird 11211

Chattanooga Choo-Choo; I Know Why; Glenn Miller. Bluebird 11230

I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire; Hey Doc; Ink Spots. Decca 3987

You and I; Angels Came Then; Glenn Miller. Bluebird 11215

Jim; I'm Through with Love; Dinah Shore. Bluebird 11204

Benson Music Shop Inc., 5221-25 W. Chicago Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The Music of Johann Strauss; Ormandy & The Minneapolis Symphony. Victor M-262

Concerto in B-Flat Minor (Tchaikowsky); Rubinstein, John Barbirolli & London Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-180

Symphony No. 5 (Beethoven); Toscanini & N. B. C. Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-640

Jalousie (Jacob Gade); Fiedler & Boston Pops Orchestra. Victor V-12160

Dance of the Hours (Ponchielli); Fiedler & Boston Pops Orchestra. Victor V-11833

Piano Concerto; Why Don't We Do This More Often; Freddy Martin. Bluebird 11211

Elmer's Tune; You're the Sunshine of My Heart; Dick Jurgens. Okeh 6209

I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire; This Love of Mine; Tommy Tucker. Okeh 6320

Jim; A New Shade of Blue; Jimmy Dorsey. Decca 3963

'Til Reveille; Say When; Kay Kyser. Columbia 36137

Foolish; Shepherd Serenade; Art Jarrett. Victor 27527

Music Album, 14 Tillman Place, San Francisco, Cal.

La Valse (Ravel); Pierre Monteux & San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-820

Symphony No. 3 in E-Flat Major (Beethoven); Bruno Walter & New York Symphony Orchestra. Columbia M-499

Faithful Shepherd Suite (Handel); Beecham & London Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia M-458

Suite from Dido and Aeneas; Ormandy & Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor M-647

Symphony No. 6 (Tchaikowsky); Wilhelm Furtwangler & Berlin Philharmonic. Victor M-553

Babalu; Bambarito; Xavier Cugat. Columbia 36068

Carmen Cavallaro Piano Album; Decca 177

You and I; Free For All; Tommy Dorsey. Victor 27532

Musical Comedy Favorites; André Kostelanetz. Columbia M-430

Yours; When the Sun Comes Out; Jimmy Dorsey. Decca 3657

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from pages 98-117

acter. This is the testes. I don't know how to cook them, but I am told by medical men that taking testicular hormones is often a cure for impotency, and makes a better man out of an already sexually strong individual. And I think this is where I will tell you something about the history of modern hormone therapy.

The name was Brown-Séquard, half American half French, a well-known physician practicing in Paris, the year was 1889. This Brown-Séquard pioneered in the intentional use of animal hormones on man by trying them on himself. He had, however, previously bribed prisoners of a penitentiary where he was employed to eat animal testes on toast in order to see the results. Now the tired, seventy-year-old physician prepared a solution of the testes of a young, vigorous dog, and injected this into his veins. It is claimed that almost at once he felt revitalized. He became potent again in mind and in body. In many ways he was a young man again.

He became the hero of the times, and to this day his achievements are acknowledged by physiologists. He was the great pathfinder in the exploitation of the wonders of internal secretions. But the study of this new science has advanced in leaps and bounds since Brown-Séquard. Today every country has famed endocrinologists. The Zondek brothers were most famous in Germany—they are in Egypt now—Professor Biedl was the pride of Prague, and Euler that of Stockholm. And there are countless others.

Such an old dyed-in-the-wool grass eater as Benjamin Gayelord Hauser, bookwriting and lecturing vegetarian dietician, was quickly won over by Frank Vassar's gland soup. And this, by the way, leads to an interesting story.

It seems that the last time Greta Garbo came to New York from California, she could hardly be civil to the handsome Hauser, her great and good friend, who was awaiting her at the station. For months she had been without appetite, for months she had not slept well; she was anaemic, she had a general run-down condition, she was tired, nervous, and in constant ill-humor.

On the other hand, the waiting Hauser looked in the pink of condition. He greeted the actress jubilantly.

"Swede," he said, (that's his pet name for Greta), "I discovered a soup, an elixir, that will make a new woman out of you in no time."

With this, they got into their car and drove to a Park Avenue hotel, where Vassar was already waiting for them in a sumptuous apartment. He at once administered the first cup of the health

broth to Greta, and he went on doing it five times a week for two months. It is said that the change in the condition of Greta Garbo was miraculous. Following the first night Mr. Vassar came to the hotel with the soup in the early mornings, and the great Greta herself washed the dishes after taking the broth. Hauser went even further than Garbo—when he had to go out of town for lecture tours to Chicago, and other remote points, he had Vassar send the broth after him via airmail, refrigerated, for the Vassar soup must be taken the same day as it is prepared.

It is said that Benjamin Gayelord Hauser, the confirmed vegetarian, was completely resurrected by the Vassar soup, containing animal glandular substances. In fact, he was so grateful for the cure—the treatment helped him in more ways than one—that he lectured about the soup, and urged his followers to take it. Subsequently, over one hundred of his pupils became Vassar soup addicts.

This is what Greta Garbo's soup was composed of:

Sixty per cent brains, twenty per cent spinal cord, fifteen per cent liver, five per cent pancreas, fifty drops ovarium, twenty drops cortex, five drops pituitary gland, and vegetable juice all mixed in with the chicken soup.

This then, was the combination ordered by Vassar's physicians for Garbo (since Mr. Vassar wouldn't give you a drop of his soup before a doctor ascertains what you need) that made a new woman of the tired, ailing actress.

I asked Mr. Vassar what he considered a good dose for a man who earned his living by brain work, and who had not too much brain. In other words, the dose for increasing the intellectual powers. Here it is:

Eighty per cent brain, four per cent testes, three drops adrenalin, two grains of pancreas, four grains of spinal cord, ten grains of liver, five drops of pituitary gland, and pro-vitamins or raw vegetable juice, all mixed in the chicken soup.

The dose for the physical worker is as follows:

Fifty per cent brain, ten per cent spinal cord, fifteen per cent testes, ten per cent pancreas, fifteen per cent liver, ten drops cortex, and vegetable juice.

A middle-aged woman who wants to appear young, wants to be fresh, wants to regenerate herself, and longs for conquests, should take the following combination:

Twenty-five per cent brains, fifteen per cent spinal cord, five per cent pancreas, five per cent testes, fifty per cent liver, twenty-five drops ovarium, a slight amount of pituitary, five drops thyroid, and two and one-half ounces of pro-vitamins.

I didn't mention the actual or

positive healing effects of the soup, because I am not a medical man. But Professor Hans Januschke wrote a paper in the *Wiener Medizinische Wochenschrift*, in which he says that hormone therapy is most beneficial when taken orally and in fluid form. He says that it regenerates the blood pressure; he employed it successfully in treating aging, asthma, bronchitis, unbalancing of the sexual powers, hardening of the arteries, angina pectoris, melancholy, corpulency, anaemia, climactic sufferings, and lack of appetite. Dr. Albert Muller-Deham, another professor from Vienna, wrote in the *Wiener Klinische Wochenschrift*, that he used the Vassar soup (at that time prepared by Mrs. Grohman) in his hospital with great success.

The predecessor of Mr. Vassar, the originator of the hormone broth, was this Mrs. Grohman, widow of an Austrian general, who also dispensed the soup at the world famous Professor Wenckebach's heart disease hospital in Vienna. Vassar became interested in the therapy, and he and Mrs. Grohman went into partnership. Vassar then perfected a wooden juicing machine to liquefy the glands, and when Mrs. Grohman died at the age of seventy-five, Vassar went to Switzerland where, together with the doctors he employed, he built up an enormous practice.

The whole operation is a sort of a family affair, and besides the doctors and nurses, all the Vassars are taking part in it. Mrs. Vassar prepares the soup itself, the innocent chicken soup, by cooking a hen and vegetable greens, without any salt or other seasoning, since salt also destroys the vitamins and the enzymes. Then Mrs. Vassar carefully takes off every bit of fat from the soup, which is ready now to receive the liquid glands prescribed for the particular customer.

Mr. Vassar, and his two sons, Paul and Louis, go five times a week at five p.m. to a slaughterhouse on New York's First Avenue to select sixteen different kinds of glands for a day's provisions. Sheep supply the thyroids, calves the adrenals, cattle or pigs the pancreas, pigs or goats the ovaries, and bullocks the testes. Only animals at the height of their development are used. To the best of his knowledge, Mr. V. is the only buyer, and accordingly has his pick.

The three Vassars take home the assorted glands on ice, in a container, and place them in refrigerators. They retire early because the work begins at three a.m. Before daybreak Frank Vassar separates the glands from the offal, puts them in the various wooden machines, extracts the juices, and strains them until they are crystal clear; then they are poured into jars and put back on ice. Now the raw vegetables are

juiced—spinach, celery, carrots, beets, parsley, and watercress—and finally the laboratory is ready to receive the customers. It is eight in the morning.

The customers receive a glass (four ounces) of dextrose liquid; Mr. Vassar says this invention of his neutralizes the stomach acids for a few minutes, and the acids are thus unable to destroy the vitamins and enzymes. The portion of soup itself, together with the hormones and pro-vitamins is ten ounces, and must be drunk at body heat. Some of the patients like it so much that they ask for more, but the doses are closely figured.

There are many more women customers for the soup than men, and when I asked Mr. Vassar for the reason, he replied that, of course, women are more averse to getting old and ugly than men, and that there is always something the matter with women anyhow.

Helena Rubinstein, who serves the beauty of American women, is said to have been quick to recognize the merits of the Vassar soup. She had a dozen women take the cure experimentally and kept them under observation. She was amazed to see that their skin was getting better, their complexions clearer, and their eyes brighter.

It seems, I serve stomachs, yours and my own, and below I give you my idea of a soup; it may not be as healthy as Mr. Vassar's, but it tastes pretty good.

PETITE MARMITE FAMILY STYLE

Wash six pounds of shin of beef in cold water, as well as some beef bones, place them in an earthenware pot, cover with cold water, and season. Boil and skim thoroughly. Now add to it carrots, turnips, a well-peeled onion, some cabbage, leeks, and eighteen whole peppers. Taste and season again. Let it cook on very slow fire for two hours and a half. Strain carefully, add to it a whole chicken, after which cook it an hour and a half longer and serve. Boil your marrow bones separately, adding them to the soup at the end.

BRAINS PIQUANTE

Scald the brains in boiling water. Boil them after this with two slices of ham, slices of beetroot and onion, a bayleaf, a little parsley, salt and pepper, in three small glasses of white wine. To make sauce piquante, chop up a carrot, two onions, two shallots, a sprig of thyme, parsley, two cloves, a bay leaf, and chives; put them with an ounce of butter into a double saucepan. When the butter is melting and turning brown on the fire, sift in a tablespoonful of flour, a very little hot water, and a tablespoonful of good vinegar; season with salt and pepper. Boil slowly and strain in through a sieve.

CALVES' LIVER SAUTÉ PROVENÇALE

Cut two pounds of fresh calves' liver into small pieces. Put them with clarified butter into a pan on the hot range, with a peeled and finely chopped onion, two crushed cloves of garlic, and the juice of half a lemon. Season with salt and pepper. Cook for five minutes, shuffling the pan all the time, then moisten with a glass of white wine. Add six chopped mushrooms, some very finely chopped parsley, and cook for three minutes longer. ††

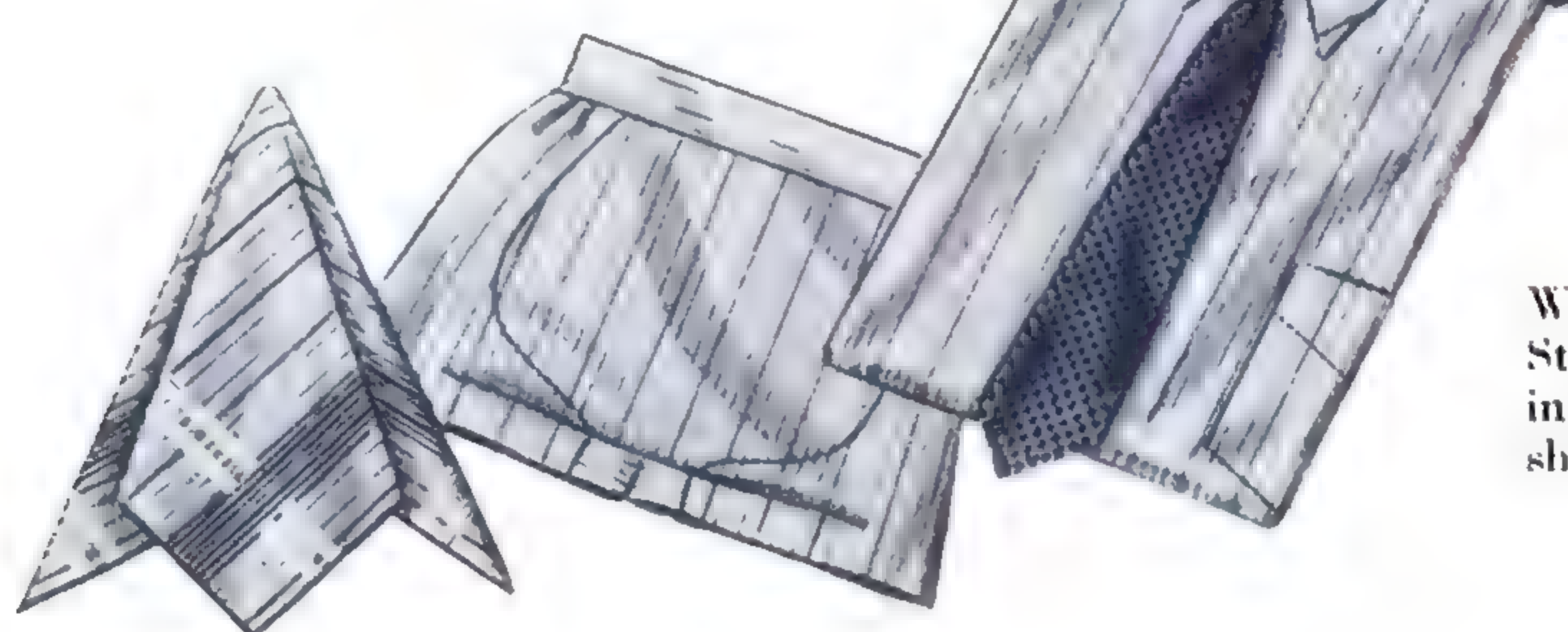
Arrow's big news for the month: *Tandem Stripes*

Here's a new Arrow ensemble that's just arrived at your Arrow dealer's; and it's a honey! The Tandem Stripe Shirt has all the benefits of Arrow parentage: Arrow Collar, "Mitoga" figure-fit, Sanforized-Shrunk (less than 1% fabric shrinkage!)

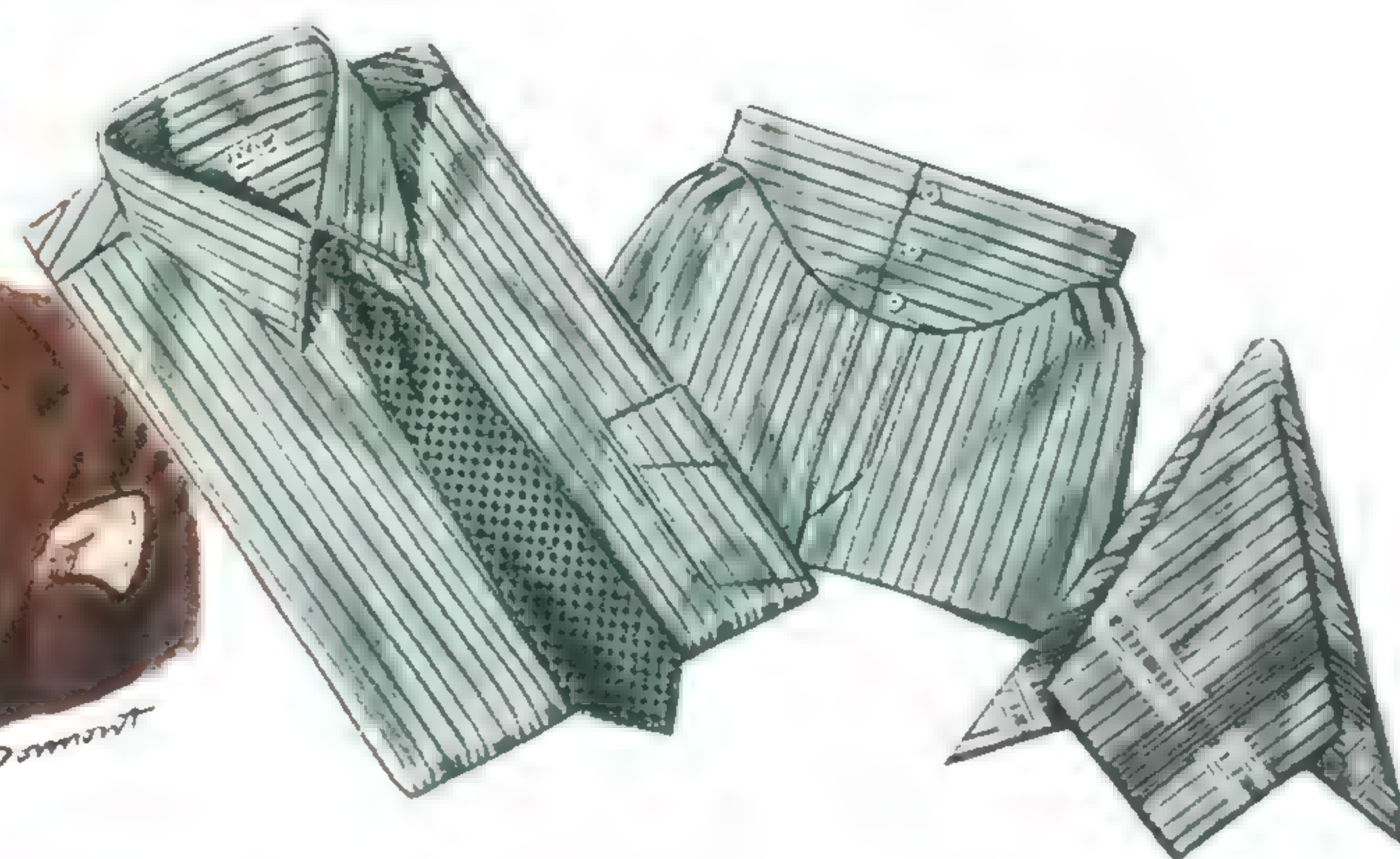
There are *two* specially designed Arrow Ties . . . plus a Tandem Stripe Handkerchief and Tandem Stripe Shorts. See them today.



With your blue suit: this Tandem Stripe group is ideal. The shirt comes in the latest Arrow Collar styles, 4 shades. The tariff: \$2.25.



With your brown suit: green Tandem! The Arrow Ties are: 1. a Macclesfield; 2. a twill. Very smart, both of them, and wrinkle-resistant. \$1.00 each.



With your grey: either of these two Tandem groups. Arrow Shorts have *no irritating center seam*—a patented feature! With Grippers, the shorts are 75¢. The handkerchief, 35¢.



NEWS! You can also get Arrow Shorts in the Sprinter model—elastic top all around—and no buttons! Snug? Comfortable? Convenient? Try 'em, brother! 85¢.

ARROW



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daily double

No, you're not seeing double. But on second thought, perhaps you are. Even the number two on the doubling cube is significant as this twosome plays backgammon in a patio at a winter resort. It carries out the idea of pairs, setting the fashion theme. It's no longer a secret that the women have appropriated many styles of wearables from men's wardrobes, including shorts for tennis, raglan raincoats, reversible coats, slacks, covert cloth coats and suits, Shetland jackets, sweaters . . . but you get the idea, so why go on. The outgrowth of this neat bit of filching seems to be the increasingly popular custom of matching outfits for him and her. The dice-shaker (that's the male member of the duo, if you're having trouble) wears the Hawaiian printed silk shirt, a pair of Harbor Blue washable slacks and Sandune ribbed anklets. The tooled design on the tongue of his moccasin slippers brings a new note to footwear. The girl's ensemble duplicates his, with the exception of the moccasins, which are untooled. Even the two Scotties are a bit bewildered by this new fashion trend.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Sporting Scene

Continued from page 52

professional football coaching, collegiate football has another reason to worry about its future.

* * *

Track coaches hope to promote track meets to deserved popularity as spectator attractions.

Basically a track meet is one of the greatest exhibitions of exacting athletic competition. The meets now are spread so thin that the meet observer is sport's counterpart of the cockeyed kid at the three-ring circus.

Jim Kelly, highly competent track coach at the University of Minnesota, is one of the track mentors concerned with the problem of headlining track meets as universities' sports presentations. Jim's urge is not rooted primarily in a passionate desire to provide the public with another stadium spectacle.

His opinion is that any unit of the populace deficient in appreciation of a track meet is of the elementally uncultured class along with those unable to feel deeply the art of Brahms, Rembrandt, Shakespeare, Cellini. That is their tough luck, not Jim's. He would like to culture them, but what the hell.

First Jim would like to have spectators for his kids and the kids of other coaches so there would be added to the boys' own enjoyment of competition the pleasant thrill of performance and victory before the awed eyes of a multitude.

A difficulty in getting out a crowd for track meets is that the meets are held in the spring when the active sports-minded public is anxious to get out and do its own playing.

An additional handicap is that public interest in track meets has been concerned with records rather than close competition.

Seeing a tight event doesn't count as much with the public as seeing a record broken even if the second man in the event is a poor second.

In that respect, possibly, the track stars and their coaches have spoiled the public.

A tip-off as to how a track meet might be conducted with sharper concentration of public interest and higher value as a spectacle was given during the National Collegiate meet at Minnesota three years ago.

Rain compelled moving field events, with the exception of the javelin, into the Field House and holding them before the track events.

Spectators' attention was focused on the pole vault, the high and broad jumps and the shot put. About 8,000 spectators were accommodated on a temporary basis in the Field House. They considered the staging of these events a notable improvement from the entertainment viewpoint.

Coaches who saw this emergency demonstration believe

there's a good possibility of increasing attendance at track meets by holding the field events first, spotlighting the most spectacular events, then following with the running program which can be completed in 1½ or 2 hours.

* * *

Where the weather permits you'll see the ski boom pick up speed this winter.

American ski troops at northern posts will provide the boom impetus by remote control.

Pictures of ski soldiers will add a glamorous element to flat country skiing. Many now regard skiing as entirely a sport for hilly terrain.

* * *

Defense payrolls brought bowling a record year in 1941. Alleys in areas of large defense employment now are operating nearly on an around-the-clock schedule.

In several cities laws have been revised to permit alleys longer hours of action to help provide defense workers' recreation.

* * *

Fallen France has been having no success with its sports program under the direction of Jean Borotra.

Borotra is a veteran of nine Davis Cup competitions. The French team won six of those contests. The U. S. teams headed by Bill Tilden defeated the French in 1925 and 1926. The British team lost to France in 1931 and beat the French in 1933. The U. S. netters were defeated by Borotra's band in 1927, 1928, 1929, 1930 and 1932.

Borotra was given his job by Jean Ybarnegaray, Vichy minister "for youth and family." No professional athletics were permitted under Ybarnegaray's orders.

The French hoped to adapt the Nazi "strength through joy" principle in rebuilding its youth for the Third World War. They were stopped by the Nazis before the movement got started. Nazi confiscation of French food made development of youth strength impossible. There is no joy in empty stomachs.

* * *

To put it sweetly and safely you might say that angels have rushed in where fools fear to tread in the matter of women's golf attire.

In obedience (possibly) to a decision made at a meeting of contestants and officials during the 1941 women's national golf championship, females in this year's championship will not wear shorts or slacks (maybe).

An exception was made in the ruling to permit wearing of rain-proof slacks. Undoubtedly it was conceded tacitly that no female golfer would wear rain pants except when forced to do so by foulest of weather. The garment is beyond question utilitarian. It is handicapped by having two aesthetic strokes against it. One is that it makes the beam of its wearer seem two club lengths wide.

The other is the way it makes the females walk.

Attired in rain pants and bucking the storm the damsels resemble peasant women, heavy with child, fleeing before the blitz. They are very sorry looking sights. Strangely enough, they seem to realize that they must look god-awful.

In ruling shorts and slacks out of the world's chief golf competition for women, the United States Golf Association women's committee is, by some, regarded as having taken a green-eyed cat claw at cute kittens whose rumps and gams do not constitute a blot on the beautiful out-of-doors.

For the committee it can be said that bold action was justified by a developing crisis. The slack and short situation was getting out of hand, so to speak, and threatening to back into one of those ocular offenses such as the still haunting horror of women's golf bloomers.

Last year there were a few guerilla warfares between women's golf association officials who presumed to prohibit long or short pants, and the mammas of the young wearers of the garments. No hair was yanked, but discussion was widespread and acrimonious.

While the discussions raged, mosquitoes gnawed knots on the legs of the little ladies in shorts. Golf gives mosquitoes a banquet denied them on the constantly jiggling gams of the tennis sisters.

Notwithstanding the discreet endeavor of the U.S.G.A. women's committee, slacks and shorts will be worn by svelte women with fuselages designed by providence for such draping, and by females with abundant buttocks who, unfortunately, are unable to look behind themselves.

Why do we discuss this female sports fashion legislation in a magazine for gentlemen?

Merely because gentlemen who golf have no such sartorial problems. Criticism is made, now and then, of golfing males with torsos and legs uncovered except by an airedale foliage. Although rather repulsive sights, these offenders are generally considered the dog catchers' problem children and beyond the province of authorities of a gentleman's game.

* * *

The Little Flower's offshoot, civilian defense physical training, is a long time in budding. Under F. H. LaGuardia, U. S. Director of Civilian Defense, is John B. Kelly, Assistant Director in charge of physical training. It is Kelly's job to condition the lead-fanned males of the United States for total warfare. There probably is no more difficult assignment in the entire defense scheme. An initial demonstration of the toughness of the task is provided by the physical training plan itself which has trouble in getting up and at 'em.

Kelly is quite a guy. He is 52

years old. His wife is the former Marge Majer who was a physical education teacher at University of Pennsylvania after her graduation from Temple. They have three children; all of them, like Pop and Mom, Grade A physical specimens.

In 1920 John B. won the Olympic rowing championship. Later he defeated Jack Beresford, English Diamond Sculls champion, for the world title. Kelly couldn't row in the Diamond. He was a member of Philadelphia's Schuylkill Navy, and, furthermore, was no gentleman by the then current sporting definition. Jack was a laborer who laid a mean brick.

He's done O. K. in the brick business. He's the biggest brick contractor in the U. S.

He was an unsuccessful candidate for mayor in Philadelphia. He resigned Philadelphia's Democratic city chairmanship to take over the Defense muscling job.

Ellwood A. Geiges is on loan from the Philadelphia Board of Education to act as Kelly's assistant. Geiges is Frankford (Pa.) high school athletic director, former Haverford College football coach, and a competent football official.

Directors of physical fitness have been appointed for the nine regional offices of Civil Defense. An advisory board composed of 12 educational, military, recreation, and social work luminaries has been appointed.

Eleanor R. is head lady on the women's end of the program. And Allah knows Eleanor is the supreme high priestess and practitioner of the strenuous life.

Charming Alice Marble also is an Assistant Director of Civilian Defense in charge of national physical training for women.

For this work Alice has a blue outfit on which is the label "U. S. Director" and the "Health" shield over the left lung pocket. It is fairly cute and martial looking, but very dowdy compared to Alice's tennis costume which makes Alice look as many women would like to look while they administer first aid to bomb victims, pilot trucks laden with supplies, and even mop the schnozzles of drippy-nosed evacuee tots.

All Alice has to do is to streamline, straighten up and strengthen dames who have left their forms over the cookstove, washtub, typewriter and bridge table.

* * *

One of the best pitching prospects coming to Brooklyn this spring is Ed Head, who won 18 and lost 8 with Montreal last season. During his school days at West Monroe, La., Head twice suffered a broken left arm in football.

That arm was broken still a third time in an accident, making it impossible for him to continue as a left-handed pitcher. So he simply set about learning how to throw with his right. #

Latins Have Gringo Fun

Continued from page 34

stopped at the manager's door with expressions of thanks in the courtly Spanish style. I asked, "Are they censors?"

"No, Señor. Those were club women. They asked for a special showing of *Broadway Melody* so they could get some dresses copied. They brought along their dress-makers and we ran the film through twice without charge. Tonight, all the families and their friends will come to see the dresses that interest them, and when the movie goes on to Granada and Leon, the 'best people' there will also be looking out for it."

At the other extreme are the practically virgin audiences of the hinterlands, the vast country between the banana-and-gold coast of the Caribbean and the urban district by the lakes and the Pacific where most of the population is concentrated. When I was in Jinotega, a peasant family approached the box office of the small theater, a converted shop. After a long family conference, the patriarch, clutching his pouch, walked up to the ticket window.

"How much, favor?"

"Twenty centavos." (Three and one-fourth cents American.)

"Do you sell by the minute or by the hour or how?"

"We sell by the whole spectacle—one big picture and three small ones—total, two hours. Twenty centavos for two hours, *amigo*."

"But we are here three big people and two little."

"So it will be three big tickets and two half tickets, Señor."

A sly and ingratiating look came into the old man's eyes. "But I buy for five. What is one offered for the five?"

"Come, Señor, here we do not haggle. Even if you bring twenty, it is the same. Twenty centavos for adults; for the children, ten."

It is always a thrill to watch these childlike people at their first shadow show. In the beginning they are completely bewildered. Yet the surprising thing is not the puzzlement but the quickness with which it evaporates. In a few minutes they seem to accept the whole art and industry of the motion picture as a commonplace, even as they have accepted the airplane where no locomotive and even no wheeled vehicle was ever seen. A few pictures, and they are veterans. They adjust more readily to it than to the mystery of a portable radio, or to that most baffling of all contraptions to the primitive, the bicycle.

Sometimes the sudden contact of a naïve mind with a film results in tragedy. In El Sauce, Nicaragua, famous over Central America for a miracle-working image of Christ, El Señor de Esquipulas, the little movie house was packing them in during the annual fiesta. A good half of the audience had never seen a motion picture. They sat up front of the *luneta*, the cheapest part of the house.

The feature picture opened with

action. A curving line of track appeared. The hoot of a locomotive whistle was heard. Then a train came thundering and shrieking down the track right at the *luneta*.

Half the audience screamed and rushed for exits in the dark. The manager, standing in back of the theater, thought there was an earthquake and upped the lights on a milling mob. People lay trampled in the aisles and between the seats. Women and children had fainted or gone hysterical.

The hurt were taken to the health station, while the manager harangued the others, explaining that it was only a picture, letting them touch the screen and examine the projector.

The small town and village movies are revamped shops or houses. Many have no seats. The customer brings his own chair or box, or else stands against the wall. There is one showing, in the evening. The admission price is between three and five cents in our money, high for adults who earn no more than twenty-five or thirty-five cents a day in shop, market, or fields.

In cities of the tropical lowlands, where the theaters are fairly open to the sky, you will find the urban branch of this vast native poor standing at the door and porous walls of the local home of magic shadows, listening tensely to the incomprehensible English dialogue, and to the outcries, crashes, bursts of music, and other noises of the sound track. That is their evening fun, a few crumbs of sound from the table of the well-to-do and the not-so-poor.

In Latin America the moving picture is overwhelmingly a city joy. In Nicaragua, for example, thirty-six per cent of the movie houses and sixty-three per cent of the total audience is in the capital city of Managua, which has only seven per cent of the population. But it contains the bureaucracy, the foreign business men, consulates, ministries, and local *ricos*.

The cities have one or two "de luxe" palaces, and from four to a dozen "neighborhood" houses. The latter are difficult for the foreign naked eye to identify as such, for they lack marquees, electric signs, and other distinguishing marks, and are housed in converted structures which might serve just as well as warehouses, small factories, or large adobe houses. At a de luxe palace, the first night of a Class A feature is a social event. The best families reserve the same seats throughout the year, and the theater lobby and auditorium itself buzz with gossip, or *bulla*, as boy meets girl, and papas and mamas, uncles and aunts, trade inter-family news.

Few centers have continuous showings. The de luxe theaters in Guatemala City offer all-day programs during the Christmas holidays, rich and poor come with lunch and dinner baskets.

In Costa Rica, the wail of sirens

warns that the late afternoon or evening performance is about to begin. The social life of many cities is becoming oriented around these events. Office work stops at four, so that there is just time for a cup of coffee or chocolate at El Sesteo or El Soda with friends before the double feature, and cafes and coffee houses off the plaza become alive with people. After the evening performance the elite gather again at the main eating and drinking haunts. Older folk sit around the tables while the young people dance to the latest hits presented by the juke box. Only yesterday an American style jazz band furnished the music (now hired only for special occasions), and a few years before Latin America danced to native bands of guitars, violins, and bull fiddle.

In the Latin American capitals a small minority enjoys social comedy pictures—the Powell-Loy sort of thing. But the most popular pictures are built on the old formulas, with plenty of action and love interest, the line between villain and hero well drawn. Comedy must be broad and physical.

The Plainsman and *Robin Hood* have been very successful; *The Grapes of Wrath* (*Via Crucis de un Pueblo*), only moderately so; *The Great Dictator* (where it has been shown over the protests of the German Minister), less than fair.

Ambitiously mounted musicals, such as *The Great Waltz*, draw crowds, even on return showings a year or two later. During Christmas and Easter holidays, those old-timers, *The Sign of the Cross* and *Ben Hur*, are dusted off and shown to thousands who feel that they are undergoing a religious experience while they are being entertained—a duality traditional in religious fiestas.

Heavy drama goes well. The Señora at whose home I stayed in Guatemala City returned with reddened eyes from a showing of Bette Davis in *All This and Heaven Too*. "It was wonderful!" she said. "How I cried!"

Latins love animated cartoons but seem to be allergic to Betty Boop, who is felt to be on the daring, if not immoral, side. Mickey Mouse, long the great favorite, has been surpassed by Donald Duck (*El Pato Pascual*), and both have recently been displaced in popularity by the indomitable *Popeye el Marino* (pronounced Pop-ay-ye) and his cans of *espinaca*. One of the few non-political youth organizations in the nether Americas is little El Salvador's semi-governmental Popeye Club, with about 1,400 members.

Among actors, Gary Cooper, Errol Flynn, Ann Sheridan, and Bette Davis are tops with Latin audiences, who feel uneasy with sophisticates like Joan Blondell and William Powell.

Gone With the Wind made, in most republics, a tremendous hit, part of it undoubtedly attributable to the great pre-showing bal-

lyhoo. In Costa Rica it was sold out far in advance. I was in the main plaza of San José the evening of the *estreno*, or preview, at the Palace Theater, along with 15,000 Ticos. In all the history of the Republic (total population 650,000) no fiesta or political flare-up had ever attracted so great a throng in the Plaza Central. The prices were the highest ever exacted of movie audiences, yet every house was a full house. The showing had to be extended to twelve days, and for weeks angry protests were made by citizens of the secondary cities of Atenas, Alajuela, Heredia, and Cartago because they had not been given a chance to see it.

Hundreds of copies of a cheap Spanish translation of the book were sold as a result of the picture, and this brings up the fact that movies more than anything else have increased the reading of *yanqui* books in the American republics—at least those books from which movies have been made.

Since the beginning of the war, and especially since the collapse of France, news reels and British propaganda war pictures have commanded eager audiences, and in some republics special programs of news and propaganda are offered on the "dull" evenings, Monday and Friday, and on Sunday morning. The American flag and the Union Jack, Roosevelt and Winston Churchill, and the British King and Queen are invariably applauded—which means much, for beating the palms together as a sign of approval is not in the Latin tradition.

The Hollywood movie has not ruined the Spanish or Spanish-American drama, for there never was such a thing. Each republic has its Teatro Nacional, usually a heavy, costly marble structure in Italian baroque, a white elephant built and maintained because of national vanity. It would be used a dozen or twenty times a year, when some traveling third-rate opera company, or some singer or pianist, came that way, and then prices of admission would be so prohibitive that only people of means could attend, and they more as a gesture of money in the bank than of anything else.

Of all the countries of western Europe, Spain was the most backward in the field of modern drama, and its ex-colonies had no living theater except a few experimental and radical workers' groups. Otherwise, plays were in the old Lope da Vega tradition, full of passionate and bombastic speeches and stampings about the stage, and built on the same old formula which was "corny" before Scribe and Sardou were born. It has not been a loss that several of these Teatros Nacionales have been converted into movie palaces.

Sportsmanship is a new thing below the Rio Grande, but the Latin Americans learn fast. Baseball, introduced by marines, en-

Continued on page 124



"Psst! Hey, Wilberforce! Where'd you get the slack suit?"

Gad what a cad!

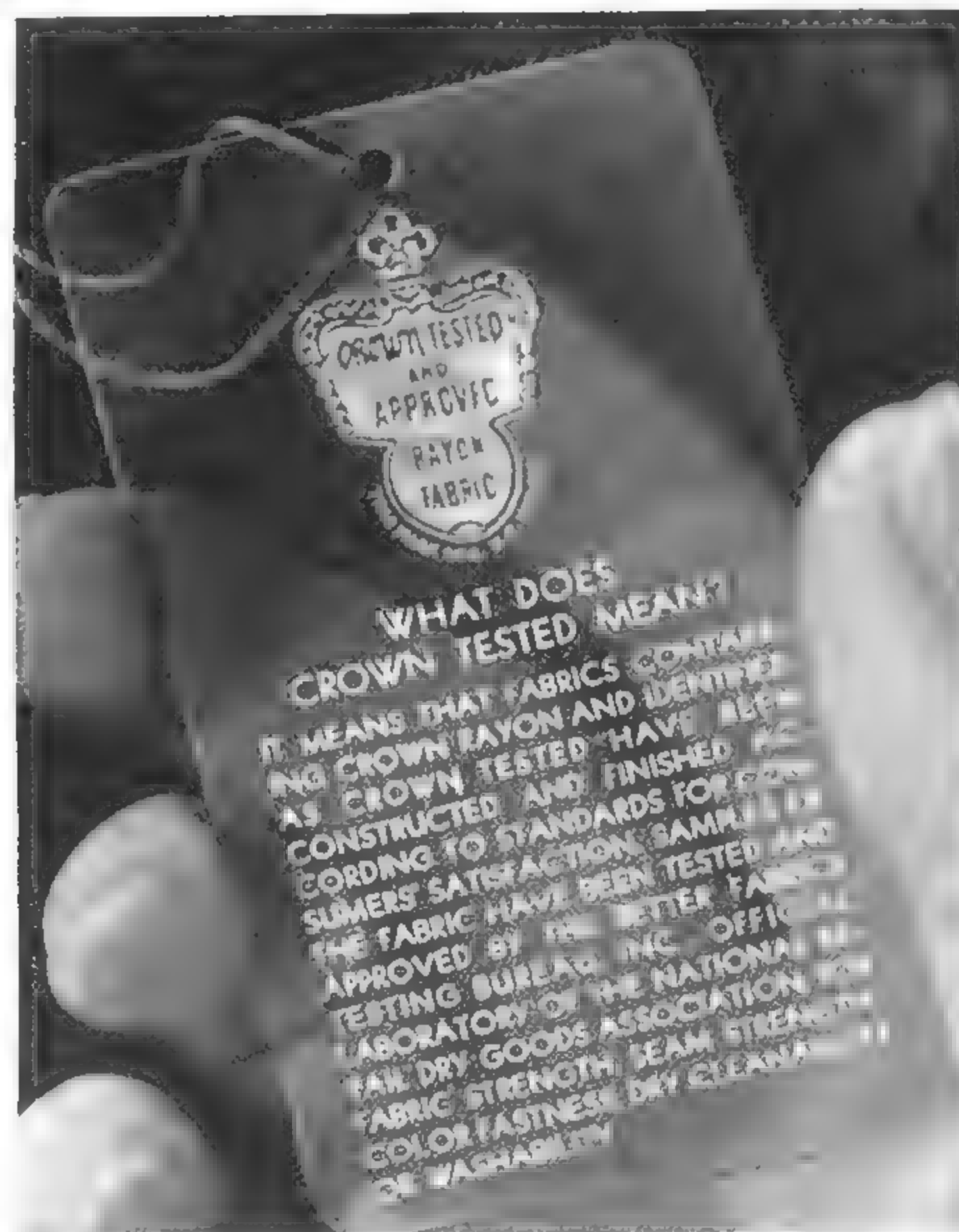
But turn the other cheek, Wilberforce.

Tell the gentleman how he, *too*, can come out from behind those bushes!

Tell him how the Crown* Tested Tag and *quality* rayon togs go together—like caviar and champagne!

Tell him it's the ticket that plays cricket! That rayon fabrics identified by the Crown Tested Tag have been tested for wearing qualities, color fastness, washability or cleanability.

So tell him, Wilberforce. And then maybe...the gentleman will go away.



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Latins Have Gringo Fun

Continued from pages 34-122

gineers, and businessmen, has taken hold mostly in those countries with which we have enjoyed the closest relations—Mexico, Cuba, Nicaragua, and Panama. These lands have teams and leagues and a little World Series of their own, thousands of rabid fans, organized cheering, stars, formidable sections of the newspaper sports pages, and a fan-jargon derived from American baseballesse containing such odd words as *aut*, *estraic*, *tim*, *jardinero* (fielder), *jonron* (home run). Baseball reporters and commentators sport such pen names as Fan, Player, Estraic-Aut, and Big Boy, and there is much editorial admonition against fighting with the umpire.

But the all-around athletic future that once seemed baseball's belongs now to basketball. *Basket* (the Latins omit the *bal* and call the game *beis*, *basket*, and *fut*) has become the rage among the young, possibly because it requires less in the way of expensive imported equipment. The girls especially have taken it up with enthusiasm, and play it by men's rules—a development which brings stern observations from an occasional conservative bishop that wearing shorts in public and the unseemliness of young virgins throwing themselves about recklessly before packed stands is morally subversive.

Nevertheless, sports throughout Latin America advance rapidly, and the United States, as the No. 1 sporting nation, is the main influence. Track and field sports as adjuncts to the school curriculum and social welfare work are gaining in scope, and are frequently found in the hands of coaches imported from the U. S. and entered on the government payrolls. Boxing and wrestling cards are to be seen even in smaller towns, and oddly enough *la lucha* stirs more interest than *el boxeo*. The chief wrestling bout is usually put in the place of honor, with the boxing matches as preliminaries.

Nowhere so off the beaten track that it does not show some sign of gringo athletic influence. I remember wandering about in the dry bed of a river in the Colombian jungle and stumbling upon the whitened skull of a cow. While meditating on Death Valley days, I saw a few yards away a startling artifact: a basketball hoop, complete with broken backboard!

One doesn't have to go to the juke box business for statistics, if one is a habitual traveler in the Americas, to know that in the last few years the number of these noise machines has greatly increased. The situation might even be called alarming, for there seems now to be hardly a sizable settlement without at least one of these machines grinding away old and new jazz tunes from six in the morning until midnight and beyond.

I do not know what was going

on in Colima when the devastating earthquake of last summer struck that indolent capital of *tierra caliente*, but I do know that the quake must have caught the gorgeous rose-tinted, nickel-plated machine, which played day and night from the cantina across from Señora Pepe's Gran Occidental Hotel, in the very middle of some incongruous piece of blatancy. In many a town the inhabitants have of late risen in wrath and achieved the suppression, at least in volume and at bedtime hours, of what is becoming a formidable nuisance. As in the American small town, it is now hard in Latin America to find a quiet café, or a spot in the plaza free from assault by an ornate fun machine.

The Latin is forgetting his native dances, Spanish and Indian, and going in wholeheartedly for jazz, which he dances woodenly but with evident relish. Last year I visited Pinotepa Nacional, a town in the Oaxacan jungle accessible only by horseback or by plane. I went there because I thought it was primitive, cut off, and arrived in time to see my host off with a wreath and an armed escort to bury an aunt who had been murdered by bandits in a neighboring town.

I asked the schoolmaster if he could arrange an evening of indigenous dances by the country folk. We had to make a ceremonious call on the mayor to assure him it was not a bona fide fiesta and would not therefore need a license. The dance was to be held on a level plot of ground before the home of the Apolo Jazz Orchestra! I arrived to find about two hundred Pinotepans gathered in a semi-circle under the full moon on the edge of the jungle. The "orchestra" was playing *Alexander's Ragtime Band*, and a few were fox-trotting and broke off guiltily on seeing me.

After the hour's program of dances, all executed with a somber restraint that not even *tequila* could break, a committee approached me impressively. Pinotepa had showed me its dances. Well and good. Now would I be so good as to demonstrate how the gringos dance *el havt djazz*? I left to the strains of *Oh Johnny*. The chore of the old native dances being done, the Pinotepans were having real fun—with *djazz*.

In whatever city you find yourself between Cape Horn and the Mexique Bay, you will find also American magazines in profusion on stands and in bookstores—all the main slicks and pulps. You will see that many Latin American magazines are obvious imitations of some of our own popular ones. You will also notice that your newspaper, whether Argentinian or Chilean or Brazilian or Venezuelan, is a good fifty per cent United States. Nearly all the extra-national news is from our great news syndicates—A.P., U. P., I.N.S. Nearly all the non-news

matter, aside from editorials and literary-philosophical contributions, is from our feature syndicates—comic strips, beauty, fashion, health, love, household advice, bridge lessons, sports chatter, oddities, historical, human interest and political cartoons, Hollywood gossip, picture page, roto section.

Near Times Square in New York is a newspaper doctor. Once a U.P. correspondent in Buenos Aires, he now acts as middleman for these inter-American entertainments. He has pulled many a Latin American newspaper out of the red by a judicious injection of Mickey Mouse, Max Factor, and serial fiction straight out of our main American word-factories.

Everywhere the peasant women are climbing out of their ancient petticoats and *huipiles* and getting into Fifth Avenue clothes. In the market place you may spot the traveling merchant with his bags of silk or rayon dress goods—you will find him where the throng of women is thickest. The shinier the stuff the better, no matter how it matches the tropical complexion. The Indian males are climbing into trousers (the two-pants suit is just around the corner of the future), the tucked-in shirt, the felt hat, the pinching shoes. The one article of our apparel they find it difficult to assimilate is the necktie—which speaks well for them.

Gringo fun, as expressed in pastimes, distractions, gadgets—the whole envied pattern of North American life—is affecting vast changes in the folkways of the Good Neighbors. The soda fountain is crowding the cantina and *pulqueria*. There are few towns in which you cannot find ice cream cones, eskimo pies. One of the best banana splits I have ever enjoyed was in a tiny adobe shop in Baranquilla, Colombia.

The American fruit pie is taking hold along with the hot dog and the sandwich. Our cookies, breakfast foods, catsups, canned goods, are being successfully imitated as well as imported. Where today the American *excusado* and bathroom have become acclimated, tomorrow the American kitchen range and electric plate, and with these the "toastmaster," waffle iron, and griddle soon will follow.

The omnipresent Coca-Cola, toothpaste, laxative, and cigarette ads showing the U.S. smile, the U.S. silk-clad leg, the U.S. idea of the best shape for man and woman, are having considerable propaganda effect while they are welcomed by the plain Latin for their ornamental chromo effect. "Oh boy!" "Hot stuff!" "Sex appil!" and many another gringo phrase has taken out first papers in Spanish-America. "Hai life" and "week end" are also in the language, and the middle-class Good Neighbor takes his Ford or Chevy or Buick or Packard out of the garage and hits the highways to the beach or for the evening round trip which corresponds

to Joe Doaks's tour of the suburbs or the 1929-abandoned subdivisions for a bit of air.

Our Good Neighbors have adopted the Beauty Queen contest. Now coffee, sugar, cotton, corn, journalist, Rotarian, and other annual contests for queens help to enliven the tropical scene. And my friend Señor Laspuir, who has three beautiful daughters, is proud of the fact that he has made Costa Rica so American chewing-gum conscious that the little country ranks second only to the United States in sticks of gum consumed per capita.

Our main contribution to the world is the achievement known as mass production, with its accompaniment of mass well being. Our main "cultural" contribution is the export of leisure-consuming accessories which we developed out of the success of our productive machine. We have given the world not only super-plumbing, motor cars, and a host of domestic conveniences, but also comic strips, the journalism of distraction and amusement, and a thousand interesting odds and ends for sociable eating and drinking and time-killing.

We were converting, by means of these jazz-exports, the whole world to our image—for Java and Indo-China, the Congo and the Amazon, the Balkans and China, knew Mickey Mouse, Mutt and Jeff, basketball, the Ford car, and the pulp magazine—until the world depression put a brake on the process. The subsequent rise and spread of fascism all but stopped it, and the second world war put an end to it. Only one part of the world remains in which our influence continues. That is our own quartersphere, the Americas South and Central, with the islands of the Caribbean. From a lofty point of view it may be a dubious contribution. Irving Berlin is no Beethoven, Goldwyn something less than Molière.

But the main fact that it persists, that these joy-commodities are bought eagerly by multitudes hungry for yanqui-type pleasure, is a sign that an immense vacuum exists in the life of the common man of the plains, plateaus, and mountains to our south. Gringofun has added color, interests, and variety to the life of the Good Neighbors. It is definitely a contribution making for good will and hemisphere solidarity. The spectacle of Juan Fernandez, the Latin American Joe Doaks, a magazine of U.S. comics sticking out of his pocket, watching a game of *beis* from his perch on a crumbling adobe wall, is heartening for our side. Following the motions of a cheer leader, he yells, "A la vivo, a la vavo, a la seess boom baam!" with his fellows for good old Tlaxtlaxl. Between innings the village band does its best with a Sousa march, and at the end of the game the town beauty queen, Mees *Beis*, 1941, awards the silver trophy to the winning *tim*.

Viva! It is one in the eye for Adolf Hitler. #



Two-piece Jockey Longs

Get Outdoors in Jockey Longs

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

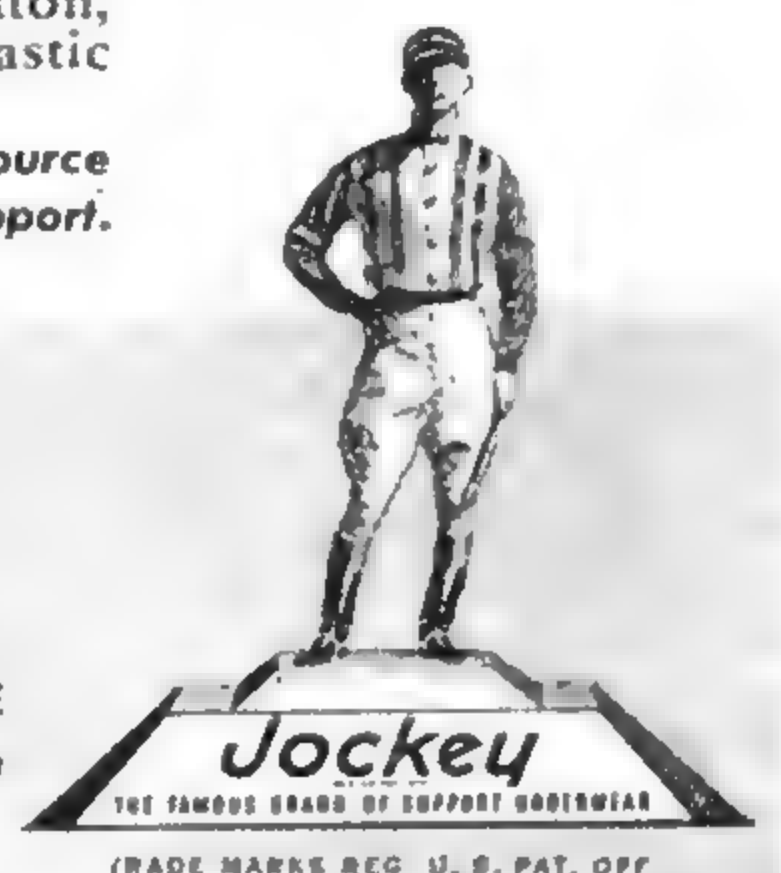
Wish you could get out of doors more in winter and enjoy it the way you did when you were a kid? When the feeling of snow on your face made your blood sing instead of your teeth chatter! Then why don't you do as other smart men who refuse to let winter reduce their activities to short, unhealthy sprints between heated rooms and heated cars. Lengthen your shorts to give yourself the additional coverage you need! Jockey Longs are tailored for smartness as well as comfort; fitted at the hips and ankles as well as at the waist. That means no bulk, bind, creep... NOR BUTTONS... and Jockey's inverted *Y-front means restful masculine support, freedom from squirm and a conveniently angled opening which won't gap. Matching shirts (contoured in front, longer in back) avoid bunching, stay in place. Children's sizes down to four years. In stores identified by the famous Jockey statue. Get a supply now, and this winter be sure you KEEP YOURSELF FIT.

"Quality Corner"—Better stores offer Jockey in Rayon, mercerized cotton, linen and cotton, wool and cotton mixtures and the new elastic super-textile, Coopreme.

*—The Source of Support.

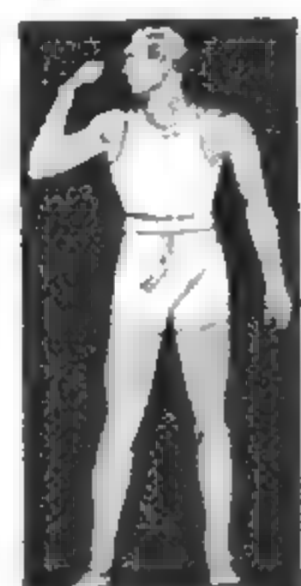
Coopers INC.
KENOSHA WISCONSIN

NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE
Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; in Australia by MacRae Knitting Mills, Sydney; in British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ideal House, London; in New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S 1



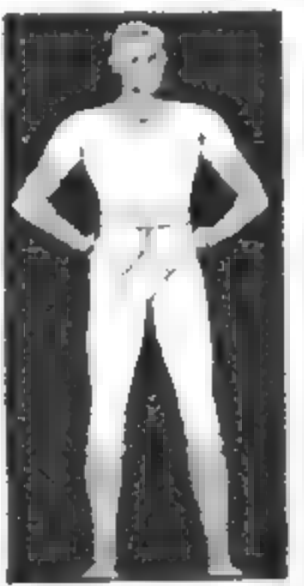
Left
JOCKEY SHORT
For summer sports.

Right
JOCKEY MIDWAY
Squirm-free comfort for ordinary wear.



Left
JOCKEY BELLIN
A trim, youthful waistline for dress-up occasions.

Right
JOCKEY OVER-KNEE
For scratchy tweeds.



Tally-Ho, Texas Style

Continued from page 62

these bloodlines most zealously.

People were thicker on the roads now, the groups splitting to each side of the road to let the jogging horsemen through. I had slept in my car, parked to one side of the café tent. I had come down from Houston and brought Bill, a news service man, with me. When the poker game at our camp broke up at midnight, Bill was drowsy and tired. "I hope those damn dogs don't howl all night," he complained.

"Those damn dogs," I replied, "are wolves, except the little one might be a coyote."

Bill was silent. A minute later, he said: "And we go out there in a damn forest full of stickers and try to stir 'em up."

"Yes," I said. "That's sport. That's what all these people are here for."

"Some sport," he grunted disgustedly.

The camp had its bar fixed at the end of a long wooden table. There were bottles of assorted whiskey, paper cups and a keg of ice water and a Coca-Cola box jammed with cans of cold beer. Long before dawn, the determined beat and the rising and falling wails of *New San Antonio Rose* scratched from the nickel phonograph in the café tent. Inside the tent, besieged behind the square counter of raw pine boards, a half a dozen short order experts were rushing breakfast for the hungry fox hunters. Gallons of steaming black coffee jetted from two urns. Neat stacks of thick hot cakes were dished up at assembly-line speed, with thick fried bacon. The cakes were sluiced with blackstrap syrup of East Texas cane.

An official from headquarters tent came in and shouted over the clatter of dishes: "The first cast for today will be made a half a mile from camp on the north road. Hurry please." I heard someone say a Mr. Scott was bringing his eight dogs from Edna, sixty-three miles away. I looked for Bill and decided he must have gone with another batch of hunters.

In a clearing on the slope of a hill half a mile away from the camp, the master of the hunt sat easily on a young sorrel. One of the officials of the association on a big bay horse rode up and down the road lining up the spectators and the dog owners and handlers. The line suddenly came to order as the master of the hunt pulled a notebook from his pocket and began to call the numbers of the hounds.

Every hound is painted on both sides with its number. The owner of the dog decides the color. If a hound is white with a black saddle, it may have, say for the number 714, a black seven to show to advantage on the white, a red one for the black saddle and black for the four. Special paint is used, which will not easily wash off but does not harm the dog's hide.

Three more cars loaded with dogs arrived. One of them was this

Scott with a specially-built trailer.

"It's too dry yet," a man said. "The dogs couldn't find a skunk on this ground. It'll be a good hour before there's enough dew."

Later a man came by and said: "I just felt the tops of the cars and they're wet. Let's go."

Scott opened a gate at the back of his trailer and one by one, the heavy-boned hounds piled out. There were a few snarling flurries as they brushed with the strange dogs. Scott had a young hound with him on a leash. "This fella here will be good in about a year," he said, roughing the dog's ears. "But right now, he'd just as soon run a rabbit as a wolf."

The master calls the numbers. The owners and handlers answer their cries: "Here, sir," "Yassuh," and "Present." The hounds are whining and straining, each one on his leash. The handlers cuff them down. A large cardboard box has been lying under a tree. An association official opens it and brings out the red zipper jackets, neatly folded. Eight young men swing off their horses. Most of them wear chaps; all of them ride stock saddles. They slip on the jackets. They are the judges.

The roll call is finally ended. Several thousand people are lined up in rows three and four deep behind the hounds. They are almost in a straight line, with the ends of the line in a slight crescent.

"I will raise my hand, then lower it, like this," the master of foxhounds says, slowly bringing down his outstretched hand. "Then let your hounds go. Do not handle them, or do anything to encourage them. Do not blow your horns to call in your dogs. The hunt will be called off at 11 a.m., and then you may call in your dogs at will."

You wouldn't believe a crowd of that size could be so silent. There was only the straining and whimpering of the hounds and the early morning breeze in the crowding pines along the road.

Slowly the gloved hand came down and as it touched the saddle of the little sorrel, there was a wild dash as 380 foxhounds broke away. They ran almost silently. One big lemon and white hound bowled over a newspaper photographer crouched between him and the beckoning woods. The heavy pine carpet, for a few short seconds, was alive with racing, many-colored hounds. For those moments, it was as if a bright tapestry had been thrown over burlap. Then the color was gone. The dogs had vanished into the woods, with the red-coated judges pounding leather behind them.

The brush at that part of the country was so thick that most of us waited until the first strike dog sound and then galloped down the road to the nearest point, where we could hear the music of the race. Then I was sliding and skidding down the thirty-foot bank of a creek and sloughing through the

deep white sand to the other side. Breathing hard, I scrambled to the top of the bank. In this bottomland, where the old oaks and tall pecan trees topped the brush, I could hear the men urging on the hounds.

I had a few scratches and had lost my hat. Scott looked at me and said, "You'd better stick with me."

It was more open country on the other side, and we could see six or eight dogs hunting. About a half a mile and one of the dogs made a strike.

"That's my Jeff," Scott said.

The others were plunging through the brush but Scott found a high place where the creek made a wide bend and we sat down. We lit cigarettes and he went on, "I've got a game leg, so to Hell with it. I always let my hounds do their own hunting. We can hear the race and if they really have a fox, he'll probably strike back through the brush by this creek. We might see him."

It had been a long time and we had not heard the dogs. A drifting white shadow came out of the brush and a bitch hound came wriggling up to Scott.

"What's the matter, old lady, did you lose him?" Scott was gentle with her. "She'll shake a wolf like a rat," he went on. "You can't have a good pack without a couple of bitches in it. The dogs won't bother a she-wolf with cubs, but these (and he pulled the bitch's ears softly) don't care what they are."

Then there was the full-toned cry of a strike surprisingly near. The other dogs took it up and they were coming towards us. Scott held the struggling bitch and I unsnapped the leash on his puppy. My hands were shaking so I could hardly hold the puppy. Then a yellowish blur flashed into the open of a broad clearing to our right with the thundering dogs not thirty yards behind. Scott yelled and the bitch was off with the puppy hard after her. They quartered across the clearing. The blur tried to turn but that split second was enough and the dogs bowled over it.

When we got there, Scott beat the dogs away with the leash. He turned the ragged lump of fur and bones over with his foot.

"That's one coyote that's eaten his last turkey," said he.

Scott kept the dogs there until most of the hunters came up.

"Lucky guys," they said. "We run him right in your lap."

"You just eat too much," Scott said. Then he decided to start his dogs again in some hills to the north, and the others went east to make another cast.

Thirty minutes later the first fox was treed. We tied our horses and crashed on through the brush and saplings to the tree, a low-branched oak. The judges had beaten off the dogs, and I could see the dark triangular mask of

the fox move in the tree. One of the judges muscled up on a branch and grabbed the fox. It was small and in poor condition, which accounted for the short race. There was no more to it than picking up a cat. Someone had a box in a car and it was taken back to camp. The hounds now ranged away from the tree and split up into three packs, each running a fox. We scrambled back to the horses and followed the nearest pack. Other hunters came galloping from the camp; some sat in cars, some stood on hilltops—all of them silent, listening to the hounds.

From a long way off to the east came the muted clamor of dogs running.

"They must have struck over there," Scott said. "I guess that fool puppy heard them and started in behind."

When the hunt was called off for the day, four foxes had been treed and taken back to camp and put in a box at the headquarters tent. One had been caught on the ground and killed by the dogs. A woman riding with us had been scraped off her horse and there was a long rip in the back of her orange satin shirt.

A good deal of fox hunting is talking about it. If the present hunt is good, it will be talked about next year and the year after; if it is a fine hunt, it will become through telling and retelling one of the many legends of the countryside.

"The hounds," Scott was telling me, can go all night and sometimes when they strike a wolf, they'll run right out of the county. We've figured it out on some of the hunts. I know one hunt when these hounds of mine traveled a course which added up to about seventy-five miles."

Just at that moment we heard the puppy baying furiously under a tree not far away. Scott plunged through high weeds to the tree, spanked the puppy with the leash and sent him yelping. He spat out disgustedly: "He had a damn possum!"

Scott opened the gate at the back of his trailer and the dogs heaved themselves in—all except the puppy, which was timid and had to be encouraged.

I went back to my car, my feet swollen inside my boots. My legs swung along automatically; my boots were full of lead.

There was a big bulge under an Indian blanket in the back seat. I jerked back the blanket and there was Bill.

"I'm tired," he mumbled drowsily.

"How far did you go with the other bunch?" I demanded imperiously.

"What other bunch? You went off and left me."

He wormed luxuriously under the blankets. Owl-eyed he peered out at me. "This fox hunting's swell," he said wisely. "Swell sport!" #

an open letter to John Steuart Curry . . .

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN
NEW YORK CHICAGO

January 14, 1942

Mr. John Steuart Curry
Associated American Artists, Inc.
711 Fifth Avenue
New York City

Dear Mr. Curry:

The entire public has acclaimed your masterful painting, THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD, as one of the most significant works of American art. Since your acceptance of our commission to create a painting especially for Esquire, and since the color reproduction of THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD in the December Esquire, hundreds and hundreds of readers have written us their praises of your painting and their congratulations to us for our part in bringing it to them.

As one critic wrote, "THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD has a new humanness, yet loses nothing of the strength and vigor characteristic of Mr. Curry's style."

But see for yourself how enthusiastic has been the reception for THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD. Here are excerpts from just a few of the letters which have been pouring in:

Museum of the City of New York, (Grace M. Mayer, Curator of Prints): "I find this work tremendously exciting and stimulating. Congratulations on making it easily available to so many people through Esquire . . . It is now more than ever important to bring the romance of America home, and this sincere and realistic representation of the contemporary scene should do much in this direction."

Washington County Museum of Fine Arts, (John Richard Craft, Director): "Solidity and solidarity of form and spirit are expressed in a new high in American art."

Swarthmore College, (John W. Nason, President): ". . . a most striking dramatization of the American reaction to the war."

Franklin and Marshall College, (Elizabeth Kieffer, Librarian): ". . . Americanism in art . . . not only is its composition and coloring in the best artistic tradition, but the symbolism is profoundly moving."

Museum of Fine Arts of Houston, (James Chillman, Jr., Director): "This most able work makes its points without melodrama or sentimentality. Work such as this has a distinct value in public education, particularly as it is seen by a wide audience."

These institutions and the many, many others who have written us their praises of THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD join us in sending you heartiest thanks, Mr. Curry.

Yours very truly,

M. Scott Stewart
for Esquire The Magazine for Men

mss/gu

LEHIGH UNIVERSITY
Department of Fine Arts
BETHLEHEM, PENNSYLVANIA
October 27
1941

Miss Estelle Mandel
Associated American Artists
711 Fifth Avenue
New York City

CITY ART MUSEUM OF ST. LOUIS
Forest Park
Director: PERRY T. RAYBURN
Secretary: JAMES

October 27, 1941

Strictly Business

Continued from page 55

door. His mouth was propped open and his eyes were stretched. But before he could speak, Sure yelled, "Where was that shooting? You shot somebody?"

The man's eyes blinked. "Who me? No sir! It came from right next door!" He pointed at the room which Sure had just left.

"Call the house detective!" Sure barked, brittle-voiced and thin-lipped, then turned as if to re-enter the room. "I'll go in and see what's happening."

The man stepped back into his room to make the phone call. Sure dashed for the stairway, made it before anyone else came out into the hall. He went down to the tenth floor and came out into the corridor. There was a woman waiting for the elevator and he said to her, "Are you having trouble with hot water, too?"

She gave him a quick, startled glance. "Why, er—"

"Mine's cut off again," Sure explained. "I thought maybe everybody's was cut off."

"Oh!" She smiled. "No, the water in our suite is running all right. Why don't you put in a complaint?"

"Lady, if I had a dollar for every complaint—"

The elevator came and cut him off. He rode down to the mezzanine, got out and sauntered over to the writing desk, trying to dope an out. By then the stopper would be on the place, he knew. Calahan and the squad from headquarters would have every doorway blocked.

He sat down and pulled out a sheet of paper, began scratching words. Through the corner of his eye he could see activity breaking out in the lobby below. Uniformed police swarmed about like flies at a picnic, grabbing off guys right and left and shaking them down.

Sure propped his chin on his thumb as if thinking and looked about. There was a man a couple of desks away, otherwise the place was momentarily deserted.

Sure took out the gun, keeping his eyes on the guy at the second desk. He broke the gun, and discharged the bullets into his hand.

Then he took out his handkerchief and carefully wiped each bullet, wiped the gun inside and out, wrapped them together in a couple of sheets of writing paper and pushed them down to the bottom of the waste paper container.

Next he folded the sheet of paper on which he had been writing, held it in his hand and went downstairs. Two policemen at the foot of the stairs stopped him, shook him down. Neither of them knew him by sight. Finding him clean they thumbed him on his way.

He went over to the desk and bought a stamped envelope. He addressed it to Mr. Herbie Crump, 3723 Clark Avenue, Chicago, Ill., put the folded letter paper inside, sealed it and started casually to-

ward the outside doorway, holding the letter in his hand.

He had almost made it when someone shouted, "That's him! Going out the door!"

It was the guy he had told to call the house detective.

A policeman surged from behind a palm, tugging at his gun.

Sure broke through the doorway, pushing but not panicky, bumped over a little guy with a goatee and roughed aside a couple coming up the stairs. At the bottom step a drunk got in his way. He stiff-jabbed him across the sidewalk into the gutter and made the corner while the police were making up their minds about risking a shot.

A late show crowd filled the street, giving him a top. He wormed in and out, hurried but not hasty, easing the lay as he went.

The street was glass-fronted and solid as far as he could see, but he knew that as long as he stayed in the crowd and kept moving the police couldn't shoot.

Some fellows came out of a bar and tried to stop him, forcing him to cut left, obliquely across the street through the auto traffic.

Police whistles shrilled! People shouted! A woman screamed . . .

He ran in front of a taxi, cut behind a Buick. A curse lashed at him. He jumped across in front of a streetcar, wheeled quickly to keep from being run down by a big fast moving Packard. Rubber burnt asphalt in a splitting shriek as the driver stood on his brakes. The car behind bumped into the Packard with a crash, locking bumpers. Men began to swear.

Sure stepped on the locked bumpers, jumped across, dashed down the sidewalk, cut up an alley without looking back. Sweat filmed on his forehead like a hundred degrees in the sun.

The alley stopped dead at the back of a garage. Panic went off in him like a flare. He felt cornered and stark naked without his gun. Behind him the coppers closed in with a shower of feet.

The back of an apartment loomed to his right. He hit the back steps and scuttled upward, stiff-jointed from a growing fright. His nerves began breaking through his skin like an outcropping rash and his heart did triple taps.

On the fourth floor he spied an open kitchen window, heard the thunder of following feet. He turned, dove through the window, landed in the kitchen on his hands and knees. He came up without a loss of motion and ran into the back hallway.

There was a light and the sound of voices in the front room. He ran through the short hallway, came out into the lighted room, bumped into a man who had gotten up to investigate the commotion. The man fell backwards into the lap of a woman sitting in a chair. The woman screamed.

Sure grabbed for the door, his

hand full of sweat. The knob slipped in his grasp. He kept grabbing, trying to get a hold. Behind him the woman kept screaming in high, monotonous yelps. His hair stuck straight up.

He got the door open as he heard the police piling through the kitchen window, went down the stairs in a power dive. It was quiet on the side street where he came out, but before he got halfway across the police began shooting at him from the apartment window.

He ran down the opposite alley, came out beside a night club and hailed a cruising taxi.

"Union station," he croaked, piling in.

The driver turned around and took off.

Sure settled back, fished out a cigarette.

Then he went to pieces—just like that. He began trembling all over, his knees knocked together, even his head began to jerk as if he had d.t.'s. He couldn't get the cigarette between his lips. Mashing it, he threw it out the window.

Suddenly he began to sweat; it came off of him like showers of rain, came out of his ears, out of his mouth. All he could see was the electric chair with himself sitting in it.

The cab slowed for a red light and he opened the door and jumped out. He ran down the street with the driver yelling at him, ducked up the first dark alley. Keeping to the alleys and darkest streets, running without stopping, he finally came to an abandoned coal shed in the back yard of a broken down house on 49th Street in the Negro slums.

He crawled inside, sat down in the dirt and darkness, feeling nauseated from his terror and utterly exhausted. His heart was beating like John Henry driving steel. Then he bent over and vomited.

After that his terror began passing. He got up and walked over to Central and went into a colored bar. A boy called Blue asked, "How's business, Sure?"

He thought of the grand he had just made and got back his nerve. "Not bad, not bad attall, Blue, how's things breaking for you?"

"They ain't walking," Bluesaid. "They ain't walking, Sure."

"You'll get 'em," Sure said, turning toward the street. "See you, Blue, I got some ends need pulling in."

"If'n I live and nuthin' doan happen," Blue said.

Sure went out to Little Brother's on 57th Street and borrowed his Studebaker. Then he drove by his downtown room on 37th Street and picked up another gun. From there he drove out to 89th where Pipe Jimmy Sciria lived.

Pipe Jimmy was getting into the La Salle. He was hopped to the gills and kept brushing imaginary specks from his clothes.

Sure got out of the Studebaker

and climbed in with Pipe Jimmy. "I'm going a pieceway with you, kid," he said.

"I'm going south," Pipe Jimmy grinned. "Mexico. That way I stay clear."

"I know," Sure said.

"How'd you know?" Pipe Jimmy asked, turning to look at him.

"I'm helping you," Sure said.

They drove out the Boulevard to route 26 and followed it over to 43. "You don't have to worry about me, Sure," Pipe Jimmy said. "I'm your pal."

"I ain't," Sure said.

About twelve miles out, Sure said, "Pull up."

"Huh?"

"You heard me! Pull up!"

Pipe Jimmy wheeled over and dragged down. Sure drew his gun and stuck it against Pipe Jimmy's ribs. "Get out!"

Pipe Jimmy went a sick white and his hands shook so he could not get open the door. Sure leaned over and opened it for him.

"Look, Sure, I'm your pal," Pipe Jimmy said, standing on the pavement and licking his lips. His knees kept buckling.

"Come over on this side," Sure said, getting out into the gully.

Pipe Jimmy came around the car, walking wobbly, stepped into the gully and backed up against the running board, "Say, you ain't thinking about—"

Sure reached over and grabbed him by the collar, slung him into the gully.

"Nix, Sure, nix, pal . . ." Pipe Jimmy cried, rolling over and trying to crawl away.

"I ain't got nothing against you, kid," Sure said, shooting him in the back. "It's business with me."

Pipe Jimmy spun like a stick from the punch of the slug . . . "Nix, buddy . . ."

Sure shot him in the chest . . . "I'm your pal, Sure . . ." Sure stepped closer and shot him through the head.

He broke the gun and carefully wiped it with his handkerchief, inside and out. He wiped the bullets, scattered them over Pipe Jimmy's body, tossed the gun into the brush, got back in the car and headed toward Chicago, intending to establish an alibi and double back the next week.

But a hoosier cop in Terre Haute who didn't like his looks picked him up and ran him in. Charge of *Suspicious Person*.

They made him from the "wanted" circular that had just come in and sent him back to be tried for the murder of Benny "Hot Papa" Shapiro. The state produced twenty-seven witnesses who had seen him in and about the hotel the night of the murder.

But he had a defense . . . "I didn't have nothing against the guy," he whined by way of justification. "I liked the guy, he was a friend of mine. It was just business with me." #

"North or South"

Wherever you go . . .
Whatever you do

* **Interwoven Socks**

They
WEAR
Longer

* REG. U. S. PAT. OFF

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coral at the courts

While our friend intently watches the tennis exhibitions at Nassau, let us in turn gaze at him. The Bahamian Coral shade of the slacks, worn in an authentic setting by this spectator, was inspired by the color of a certain coral in this part of the world. They may be of linen, other washable or rayon-blend fabric. Such slacks need a neutralizer, and the smart choice here is the natural shade jacket with gilt buttons and center-vented back. A printed foulard handkerchief flutters from the chest pocket. His Sandune and Harbor Blue knitted lisle pull-over is topped by a printed foulard scarf, and his Silver Palm hat carries a Sandune puggree. The blue buckskin shoes with white welt and grey rubber soles happen to be favored by the Duke of Windsor. That, plus the contrast with the Sandune socks and Bahamian Coral slacks make the shoes a good choice. They're comfortable, too.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from page 71

endorsement of lead-fanned females, but were not picking as their valentines dames whose pans were plowed by the wrinkles of competitive effort and whose complexions approximated the texture and coloring of a pony express rider's saddle.

Note, in the following comments, how school sports tutors discreetly and expertly answer.

Herbert W. Read, Michigan State Teachers College, Kalamazoo, Michigan, voted with the minority saying no, adding:

Women of the less delicate types usually do better in athletics. This may give rise to the coarsened effect. In general participation in sports is not so good for pink complexion and soft curves with languorous effects. But nice sun tan has become a sign of womanly health and beauty. It may be said that sports on the whole should enhance attractive looks.

N. J. Penick of Pineville, Oregon, said: "I think it develops the wrong places." **C. B. Hedgecock**, Michigan State Teachers College, Marquette, Michigan, declared: "A woman's private life has more to do with her appearance than her sports so far as a coarse appearance goes." **Stephen Roberts**, East Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania State Teachers College, related: "I'm in a Health Education School where all women must participate in strenuous games and they maintain their beauty, etc."

Charles I. Somerby (alias Zing of the Haverhill, Massachusetts, *Gazette*) said: "In general, yes, but there may be exceptions. Personally I prefer them real dainty bits of femininity rather than sport marvels of the mannish type." **Louis Menze**, cage coach at Iowa State, voted "yes" with the majority, but would make an exception of swimming.

Willard B. Whalin, Dowling College, Des Moines, Iowa, voting "no," asserting:

In the case of women athletes it is usually a matter of the stars being masculine in type before they start. I believe a feminine type girl would remain that way in spite of competition because this is a characteristic governed by the glands of internal secretion and we have no control over them.

QUESTION VI

Do you believe that restoring the center-jump with the players rotating in the center ring like the baseball batting order would improve basketball?

The public	No 56.85%
Basketball coaches	No 83.33%
Sports editors	No 76.88%

The majority of those who should know the most about this question say let it alone. Only 16.67% of the cage coaches favored a change.

Ken Loefler, Yale basketball coach, called attention to an important flaw in this plan:

I feel that basketball has arrived at a point where any change in regard to the center-jump could not better the present game. As the question is proposed, the situation might arise where

a five-foot man would be attempting to get the tip from a six-foot man—an obviously unfair inequality. The center-jump in itself is worthy of a volume of discussion.

Bruce Drake, University of Oklahoma cage mentor, said:

Concerning the rotation of the center-jump as suggested by Forrest C. Allen:—The center-jump was discarded because of the premium placed on the "goon." This move has tended to equalize the game, making it more scientific (I hope) and making it a game of skill. The restoring of the center-jump would throw not one "goon" in the game but five, to make sure that Podunk got the tip each time the ball was tossed up in the center-ring. It's a fine game the way it is and certainly a lot faster than it was with the old center-jump.

Jack Gardner, cage coach at Kansas State, commented:

The elimination of the center-jump, which was first advocated by Sam Barry of the University of Southern California, has done more to increase the popularity of basketball than any other single factor in the last ten years. The sport now draws more spectators than any other. Why change it?

Robert D. Wright, Mount Union College, Alliance, Ohio, wrote:

I am positive that I first suggested this method of putting the ball in play in basketball in an article in *The Athletic Journal* for January, 1936.

Clair F. Bee, coach of the famous Long Island University quint, was one of the minority in favor of trying out the rotation idea, agreeing that although it might "not 'improve' the game, it would certainly relieve the mental and physical fatigue now so unrelenting in the sport." Supporting Bee's view were: **Don White**, who coaches the University of Connecticut; **George Keogan**, Notre Dame; **W. F. Lane**, North Carolina; **Howard Cann**, New York University; **L. W. Jourdet**, Pennsylvania; **Dr. Forrest C. Allen**, Kansas; **Marshall Diebold**, Carleton; **Edwin Brown**, Harvard; and the newspaper men, **Bob Stedler**, *Buffalo Evening News*; **James F. Henderson**, Muskegon, Michigan, *Chronicle*; and **Lee Casey**, editor of the *Rocky Mountain News*, Denver.

Included among the majority voting against the rotating center-jump were: **Ward Lambert**, Purdue; **Sam Barry**, Southern California; **Everett Dean**, Stanford; **Dale Burnett**, Williams; **"Nibs" Price**, California; **Clarence Edmundson**, Washington; **Nat Holman**, City College of New York; **Nels Norgren**, Chicago; **Len Sachs**, Loyola of Chicago; **Evan O. Williams**, Drake; **Blair Gullion**, Cornell; **Dr. H. C. Carlson**, Pittsburgh; **Wesley Fesler**, Wesleyan; **Lewis Andreas**, Syracuse; **Elmer Lampe**, Georgia; **Paul Stagg**, Worcester Polytechnic; **Gus Tebell**, Virginia; **"Dutch" Lentz**, West Point; **George R. Edwards**, Missouri; **C. P. Harris**, Cape Girardeau, Missouri, State Teachers College; **Dave MacMillan**, Minnesota; **Doug Mills**, Illinois; **Bill Chandler**, Marquette; **Dean**

Trevor, Knox; and **Bud Foster**, coach of last year's national champions at Wisconsin.

QUESTION VII

In what sport do you think there is the most competent and honest officiating?

Answer: Major League Baseball.

The public	48.73%
Basketball coaches	44.16%
Sports editors	59.03%

The head that wore the pop bottle now wears the laurel. By a wide margin baseball arbiters are the winners. Next come college football officials, then tennis officials. Honorable mention is made of officials in field trials, croquet, lacrosse, pro football, sailboat racing, pool and billiards, boxing and numerous other sports.

Out of the twenty-six different sports mentioned, Major League baseball drew 49.67% of the total vote; college football, 22.98%; tennis, 10.47%; track and field, 3.83%; golf, 1.91%; and the remaining 11.14% was split up among the other twenty-one sports. It was significant that the basketball coaches rated the officiating in their own game in only 6.16% of their ballots.

Dr. Forrest C. Allen of the University of Kansas, said:

Judge Landis is responsible for the high esteem given to the game of baseball. The umpiring on such a high plane is only one of the symptoms of his efficient and clean administration.

Dave MacMillan, basketball coach at Minnesota, stated the human side of the case when he said:

There is no sport that I know of that does not receive competent and honest officiating insofar as human nature will permit. I believe there never has been or never will be a person who does not lean toward one team or another or one individual over another during the process of competition. He would not be human if he did not.

Earl H. Dean, New Jersey State Teachers College at Trenton, suggested:

There is very little dishonesty in officiating. There are, however, great differences in interpretation both with the individual officials in a locality and with the general interpretations of varying localities. Few changes are made in baseball rules. Stabilization of the rules in all sports will improve the playing and the officiating as well as the spectator interest.

Tait Cummins, Cedar Rapids *Gazette*, rated them all good "but boxing and wrestling." He wrote:

In connection with this question, any sports writer who gets around at all knows the part referees play in both the fight and wrestling games. Some won't talk, of course, but those who do can tell interesting stories of their assignments in connection with what is laughingly referred to as competition.

Most of the basketball coaches picked some other sport as the best officiated. **Dick Crayne**, former Iowa grid star, who is now located at Western Union College, Le Mars, Iowa, rated football as the best officiated game, as did

another former footballer, **Marty Peters** of Notre Dame who now coaches at St. Benedict's College, Atchison, Kansas. It was noted that football officials deserve especial consideration in view of the fact that they have to discipline fighting men in a fighting game. **Tay Brown**, former Southern California football star who now coaches at Compton College, Compton, California, rated baseball the best-handled game.

QUESTION VIII

Do you think that if Bobby Jones were still in competition he would be the equal of the leading golf pros of today?

The public	No 64.50%
Basketball coaches	Yes 52.77%
Sports editors	No 52.60%

Bob's feat of breaking 30 on halves of the two courses he knows best, East Lake at Atlanta and Highlands, North Carolina, last year, together with the encouragement given the elders by Craig Wood's triumph in the 1941 National Open possibly gave the basketball coaches foundation for their slight majority of opinion that Jones still could hold his own with the best of golfers. Sports editors and the general public think otherwise; the public positively.

Art McMahon, Passaic, New Jersey, *Herald-News*, voted "no," but admitted:

This is a speculative answer. The negative answer is based on the belief that the present top-notchers make golf a business and work at it long hours. Jones as an amateur was in no position to devote the time and concentration demanded.

Frank T. Blair, Long Beach, California, *Press-Telegram*, strung along with Bobby:

If Bobby Jones returned to competition today he would have a much harder time against the kind of pros now touring the money golf trail. Scoring is generally lower, competition keener than in the days when Jones was king of the fairways. But Bobby was such a fine competitor that who can say he might not have been able to raise his game to any needed height?

Stubby Currance, Bluefield, West Virginia, *Daily Telegraph*, said "no," appending:

Bobby Jones was a great golfer in his day, but the scientific development and the advancement of athletics leaves Bobby far behind just as it is doing to the old time football coaches, baseball managers, etc. The older an athlete gets, the farther sports advancement passes him by.

Glenn D. Whitney, Ottawa, Illinois, *Republican-Times*, voted "yes," but agreed that it was "very debatable. Bobby, although in his day he was practically alone, would possibly increase his game to fit youngsters pressing him." **J. H. Samuel**, Augusta, Georgia, *Herald*, voted "yes" also, but said: "Jones has the shots, but now has a case of 'rabbit ears,' which he didn't have before." **Richard D. Beck** of Spen-

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The Esquire Sports Poll

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cer, Iowa, said: "Bob Jones has the most perfect swing ever seen. He would without a doubt be a top-flight professional."

QUESTION IX

Do you get more enjoyment out of engaging in some sport yourself than you do out of watching some spectacular event performed by trained experts?

The public	Yes 54.41%
Basketball coaches	Yes 70.65%
Sports editors	Yes 54.65%

Cage coaches still seem to be strong in the spirit that makes an ex-fire horse gallop with his milk wagon when he hears a gong and sees red wagons. The sedentary public and sports editors, although sharply aware of the gap between their athletic performance demands as spectators and their capabilities as athletes, also prefer to try their hands at some sport.

Deak Morse, *Caledonian-Record*, St. Johnsbury, Vermont, took the negative, saying:

I love my golf but even those now and then rounds in the middle 70's don't thrill me like the sight of Joe Louis cocking that right as he works a sheep into a corner, watching Jim Thompson swish those hips into a full tee shot, or witnessing Teddy Williams wave that wand.

C. D. Locklin, Grand Forks, North Dakota, *Herald*, said:

The question depends entirely on the age of the person answering. At my age I would much rather be a spectator. Fifteen years ago I would have said "no."

QUESTION X

Do you believe that natural ability is more important than competent instruction and conscientious practice in the development of a star athlete?

The public	No 54.32%
Basketball coaches	Yes 56.17%
Sports editors	Yes 66.96%

This one wins for the coaches first prize for modesty—or frankness. In minimizing the value of coaching as compared to material the cage coaches may have had in mind the sage forecast of a celebrated veteran coach: "Boys, when you become coaches, remember that 60 per cent of your success will be due to your material, 20 per cent to your coaching, and the rest to damn good luck."

As evidence the coaches were kidding in giving their affirmative answers you might bear in mind that not because of a desire to see America do coaches go on tours of evangelism, recruiting and solicitation, in some instances, barely short of shanghaiing.

P. Donald Brimmer of Albuquerque, New Mexico, voting "no," said:

I answer this "no" because of what I heard of Barney Ewell's training. I don't believe I need tell you who he is but in case you can't place him, I believe he is still at Penn State and is quite a well-known dash man. He was fast enough to win the 100-yard dash for two or three years in a row against state-wide high school compe-

tition. Anyway, he and I were raised in the same town and went to the same high school. I went out when he came in but here is what I heard of his training and believe it true. Barney's father was a horse trainer and Barney was raised as a horse practically—legs rubbed as one, dieted, watched, etc., even to the extent that he was never given pastry to eat. I have always believed men and women born with natural ability often burn themselves out because of no instruction and never reach the limelight they should have had.

Henry P. McCarthy, basketball coach at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, commented:

I have heard this argued many times. "Tuss" McLaughry of Dartmouth has two sons—one with natural ability, one without; and the one without natural ability is surpassing the other in athletics!

Henry Decker, Frederick, Maryland, *News-Post*, gave evidence on the other side when he testified:

To support my affirmative answer I refer you to Shoeless Joe Jackson, who would have been a great hitter if he had never experienced a day's coaching in his life. Also Charley Keller, the Yankee outfielder, who was born and raised on a farm six miles from this city. It was evident the first baseball game he played as a sophomore at Middletown, Maryland, high school that he was a born "natural" who did the right thing instinctively even at the age of fourteen.

L. F. Roberts, Grand Island, Nebraska, *Independent*, was on the same track when he wrote:

The longer I watch athletes the more I am convinced they are born athletes, not made. I've traced back the life history of several athletes here and in every instance have found that the kids could run faster, throw a ball farther and do all of the other athletic stunts better than the other kids in their neighborhood. I also think that athletic ability runs in families. Doubtless you recall Charles Brock, Nebraska's All-American center. He has four younger brothers who are all talented athletes.

Dr. H. C. Carlson, famous Pittsburgh basketball coach, said:

Innate ability may be downed—latent abilities lighted. The three factors of athletic greatness are: (1) Training, mastery of skills, ability; (2) Condition and endurance; (3) Emotional drive, application, tempo of work, incentive—negativation of desires. Coaches can help or hurt in all.

Dr. Ben Tappen of Baltimore insisted: "The tops in all sports have to be born with a short reaction time." **Roscoe D. Bennett**, Grand Rapids, Michigan, *Press*, declared: "You must have something to start with. Babe Ruth could study and practice golf forever but he could never beat Snead."

Newman H. Ertell, Wayne University, Detroit, concluded:

I list natural ability as most important. However, you must consider man as a physiological unit. Thus natural physical ability and the best mental and emotional factors are all possessed by the star athlete. For that reason he takes coaching and instruction better because he is intelligent and is out to learn all he can. The smarter the athlete, the more he will practice conscientiously. So I place natural ability first because the other two will follow. ‡

Winston Churchill's Strategy

Continued from page 25

France (for which the French General Staff waited in complacent sloth), the attack on the Balkans (which their wishful-thinking governments refused to meet by united action), and the holy war against Russia (which the over-clever Stalin thought he had averted by his private "Munich" with Hitler).

Churchill's true greatness, however, may best be estimated by comparing him with Neville Chamberlain, whose mental processes were of the order of General C's. He could never see things as Hitler saw them: he was perpetually seeing them as he wished Hitler to see them. He was forever being astonished by Hitler's crazy antics and diabolical coups, and (doubtless to Hitler's amusement) was forever naively confessing his astonishment to all the world. In the pre-Munich crisis of September, 1938, he announced that it was "incredible" to him that Hitler could really want to start a war over the Sudetenland; six months later, when Hitler having digested the Sudetenland, tore up the Munich Pact and wiped Czechoslovakia off the map, Chamberlain "was taken completely by surprise"; another six months later, when Hitler made his non-aggression pact with Stalin, Chamberlain admitted that the news had struck him like a "bombshell"; seven months later, in April 1940, almost on the eve of the day that the Nazis seized Norway, Chamberlain made his famous declaration that Hitler had "missed the bus"; when a news flash came through that the Nazis had even penetrated as far north as Narvik, Chamberlain made an ass of himself by rising from his seat in the House of Commons to explain laboriously that the report must be a mistake, and that probably Narvik had been confused with Larvik, a town in the south of Norway. "There is required for the composition of a great commander," writes Churchill in *The World Crisis*, "not only massive common sense and reasoning power, not only imagination, but also an element of legerdemain, an original and sinister touch, which leaves the enemy puzzled as well as beaten." Norway filled the cup, and the British people "with one voice and consent of tongue and heart" turned to the man whom, in the days of peace, Hitler had with penetrating foresight declared that he could never tolerate in the British Government. They made Churchill Prime Minister.

Now for the first time in his life Churchill has the opportunity to give his great strategical conceptions full play. What a refreshing change from his position as First Lord of the Admiralty in 1914-15! Then he could submit brilliant plans, but he could not impose the acceptance of them. He had to see them put into effect tardily and with inadequate means, and then see the blame for

their failure foisted upon him. He had to eat out his heart in silence while his great strategical plan for forcing the Dardanelles was bungled by men who, in accepting it half-heartedly, did not appreciate the importance of concentration of striking power, of speed, of surprise. "Three divisions in February (1915) could have occupied the Gallipoli Peninsula with little fighting," writes Churchill in *The World Crisis*. "Five could have captured it after March 18. Seven were insufficient at the end of April, but nine might just have done it. Eleven might have sufficed at the beginning of July. Fourteen were to prove insufficient on August 7." The very men who had botched the plan emitted a vociferous chorus of "I told you so's," and Churchill was dismissed from office in disgrace. A cloud hung over his reputation for twenty years—a cloud he did not succeed in dispelling until he proved his judgment inerrantly right where so many pundits had been grotesquely wrong in early appreciation of the significance of the Hitler menace.

He wrote *The World Crisis* very largely to vindicate his reputation. If ever a man had reason to feel bitter against the little men who had blasted his career, Churchill was he. To what vitriolic language would Hitler have descended in like circumstances! But there is no vitriol in *The World Crisis*. Churchill shows up the shortcomings of the bunglers almost in the spirit of a man who stands aloof from the controversy, who feels a deep pity for the insufficiency of others.

A little over a year ago the forward swing of the pendulum brought Churchill to the goal of his lifelong ambition: at last he stood at the head of the British Government. Now at last his indefatigable energy, his vigorous genius, his masterly grasp of strategy, his unmatched prescience in divining the intentions of the enemy, have ample elbow room. At last he can originate plans and see that they are carried out, he can appraise plans submitted by others, he can co-ordinate every phase of the war effort and put in command generals who understand his fundamental war plan and are ready to co-operate in carrying it through.

True, he was summoned to office terribly late, and under circumstances that would have broken the heart of a weaker man. For six years before the outbreak of war Hitler had been conscripting and drilling his soldiers, piling up his munitions and tanks and airplanes, shattering all the diplomatic bulwarks that hemmed him in. Opinionated and wrong-headed politicians, preoccupied with the outcome of the next election, had turned a blind eye and a deaf ear to the reverberating on-sweep of doom. Then at last the German avalanche, the mightiest

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Winston Churchill's Strategy

Continued from pages 25-133

amassment of military power the world had ever seen, began to rumble across Europe. With unbelieving eyes men saw Poland melt away like a lump of lard in a frying pan, they saw Norway disappear up Hitler's sleeve by some incomprehensible sleight-of-hand, they saw France torn apart like some fat cow disembowelled by two strokes of a tiger's paw, they saw Britain . . . was the storied name of Britain to vanish from the earth and become one with Nineveh and Tyre?

In this critical hour the British people, awake at last to the peril that was gripping them by the throat, wrested the sword of leadership out of the hands of the fainting Chamberlain and gave it to Churchill. The task which confronted him was colossal, spirit-crushing. Everything had come to pass as he had foreseen and foretold; while there had still been time to prepare, none had listened, none had stirred; now that there was no time, or next to none, the men who had scoffed at his "war-mongering propaganda" suddenly turned to him and expected him to perform the miracle of rescuing them and of plucking the flower of safety, nay of victory, out of the nettle of danger—almost of defeat. He bluntly told the people he had nothing to offer but blood, sweat and tears. If ever there was an occasion that entitled a man to croak, "I told you so!" it was now. It is a measure of Churchill's rare magnanimity that he did not succumb to the temptation; not a word of reproach passed his lips; he was content to let the record speak for itself. He did not inquire into men's past attitude toward his warnings: he asked only if they now saw the light and were prepared to trust him; and if they said yes, he accepted them as his helpers.

Hitler is a shrewd man, and he well knows that it was a bleak day for him when Churchill took office. It ended all possibility of a German victory in 1940. For the first time he was confronted by an adversary who had read *Mein Kampf* to good purpose, who had explored every nook and cranny of its author's thinking-machine, and who possessed the rare faculty of projecting himself into his mind and anticipating well nigh his every move. Chamberlain had taken Hitler's protestations at their face value: he had looked upon him as a man with a grievance. Find out what the grievance is, he thought, remove it, and we shall have peace. Churchill sees Hitler for what he really is: a man fanatical in the pursuit of his boundless ambitions, ingenious in conception, fertile in resource, unscrupulous in method, laborious and painstaking in preparation, audacious and ruthless in execution, a man who lulls his intended victims to sleep with doped cake and honey, who pounces on them out of the night with deadly swiftness and

horrendous surprise, who is alert to employ every trick and every artifice calculated to daze and discomfit the conventional military mind.

But if Hitler is the man who spawned a horde of monstrous tanks while the French and British generals and politicians looked on in fatuous incomprehension, Churchill is the man who first developed the tank in 1915 in the face of every conceivable obstruction by the Colonel Blimps of that day. When Churchill eventually builds up his own army of tanks, Hitler knows that the going will become mighty unpleasant.

If Hitler is the man who astonished the world by boldly applying brilliant and daring strategical principles, no one knows better than he that the very principles of warfare he employs so effectively can be found set forth in clear, crisp phrases, category by category, in *The World Crisis*. Many people still ask, What principles of strategy does Churchill intend to employ in compassing the downfall of Hitler? There is no need for this question to go unanswered, in broad outline at any rate. Hitler has read the answer in Churchill's book, and we can do so too. Let us glance at these principles, five in number, as Churchill succinctly expounds them. The first two may be taken together:

1. *The Decisive theatre is the theatre where a vital decision may be obtained at any given time. The Main theatre is that in which the main armies or fleets are stationed. This is not at all times the Decisive theatre.*

2. *If the fronts or centres of armies cannot be broken, their flanks should be turned. If these flanks rest on the seas, the manoeuvres to turn them must be amphibious and dependent on sea power.*

In the last War, the main theatre was in France; the decisive theatre, in Churchill's view, was to be found in the Balkans. The German-Austrian armies, holding a continuous line across Europe from the North Sea to the Adriatic, were no differently placed from a small army defending a narrow isthmus. An attacking general who enjoyed command of the sea would not squander the lives of his troops by making repeated frontal assaults on such a position (which was exactly what the generals in France were doing); he would transport part of his army by sea to a point behind the enemy's defenses and then take them in the rear. This was the fundamental idea behind Churchill's plan for forcing the Dardanelles. But the generals refused to view the war scene from any higher perch than G.H.Q. in France, and their narrow prejudices rather than Churchill's broad conceptions were suffered to prevail.

In the present War, we may surmise that Churchill sees the main theatre along the English Channel, but the decisive theatre

somewhere in Eastern Europe or Asia Minor. It is from there that Hitler can be taken in the rear. Those who are anticipating a British landing in force in France are likely to be disappointed: Churchill is looking farther afield. He had hoped that the Balkans might become the decisive theatre. But Hitler saw the danger and forestalled it. Stalin failed to intervene when intervention would have caught Hitler at a disadvantage; and with the inadequate means at his disposal, Churchill was unable to keep the Balkan front open. But now, with Russia willy-nilly in the War, once more a golden opportunity offers itself; and Churchill, realistically sinking all his past aversion to Bolshevism, is doing his best to keep the Russian front a going concern. One object of the Dardanelles expedition in 1915 had been to open an avenue of communication with Russia so as to supply her with desperately needed war materials. Churchill is faced by the same strategical problem today; but under the changed circumstances of the present War the vital avenue of communication with Russia runs not through the Dardanelles but along the Persian railroad. This time, under Churchill's guidance, the British did not wait until insuperable obstacles had developed; in conjunction with the Russians they have got a firm grip on Iran in good time.

Churchill's third and fourth principles of strategy may also be taken together:

3. *The least guarded strategic points should be selected for attack, not those most strongly guarded.*

4. *In any hostile combination, once it is certain that the strongest Power cannot be directly defeated itself, but cannot stand without the weakest, it is the weakest that should be attacked.*

In 1915 and following years, the British and French generals, baffled by their inability to turn the German flank in France, persisted in making frontal attacks that were terribly extravagant in human life. They waxed eloquent in describing the enormous strength of the positions they were trying to capture, and crowed with delight if they were able to advance two or three miles at the cost of thousands of casualties. To Churchill, this was not generalship: it was slaughter at once stupid and profitless. The weak positions rather than the strong should have been selected for attack; and in a war waged on a gigantic scale, this principle must frequently be interpreted to mean that the weaker of two allies, or the weakest of a combination of allies, should be made to feel the brunt of the attack whenever possible. In 1918 the successive collapses of Bulgaria, Turkey and Austria-Hungary preceded and paved the way for the downfall of Germany. Hitler applied this same principle in 1939 in smashing Poland before he turned on France, and again in 1940 in felling France before taking a crack at Britain,

and he is applying it again in 1941 in going all-out against Russia before again giving his full attention to Britain. In the face of formidable difficulties, Churchill has applied this principle in the telling blows he has dealt Italy. He has destroyed Mussolini's empire in East Africa, wiped out almost all of Marshal Graziani's once proud army in Libya, and humiliated the Italians by compelling them to call in German aid to give them stiffening. We may guess that he is busily engaged in concocting further unpleasant surprises for the discomfiture of the *Duce*. He wants to make Italy's participation in the war so profitless that she will be impelled to sue for a separate peace. The effect that such an Italian crack-up would have on German morale does not need to be labored.

Now for the fifth principle of Churchill's strategy:

5. *No offensive on land should be launched until an effective means—numbers, surprise, munitions, or mechanical devices—of carrying it through has been discovered.*

The deduction to be drawn from this principle is obvious. Churchill is not going to loose his main forces in an assault on Germany until he is satisfied that their equipment is on a par with that of the German *Wehrmacht*. He remembers how offensives launched during the World War repeatedly bogged down into bloody futility because the attackers ran out of men and munitions while the battle was still in mid-course. In the present War he has seen how armies, man for man as good as the German, have again and again been swept away like chaff because their equipment and tactical training were not up to German standards. The task before him is not easy. Hitler has a six years' headway, and even the genius of Churchill "can't buy yesterday." The resources of Britain alone are not equal to the voracious appetite of the war machine. American production on a massive scale is a *sine qua non* of any successful British effort to pull abreast of Germany. Fortunately, the losses that Germany is now suffering in Russia will considerably narrow the gap. The longer the Russians can keep their army in being the more it will cost Hitler. But no one should expect Churchill to put all to hazard by throwing in everything he has until that everything is potent enough, under able leadership, to have a good chance of winning.

Churchill has fully explained the application of his principles of strategy to the circumstances of the last War. He has not yet seen fit to explain in detail how he intends to apply them to the circumstances of this War. "If Hitler does not tell us his plans," he remarked recently, "I do not see why we should tell him ours." In so keeping silence he is wise. Even if the principles themselves are known, Churchill may still be able to devise a surprise or two for Hitler in their application. #

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The Dark Fury of the South

Continued from page 67

Mr. Hoover had to say Major Sullens was in error in enraging that he danced with a Negro woman when he was Mississippi Flood Administrator in 1927—though the denial cost him dearly among colored votes in the North.

Rex Guy Tugwell and Harold Ickes have been moved to rejoinders to his blistering personalities. He has been denounced on both floors of Congress, and over the radio. He has rolled on the floors of the legislative halls of his state capitol a dozen times in the grip of men goaded beyond endurance. His street fights have enriched the pages of political history.

Major Sullens doesn't know what it is to pull a punch. The surest way to page one in his newspaper is to dare him to "print another word about me in your filthy sheet." All challenges are duly printed and editorially accepted as quickly as the presses can roll.

He knows the code duello by heart, and often quotes from it. But he likes to show contempt for political enemies by choosing such weapons as "cowdung and shingles at 40 paces." He sometimes reserves the right to make his opponent face the wind "so your polecat effluvia won't offend the spectators."

"I won't waste a bullet on your worthless hide," he editorially notified one challenger. "Ammunition is too important in this period of national preparedness. So I'll meet you with cabbage heads at dawn. Nothing could be more appropriate than to batter a cabbage head with a cabbage head."

When an irate Eastern gentleman threatened to visit Mississippi "and beat the everlasting life out of you," the challenge was duly printed in the news columns, and promptly was accepted on his editorial page: "If you show your monkey face in this part of the country, I'll shake you out of your clothes, put harness on you and plow you like a mule, you no-good lying lout!"

When a Congressman expressed a similar intention, he editorially gave him a schedule of train arrivals at Jackson, careful directions on how to find his newspaper plant, the exact location of his private office, and promised:

"I'll have both doors of the office open, one for you to come in at and one for me to throw you out at."

This was too much for a man with a sense of humor; the Congressman replied: "Since reading your editorial, I don't know where I'm at."

He occasionally gives a description of himself to a foe who has never seen him, such as: "You'll find a fairly well set-up man in his early sixties (Major Sullens is 63 and a powerful 200-pounder), pretty well preserved for his age, and good and able to give a damn good account of himself."

To one foe he editorially apologized for "seeming to boast," but "the fact of the matter is my political enemies have not fared well at my hands; some of them still wear the scars of battle."

Huey Long notified him through The Associated Press that he was coming to Jackson to punch his nose. Cordially replied Sullens:

"Come right along, Huey, and when you punch the nose of the Editor of the *Jackson Daily News*, your funeral will be published by every press association in the U. S. A."

Long would not see the editor when Sullens appeared with capitol correspondents for an interview. Joe Messina, his massive bodyguard, one-time Jackson city fireman, smirked and said, "Hello, Mr. Fred," and that was the end of that.

A Texas minister once sued Sullens for calling him "a lowdown murderer." He received such an unmerciful panning from his critic that he dropped action.

Sullens' contempt for the Mississippi legislature has stung many a husky lawmaker to hot rejoinder. Nothing delights this two-fisted anti-prohibitionist—who used to be one of the South's most avid two-handed drinkers—more than to satirize the legislature for "voting dry and drinking wet."

"You fight like hell by day to keep meaningless bone-dry laws on our statute books, and then you hypocrites spend most of your nights smashing those laws in drinking revels," he once wrote.

One night a prohibition group of lawmakers fell to talking about Major Sullens over their whiskey and soda. One—a new member—wondered out loud if that guy could be as tough as he claims to be.

"Well, let's call 'im," suggested a companion, "and see what he'll do if somebody else gets tough."

A few minutes later Major Sullens picked up his phone. "This is Sullens," he said in his metallic voice.

"I just wanna know," said the voice at the other end, "if you got enough guts to meet a fighting guy in front of your office in the next few minutes."

The editor cleared his throat. "Have the kindness," he said softly, "not to keep me waiting."

For the next two hours the policeman on the corner wondered what the Editor of the *Daily News* meant by walking impatiently in front of his office, peering eagerly up and down the street.

"That musta been a heavy date that stood 'im up," the cop mused. "He sho looks powerfully put out with disappointment."

An invitation to attend a mule race in the Mississippi delta gave him an opportunity for an indignant blast at the legislature: "After witnessing the cavorting of so many jackasses around Jackson, a race between real mules is sure to be a most pleasing diversion."

A man blustered into his office

Continued on page 138



"I NEVER THINK OF SLEEP TILL I'VE FINISHED THE SUN"

Before you say it couldn't happen . . .

Why not check the latest facts about how people read New York newspapers?

Wait till you've seen the results of the current L. M. Clark studies on reader interest—some of the most significant facts ever uncovered on this important subject.

You'll find, among other things, exact figures on the intense reading of news, special features and ads in The New York Sun. You'll see clearly why The Sun has long been so productive for advertising.

For a new viewpoint on this world's richest market, let The Sun representative give you com-

plete details on these impartial studies that prove The Sun to be one of the best read metropolitan dailies in America.

You will be amazed at the difference this makes in the number of readers who see your advertising.

★ ★ ★

WE DID NOT EMPLOY L. M. CLARK to make these studies. The results of Clark's 3-year continuing research on intensity of readership among metropolitan newspapers, are regularly syndicated to leading advertisers and agencies. In New York, The Sun's leadership in reader interest among standard size, weekday newspapers, gives new meaning to the fact that for 15 years The Sun has lead all such papers in department store advertising.

The  Sun
NEW YORK

TO GET IT READ—PUT IT IN THE NEW YORK SUN

DOBBS

Hats

AT THE RACES



ON THE AVENUE



Gay Squire

Most Luxurious Felt You Ever Touched!

NEW!
BURMA BROWN



YES, *luxurious* is the one word that can adequately describe the new Dobbs Gay Squire. The richest glove-suede finish you ever touched. The liveliest felt you ever wore!

And speaking of wearing it—here's a hat so cleverly styled that it can accompany you to that important business meeting in the A. M. and to the races in the P. M.—equally correct for both occasions. Man, it's smart! It's the DOBBS!

\$10

Others \$5 to \$40

DOBBS

FIFTH AVENUE

New York's Leading Hatters

PARK AVENUE AT 53RD STREET

AVAILABLE IN FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

The Dark Fury of the South

Continued from pages 67-136

one day and snarled: "I just want you to get it on your mind that if you ever mention my name in your lying sheet any more, I'll kill you as sure as you're a foot high."

Sullens slowly looked up from his typewriter. He lighted a cigarette, blew a smoke ring at the ceiling and put a fresh piece of paper in his typewriter. He opened a drawer, pulled out a pistol and put it in front of the man. Then, completely ignoring him, his fingers belted the typewriter. Soon he pulled out the typed sheet and passed it to the visitor.

He calmly went on with his work while the blusterer read an editorial beginning:

"A dirty, sneaking rat named—has just come into the office of the Editor of the *Daily News* to threaten his life if he ever wrote another line about him. We'll admit that it's an awful waste of time to bother with so trifling a personality, but we don't want any bully ever to get it into his thick head that he can intimidate this editor at any time under any circumstances."

Jackson people yet wonder whatever became of that fellow.

One night a tall, lanky gentleman with a shrill voice stood in the lobby of a Jackson hotel telling a circle of people that he intended to kill that "lying hound of hell Fred Sullens" the moment he could lay eyes upon him. Presently the editor himself walked upon the scene and faced the man.

"Well," he said, "you now are laying eyes on the hound of hell, so what?"

The other man gulped. He wiped a hand across his forehead. "You—you have an advantage, Major, I'm not armed tonight," he finally said.

"I'm always armed," replied the editor, "with nature's own weapons."

His right fist flew out and the man went down in a heap. Sullens didn't even look back over his shoulders as he left the hotel.

Hated, feared and reviled by most politicians, Sullens is idolized by capitol correspondents on the hunt for colorful copy. With most newspapermen, their trade is just an interesting means of livelihood. With Major Sullens it is something like Holy Orders. He thinks it is his divine mission to drive out the thieves from the public temples.

Nothing tingles his heart more than standing up for a newsman being pushed around because of some good objective reporting, whether that man works for him or some other paper. His contempt for any reporter who would hold back or distort news is vast.

People who wonder about his uncanny knack for putting the finger on hidden political shenanigans have no understanding of the intense loyalty of the many men who have worked on his editorial staff over the years. Scat-

tered over the country in high and low places, they remember him whenever they hear of a bit of dirty work. In this way he usually knows where the body is buried which largely accounts for his escaping libel suits.

One of the toughest assignments any of his reporters ever had came long after that particular reporter left newspaper work and became a police judge. One day he found before him a husky, dark-browed, thick-set gentleman with gray-fringed hair, wide, level brown eyes and a high forehead. He was charged with speeding.

The judge cleared his throat, and took a long breath.

He said, "Major Sullens, just what do you think we ought to do with your case?"

"You should fine me," said the fighting editor promptly. "If you kept up with good editorials as you should, you'd know that I think speeding is very dangerous."

The judge said, "How much do you think you should be fined?"

"Well, since this is my first offense, and in view of the fact that I solemnly promise not ever to let it happen again, I think a \$10 fine would be about right."

"Major Sullens, I fine you \$10 for speeding."

One of the cops present at the time says he believes that the judge finally paid the fine.

Major Sullens is not stingy with his rare gift for searing sentences. In an editorial about a certain speaker who was trying to express contempt for certain politicians, he wrote: "Aw, shucks, call 'em damn liars and cheap grafters and let it go at that."

When a small-town editor was trying to describe the political situation in Huey Long's bailiwick, he gave a helping hand by writing: "All politicians in Louisiana are liars, cheats, skunks and cut-throats."

He is happiest when he can call actual names in his pointed personalities: "Listen, ..., that address damnigh knocked you for a row of ashcans and alleycats. It was a hay-maker that started at the knees and landed on the point of your jaw."

His devotion to the Democratic Party doesn't make him love all Democrats: "The Heluvit about voting a Democratic ticket... is that the name of that little rabblouser Kelly Hammond appears there as a presidential elector. Just gulp and shut your eyes when you mark his name."

When a Mississippi editor chided him about a typographical error on his editorial page, he chirped: "Listen, Buddy, some day when I have nothing better to do, I'll look over your lousy editorial sheet, and when I get through with your typographical errors, I'll start in on your grammatical errors." Soon he had his opportunity for revenge when he quoted that paper as solemnly saying, in a funeral report: "His

staunch Christian life so left its imprint for good on the many wives he touched, he will live on and nobler works will follow."

He loves alliteration: "Foremost among the puerile and pestiferous persons perpetrated on a long-suffering people is the political pussyfooter." He often gets attention by an exclamatory opening sentence: "Great Jumpin' Jehosophat and goshamighty, gee whiz! This fellow Duce Mussolini will go down in history... as a devil with the wimmen... Mussolini, of course, is the father of children—allegedly illegitimate children... Of course, he has the power and authority to legitimize them. But the Greeks have a word for 'em."

One of his oldest sparring partners is Mississippi's junior Senator Theodore G. Bilbo. Some time after Bilbo's first term as Governor, his hand-picked successor defended a seduction suit brought by a young lady capitol employee. Bilbo, called by the lady as a witness, could not be found, and the case was postponed twice. He finally was brought to court by a bailiff who said he found him "hiding behind a heifer cow" in the barn on Bilbo's south Mississippi farm.

"Some people," wrote Sullens, "feel sorry for the girl. Some people feel sorry for the defendant. Some people feel sorry for Bilbo. We feel sorry for the heifer."

After his second term as Governor, Bilbo landed a job pasting clippings in a scrap book for which the Department of Agriculture paid him \$6,000 a year. Sullens dubbed him "the pastemaster-general of the United States."

There is a legend in Mississippi that any man thinking of running for public office first makes cautious inquiries as to how Sullens feels toward him. If he finds there is the slightest chance that Sullens will support his candidacy, he promptly withdraws from the race.

In rebuttal Sullens could say no man ever refused his support, not even men he has castigated in the vilest terms. But he never offers such rebuttal. He is quite as helpless at self-justification.

His many trips to Washington have made him better known there than most Congressmen. He has a wide acquaintance among public celebrities over the country. He and Jack Garner are old poker cronies. He never tires of telling how Paderewski visited his Jackson home and played on his piano. But he always overlooks telling how shocked that sensitive soul was at the hideous things Sullens played on his typewriter.

A typewriter stoop gives Major Sullens a pugnacious appearance. Trudging down the middle of the sidewalk, his dark head slightly inclined, his chin out, he looks for all the world like an avenging nemesis on the hunt. If anyone speaks, he may answer with a curt nod or a chipped "Hi-ya," and if he is not in a particularly big hurry, he will shift a bundle of notes from one hand to the other

and give you—his left hand.

He does nothing to encourage friendly intimacies. If one of his few close friends asks his opinion on a public matter, he answers in a racy flow that makes good conversation. To others he replies: "You'll find all I know on that subject on my editorial page."

With an attractive wife thirty-five years younger than he, he lives in a downtown hotel, writes most of his editorials in his suite, beginning about 5 o'clock in the morning. He sends his copy to the office by an old Negro porter named Pete. Before noon he will walk to the office for his mail and a copy of the first edition.

He usually spends the afternoons driving about the countryside with his wife. He is fond of wild flowers, drum majorettes and hot coffee. He plays poker about twice a week. Although he writes voluminously on the subject, he's still known among the sharks as a guy who draws to inside straights and keeps thinking that some day he'll pick up a red card when he needs it.

Sometimes he goes walking with his Pomeranian pooch, which snarls at all strangers with the same ferocity that his master yelps at the various crackpots over the country, some of whom would be unknown to his readers if it were not for his genius at fault-finding.

It was shortly after the Spanish-American War that a 21-year-old youngster from Missouri arrived in Jackson with a battered suitcase, a dark scowl and a portable typewriter. He had been hired as city editor of the morning paper in Jackson.

His publisher was Col. R. H. Henry, commonly known as "High Henry" because of his very erect bearing and annoying way of looking down the nose at the common herd. Even in those tender years Sullens was something of a human firecracker himself.

"High Henry" was of that old school of Southern journalism in which editorials crackled like duelling pistols. It was not in the cards for two such rugged spirits to get along under the same roof. In 1904 Sullens took his portable typewriter over to the newly formed afternoon paper, and in two years he was Editor, and soon he was half owner.

Seven years ago the limitations of an editorial page began to cramp his restless mind. He popped out on the front page with a signed column headed "The Low Down on the Higher-Ups." There he abbreviates some of his most solemn thoughts about the public parade. He couldn't possibly get any more personal in that column than in his editorials. It just affords him more elbow room.

He earned his title in the military intelligence department in the first World War. He was born in Versailles, Missouri, in 1877. He had served briefly as a reporter on the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* before coming to Mississippi, where he has become more of a Mississippian than any native. #



"What! Are there Two of Me?"

Exactly! You're not one whisky, Johnnie Walker, you're two!

One of you is Black Label (12 years old)... the other is Red Label (8 years old). You're both famous for deep, rich smoothness.

And flavour?... grand! A man's taste rejoices when it meets *either* Johnnie Walker!

WHEREVER YOU ARE
IT'S SENSIBLE TO STICK WITH

JOHNNIE WALKER

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

BLACK LABEL
12 YEARS OLD

RED LABEL
8 YEARS OLD

86.8
PROOF



Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y., Sole Importer

New Cream Prevents Perspiration Stains and Odor... ...Vanishes At Once!



MOST shipping clerks and truck drivers don't do anything about under-arm odor or perspiration stains. But clever salesmen, executives and professional men take no chances!—they use a good under-arm deodorant.

As one doctor says, "Ignorance may be bliss, but it does not make you very good company."

Men who take pride in good grooming know that it is just plain common sense to use a deodorant that prevents under-arm odor and shirt stains. No wonder thousands of men have made Arrid a regular habit.

More Arrid is used than any other under-arm deodorant. It is

the preferred masculine deodorant for these five important reasons:

1. *It prevents odor caused by under-arm perspiration.*
2. *Arrid checks excessive under-arm perspiration and prevents staining and rotting of shirts and coat linings.*
3. *It takes only half a minute to use Arrid—it vanishes at once.*
4. *Arrid is a pure, white, greaseless cream, especially pleasing to men.*
5. *Arrid gives complete protection for 1 to 3 days.*

Start using Arrid today. Get a jar at any drug store, 10¢ store or department store. 10¢, 39¢, 59¢ a jar.



THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT

ARRID

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Finer Cars in a Fighting World

Continued from page 61

licized "Hydra-Matic" Drive. This magic and potent device, the makers claim, will "save you 419 driving motions per hour—no more, no less." Hydra-Matic Drive should be a boon in Dixie. Another feature, which should endear the new Olds to the fast getaway boys, is the special pickup gear. This amazing acquaintance-maker will give you an extra burst of speed... if and when you need it.

The new Chryslers carry on with fluid drive—which is a liquid coupling—and also feature a "Vacumatic" gear shift. Practically all the new models are wider and lower than last year's: Bumpers are more massive... and carry the license plate in the center... like a rectangular navel.

The front end of the new Chryslers, following the influence of the experimental "Thunderbolt," which was introduced last year, looks like the maw of a dragon. The grille bars curve around the side of the fenders creating a massive, tank-like effect.

The wheelbase of the new models has not been increased; nevertheless, the 1942 cars are wider, lower and more softly cushioned. The horsepower of the six has been increased from 112 at 3,600 rpm to 120 at 3,800 rpm by enlarging the bore of the engine to increase piston displacement.

The steering wheel location has been changed, making it possible to do your routine driving with Junior sitting on your lap. The speedometer again signals you in colors... showing green below 30 mph, amber between 30 and 50... and red up to the moment the cop catches you.

A special contribution to peace of mind is the inclusion of the horn in the province of the ignition lock.

Once you lock your car, your horn is impregnable: no one can toot a tattoo telling you you've parked overtime—and kids with a horn complex must, of necessity, find other less offensive buttons to batter.

The new Buicks—together with the Oldsmobile... and the Cadillacs, Pontiacs and Chevrolets... carry the front fender line deep into the panel of the front door. A couple of extra strips of chrome accentuated this fact, in the early models; but these, it must be noted, will soon vanish. Parking lights, located on the ends of the fenders, have small comet-like tails, etc.

In both the 50 and 70 two-door sedanet and convertibles the front fender has been pulled out, stretched, attenuated, and otherwise made longer... until the tail end of the bulge of the front fender takes the rear fender in the palm of its hand... and dashes off to a gavotte. The effect is striking—reminding you of a stallion rearing in the air to the cry of "Heigh-O Silver."

Buick's parking brake, in the new models, is operated by a foot

pedal—a thoughtful note which leaves the hands free for double solitaire. The adjustable steering column can be pushed forward a few notches after too many grouse, hasenpfeffers, and truffles.

Chevrolet, which has knocked out 80,000,000 cast-iron pistons in the past twenty years, barges into 1942 with the pistons identical to the 8,000,000 cast-iron ones used in 1941.

Like the Royal Family of Japan, Chevrolet's cast-iron line of succession has been unbroken since the beginning of the house. The same 90 hp Valve-in-Head Chevrolet engine is continued, this year, with nary a change in design.

Chevrolet gears are shifted with the "Vacuum-Power Gearshift"—you simply tell the vacuum what gear you want... and presto, your special cogs are sucked into place. The new grilles are wider and lower... and include parking lights, like gimlet-eyes within their framework.

In the Chevrolet Aerosedan, the cushions have been lowered considerably. Three lines are available: the "Fleetline," the "Special De Luxe," and the "Master De Luxe." The number of individual bodies and types can easily be computed with the smallest slide rule.

Greater power is one of the features of the new Plymouth. Horsepower has been pushed up from 87 at 3,600 rpm to 95 at 3,400 rpm—not faster but slower. Added to this is a lower rear-axle gear ratio. This means, that the engine turns over less often, giving greater smoothness and less wear. It also means increased economy in gas and oil—a very loyal gesture in Mr. Ickes' direction.

Every year cars are equipped for better "road-hugging" and this amorous trend is continued with Plymouth, for 1942. Frames, center of gravity and roof lines are lower—everything, apparently is lower, except quality and price.

Plymouth continues with its "Safeguard Wheel" which keeps you from dumping the car over if and when a tire should blow. Trunk lids are counterbalanced... to keep them from conking you, inadvertently. Speedometer numerals are of the airplane type... making it actually possible to see what speed you're driving at. The trend these past years has been more and more in the direction of arabesques, demi-semiquavers and confusion. The Plymouth speedometer also features green, amber, and red light zones... like the speedometer on the Chryslers.

A new type of transmission magic is featured on the 1942 Hudsons—"Drive-Master." This optional device involves a clutch and gear arrangement which can be operated manually, or semi-automatically... depending on the driver's mood, whims, tastes,

and needs. Once given the word "go," Drive-Master will select the gear you ought to be in... and give it too... as your speed picks up... or ebbs away.

The same kind of technique is provided for the control of Hudson's new six-tube radio. Kicking a given button on the floor automatically gives you what you want: one kick, for example brings in the Red Network; two kicks, the Blue Network... and three kicks, a small beer and Mary. If the pedal is depressed only slightly, volume is cut down, providing a *soito voce* background for passing wisecracks.

Overall height of the new Hudson... as on most other cars has been lowered; front grille work widened. Courtesy lights make the running boards look like The Great White Way if and when the doors are opened... after six p.m., Eastern Standard Time.

There are three lines of Fords, for 1942: a "Special Economy 6," a "DeLuxe 6 and 8," and a "Super-DeLuxe 6 and 8." Body changes have not been radical. Mr. Ford has spoken a good deal, of late, about plastics, but the new Fords, it is our sad duty to report, are composed for the most part of nothing more sensational than good, prosaic steel.

Still, steel is good enough to lean on... in a crash.

Ford engineers, however, are always ingenious. Take the business of parking light housings. These are symbolic of many changes, in the face of the emergency. Formerly these housings were made of six critical materials; they were zinc alloy castings, containing aluminum and magnesium... and were plated with layers of copper, nickel, and chromium. But confronted with the polite requests of the OPM, the Ford prestidigitators passed their hands through the air three times—and, behold: the housings are made of molded glass, silver-plated.

Other features of the new Fords include concealed running boards, flaring out at the base, headlamps mounted flush with the sides of the fenders. A convertible coupe with quarter windows, and a station wagon have been added to the Special DeLuxe series. The horsepower rating of the Ford engine has been advanced from 85 to 90... by reducing back pressure. Larger exhaust pipes and muffler are devices performing this neat and additive trick.

The new Mercurys join the list of cars with fluid drive—"Liquamatic Drive" it's called. Optional, at extra cost, "Liquamatic Drive" consists of a fluid coupling, a pedal-operated clutch, and a three-speed transmission incorporating automatic shifts between second and high. But, as with the other cars using fluid drive, almost all the driving is done in high.

Mercury horsepower has been increased from 95 to 100, because of new purgative improvements... similar to those on the Fords.

Pontiac faces the brave, new

world with dual carburetion on its eight-cylindrical job... and with a choice offered the customers of sixes and eights. The two extra cylinders on the big job set you back an additional twenty-five dollars. Dual trumpet horns are standard equipment. The gasoline tank has been trained to whistle... telling you the precise moment it is up to its neck in fuel.

Fender bulges, as in the case of Buick and other General Motors products, shoot back... and back—searching for some will-o' the-wisp horizon. The front of the 1942 Pontiacs looks like an endless series of lamé g-strings.

Parking lamps are set horizontally above the first platform of the shining dental work... and double as direction signals. The new bumper is four inches longer than last year's, giving each of your fenders two inches of added protection. The familiar Pontiac Indian head, "conventionalized and streamlined," as the manufacturers put it, peers at you in lucite from the prow, "symbolizing," we are told, "the sturdy and dependable character of the car."

The tops of the new Pontiac convertibles—as in many other convertibles, this season—are operated by electric motors instead of the inevitable vacuum. This means that you can raise or lower your top even when you are out of gas; just keep on running it up... and promptly folding it back... until the battery wears out.

Like the Chryslers, their big brothers, the new De Sotos feature fluid drive, Simplimatic transmission, and "Safeguard Wheels." But perhaps the keynote of the new symphonic blasts is De Soto's disappearing headlights; "Airfoil Lights," they call them. Pulling a lever on the dashboards makes these orbs climb out of their burrow holes... and turns them on; pulling the self-same lever induces daylight hibernation.

De Soto's new "alligator" hood flows back to a V-type windshield, which, in turn flows back toward the rear, forming an angle of exactly 42 degrees and 30 seconds. Narrow front pillars give the driver extra vision—a windfall to drivers like this column, whose vision is deficient.

A special feature of the new models is "personalized" interiors. "Now you can be your own decorator when you choose De Soto," reads one announcement.

The new De Sotos are an eye-filling, rip-roaring job, replete with 115 horsepower, "Superfinished" parts, a new type of oil filter, nine solid body shades... and four two-tone combinations.

The Dodge, which is in between De Soto and Plymouth, in the Chrysler family, boasts 105 hp this season... as compared with 91 in the days before the Emergency.

Like other Chrysler products... all running boards are concealed. A new instrument panel sports a map light, a useful addi-

Continued on page 142

Most women say

Yes!



The girls agree that white shirts *agree* with their men—and buy them in line with their likings. Be as good a shopper for yourself as your wife-sweetheart-daughter is: be sure to choose Manhattan Shirts because they're:

SIZE-FIXT*—your size for keeps.

MAN-FORMED—cut to fit your figure.

COLLAR-PERFECT—in a style to suit your face.

If your next white shirts are Manhattan (\$2.25 and up), you'll get a loud "yes" of approval from your mirror and your Mrs.!

Manhattan

THE SHIRTS THAT BELONG IN YOUR WARDROBE

*Average fabric shrinkage 1% or less



STEP 1. Crayon sketch indicates composition and outlines the gesture.

STEP 2. Underpainting, in warm tones, establishes the lights and darks.

STEP 3. Painting developed in detail. Character of the sitter is now developed.

STEP 4. Portrait complete, but for final glazes that blend the pigments.

A SECRET SEALED IN A REYNOLDS PORTRAIT

—explains this whiskey's priceless flavor!



THIS PORTRAIT, "Dr. Johnson," was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds in 1772. How Reynolds created his masterpiece by tone *blending* is illustrated above, in Reynolds' own style, by Arnold Blanch, noted contemporary artist.

Reynolds' art of *blending* reveals how another masterpiece—Fine Arts Whiskey—is built up to perfection. Matchless, straight whiskies are *blended* to enrich each other...until a rare masterpiece of whiskey flavor is achieved!

COPR. 1941. CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC.

FINE ARTS

A Blend of 5 year old Straight Whiskies

Distributed by Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., N. Y.
THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE 5 YEARS OLD, 90 PROOF.

Finer Cars in a Fighting World

Continued from pages 61-141

tion—as anyone who has tried to find some symbolic Hohokus on a cold, rainy night knows only too well. And this peculiar illuminator doubles for what is called a "courtesy" light, "defrosted," as it were, to prevent glare.

"The great Dodge horsepower," say the makers, overcome with pardonable and poetic enthusiasm, "makes swift, liquid delivery of itself... it becomes an ebb and flow of tidal smoothness."

Simplicity raises its functional head amid the halo of Nash's new plastic steering wheel. For this heavenly quoit has only two spokes—technically a single diameter. Within this a semi-circular ring toots the horn. A permanent wind scoop in the cowl delivers any type of air the atmosphere allows to a metering device called "the Weather Eye."

Nash is featuring this year its model "600"—one of a series of three models. The "600" is said to have unusual economy features... and to make from 25 to 30 miles on a gallon—under the aegis of its 75 hp. "Flying Scot" engine. The "Ambassador Six" engine offers 105 hp... and promises up to 20 miles per gallon. The Ambassador Eight delivers 115 hp.

A "Cruising Gear," or "Fourth" is offered as optional equipment. The "Cruising Gear," says an optimistic press release, "makes touring more fun."

Simplicity and minimum of excess decoration continue to mark the new Lincoln lines... which continue in three series: Zephyr, Continental and Custom.

"Liquamatic Transmission," described in some detail in the panegyric on the Mercury, also appears on the 1942 Lincolns. The Lincoln engine output has been increased from 120 hp. at 3,500 r.p.m. to 130 hp. at 3,800 r.p.m.

Liquamatic drive on the Lincoln provides six forward speeds. You can get, for example, low, or low with overdrive; second pure, or second with o-d; third or third with o-d. Our advice is to drive the car and not try to figure it out. After all, an automobile is a chariot, not a charade.

Now, to come back to liquid drives, again, meet Cadillac's "Hydra-Matic" Drive... the same Drive we have become so enamored of in its earlier incarnation: via Oldsmobile.

The Cadillac engine is one of the two most powerful of American automobiles... delivering 150 hp.; yet, paradoxically, relatively great economy is claimed, with mileages of 14 to 17 miles to the gallon of gasoline.

Refinement of finish, in the more expensive Fleetwood models, is something to delight the sore eyes of the Nizam of Hyderabad. Instrument panels are finished, on occasion, in pearl bronze and macassar ebony. Electric mechanisms relieve the palsied fingers of any necessity for exer-

tion... even in raising or lowering the windows. Electric clocks time your reactions; and automatic lighters put a flame in your stogie.

Packard's 1942 creations carry the much-advertised "Clipper" styling to all the models in the line: the 6, the 8, the 160 and the 180. A five per cent increase has been obtained in each of the three available engines: the Six is now rated at 105 hp., the "120" Eight at 125 hp... and the large Eight at 165 hp. The special De Luxe Darran bodies... finished to the nth degree... are still features of the custom-built 4,000 to 5,000 dollar buggies.

The Clipper streamlined horseless carriages are announced as a miracle of percentages, showing on the proving ground a wind drag reduction of 19 per cent, fuel economy improvement up to 18 per cent, wind noise reduction of 20 per cent, acceleration speed-ups of 14 per cent, visibility increase of 26 per cent, riding comfort improvement of 29 per cent. We suggest that you get in one and figure things out for yourself.

Packard joins the march of transmissions, this year, with "Electromatic Drive"... the only name in the automatic gear shift field which isn't hyphenated. There is no point in going into any details here. Space is getting short.

This year again, Packard offers those of us who are allergic to hot weather that great bonanza of bonanzas... that subtle device which restores your *raison d'être* in summer—and enables the arts of living to survive and persist—the air conditioner. Available at additional cost, this air conditioner does a complete job—unlike the so-called all-weather attachments. It refrigerates with a complete refrigerating unit located in the trunk; it dehumidifies, filters, circulates... and probably plays the allegretto from Mahler's *Fifth Symphony*.

* * *

One more word remains to be said: some prospective car purchasers—in a contagious wave of patriotic fervor—have put off buying new cars in a grand sacrifice gesture.

The Automotive Industry is eager to offset this idea of service. Efficient national defense, Detroit *et al.* hold, involves keeping up the total productive effort if not on a "business as usual" basis... at least on a "business as near to usual as possible" structure. This will keep trained machinists employed and available when needed; it will continue the financing of necessary research into the processes and techniques which a successful war effort requires.

This war is being fought with machines... not men; and in the long run, it is the armies with the greatest number of most efficient machines that will win. *Every car you buy now helps build a better tank tomorrow.* ‡

Should Wire Tapping Be Permitted?

Continued from page 85

window, and I met Oiv Milton, and I tell Oiv and he says I oughta have my head examined."

"Yeah."

"So I says oh yeah and he says yeah he ran last twice at Belmont and three times at Aqueduct."

"Yeah."

"So I says to Oiv I know that. I know that as good as you do, but I hoid he was clocked in record time the other morning and Oiv says you're crazy, that dog couldn't beat my Uncle Abe's cow, and anyhow who's going to beat *Tin Whistle*?"

"Yeah."

"So I let him talk me out of it, and I put it on *Tin Whistle* to place, and *Tin Whistle* runs fourth and *Bluebeard* comes out of nowhere in the stretch and cops by four lengths and he pays thirty-two to one, and boy when I get hold of Oiv Milton am I gonna cut his throat!"

"Yeah."

"Listen, Hymie, I got something good in the fourth race at—"

6. "Hello. How's my one and only tonight? ... What? You don't know who this is? Go on. Guess ... What? ... No, I'm not going to tell you. Go on. Guess who this is ... Aw, go on. Take a chance. You oughta know my voice by now ... What? ... Aw, don't be scared. Guess ... Go on ... Guess! ... WHAT! It is not! Say, who's she anyhow? It's a fine thing when you don't know my voice after we've been dating steady for three weeks now."

7. "Hello? Elite Market? This is Mrs. Blake. You got my order all wrong. You sent me a pound of *rump* steak, and I asked for *round*."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Blake. We'll—"

"I don't see how you people can be so careless because I distinctly said *round* steak, and Joe was standing not three feet away from me when I ordered it, and—"

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Blake—"

"That's the third time within two weeks that you've got things wrong, and it does seem to me that you folks ought to have a better system for keeping things straight. Last Monday you sent me cauliflower when I asked for cabbage."

"I'm sorry, Mrs.—"

"And then later in the week you got the fruit order *completely* wrong. You sent a dozen lemons and a half-dozen oranges when I ordered a dozen oranges and a half-dozen lemons."

"I'm sorry—"

"Really I don't see how you people can expect to stay in business and be so careless."

"I'm very—"

"Goodness, if my husband ran his business like that, heaven's knows we'd have been in the poor-house long ago."

"I'll send a delivery truck right up with—"

"Suppose I ran my household that way. Why we'd been out of

our wits in no time. We'd—"

"Mrs. Blake, we'll see that you get—"

"Now if you people aren't interested in getting our business, why of course we don't *have* to trade there. We can always use the Consolidated or Hogan & Mason's or—"

"We're terribly sorry, Mrs. Blake. Right this minute I'll have the butcher—"

"Now look here. I want that order changed, and I want you to see that it gets to me before noon, do you understand?"

"Yes, Mrs. Blake."

8. "So I said it's none of my business and I don't like to go spreading stories around especially when they may not have any foundation but I think when a woman *deliberately* sets her cap for a man who's twenty years younger than she is if he's a day, why it's high time—"

9. "Can you hear me? ... I said *can you hear me*? ... That's funny. I can hear you perfectly ... I said I can hear you perfectly ... Can you hear me now? No better? Isn't that funny? ... I said *isn't that funny*; I can hear you perfectly ... Now can you hear better? ... You can't? I can't understand why I can hear you perfectly and—what? Never mind. I'll try to get the operator. *Operator! OPERATOR!* ... I can't seem to reach her right now. Can you hear any better now, Florence? ... I say *can you hear any better*? ... Isn't that queer because I can hear every single word you say perfectly ... What? ... I say *isn't it funny that I can hear everything you say and you can't*— *Operator! OPERATOR!* Try to get that party again, will you? They've been shut off."

10. "Palace Theatre."

"Hello. I want to reserve two good seats in the orchestra for tonight."

"I'm sorry. We're all sold out till the 20th."

"Can I get matinee tickets for next Sat—"

"I'm sorry, madam. We're all sold out till the 20th."

"Well, how about the first balcony? Could you give me two for—"

"Very sorry, madam, but we haven't a single thing till the 20th."

"Oh, you mean you haven't anything anywhere in the house until the 20th?"

"That's right madam."

"Not even for matinees either?"

"That's right, madam. We haven't a thing till the 20th."

"Oh."

Well, those are the facts, Mr. and Mrs. America, and it's high time we faced them fearlessly. Wire tapping may seem to be in violation of civil liberties, but when conversations like this are burning up the nation's wires, there can be no alternative but for the FBI to listen in—and closely at that.##

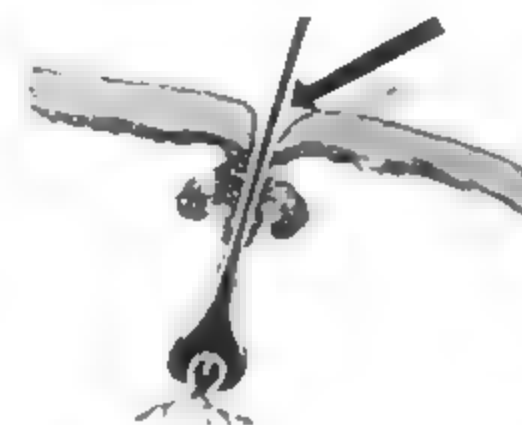
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Gather-all in the Hollow

Continued from page 45

hope to have me a wife." I ran along at Uncle George's heels. We walked into the Tenny woods. Soon we passed the gray cliffs and came to the spot where the fox hunters built their fires.

"Right down this pint, didn't you say back yander?" Uncle George asked.

"Yes."

Uncle George took longer steps than a mule. We crossed the tobacco patch and the Kale house at the foot of the hill. We crossed the Sandy bottoms to the covered bridge, and then turned to our left. Uncle George wiped the sweat with his blue bandanna from his high, brown-furrowed brow. In a few minutes, we were at the church-house in the beech grove.

"I told you, Shan, we'd get here in time for dinner," Uncle George smiled. "We missed all the preachin' and singin' and organ playin' this mornin' but we're here in time to eat. Lord, how I love to pull the chicken legs and eat the pie and cake."

The shady grove was filled with people. They were sitting in circles around big dinners on the ground. People walked among them and took a chicken leg from this table, a pickle from that one, a piece of pie from another table, and a piece of cake from another table. You just went around and helped yourself, if you didn't bring any dinner.

"It's the best place that I've seen to find a wife who can cook," Uncle George said. "I never saw as much grub in one place in my life. I never saw as many nice lookin' people. Look at the purty wimmen here, won't you! Come with me now, Shan."

Uncle George led the way. He went up to a table and lifted his big hat. He bent over and got a chicken leg. "Thank you, Mam," Uncle George said. All the women and men looked at Uncle George because he was so tall and wore such a big hat. They were joking and laughing at the tables so I could hardly hear Uncle George thank the women for all the chicken, eggs, cake, pie, bread, beef, mutton, sausage, turkey, and duck we got from the tables.

Uncle George turned to me. He was running a chicken leg through his mouth. "Son, see how happy the people are here," he said. "This is the Lord's day, and we are feastin' by the waters. See that purty little river down there at the edge of the grove."

The Little Sandy flowed on the north side of the grove. On the west side, the road wound past the grove. To the east of us was the church-house with its windows shot out, its doors shot off the hinges, its organ shot to pieces, and carried out under the beech tree. To the west of us was a deep hollow filled with timber. We couldn't see beyond the timber.

"Guess we wouldn't a heard any good organ music," said Uncle George coming back with another piece of chicken. "Looks like some-

body around here's right handy with his gun. I never saw a house shot up like that one. They had to play guitars here this mornin' instead of the organ, a lady told me."

"Yes, you're liable to hear the guns bark any time now," said a man with a white mustache. "It's that Blevins gang. God knows how many they air of 'em! They vowed we'd never worship the Lord agin in this house."

"Why's that?" Uncle George asked.

"Only God knows," the man said. "They're liable to ride in here any time whoopin' it up, shootin' and tearin' up the place."

"Ain't you got no Law?" Uncle George asked.

"What can five or six men do with a bunch of wild hosses like the Blevinses?"

"Show me some of the bad Blevinses," Uncle George said. "Any around here today? I'd just like to see if they got ponies on the backs of their necks."

"No men here today but there's Dovey Blevins over at that fur table," the old man said. "She ust ta play the organ until her brothers helped shoot it to pieces. I heard the reason they shot it to pieces was because Dovey didn't get to play it every Sunday."

"Why didn't as purty a woman as she is get to play the organ every Sunday?" Uncle George asked as he looked at Dovey.

"Raccoon Rosie Seagraves fit, fussed, and joured with Dovey over it," he answered. "Uncle Billy Turnipseed wanted to compromise, let Raccoon Rosie play it one Sunday and Dovey Blevins the other Sunday. Dovey would not do it. There's the organ shot to pieces out there under the tree. Uncle Billy is in the hospital at the pint of death."

"Is Dovey Blevins a married woman?" Uncle George asked.

"No, she's not married," he said. "Men air afraid o' Dovey. They ain't so much skeered of her as 'er brothers."

"Has she ever been married and got a husband loose any place?" Uncle George asked.

"She never has," he answered. "She's Battle Blevin's old-maid gal Dovey. She ain't got no bad faults, only she faints sometimes. She ust to faint when Raccoon Rosie played the organ."

"I got a sure cure for faintin'," Uncle George said. "I've seen a lot of wimmen faint in my day. I know what's a good cure. If she faints today, I'll cure her. Since I've seen her, I like the name of Blevins. It gives me new hope."

"What!" growled the old man with the white mustache. "You mean that you like the Blevinses?"

"I mean what I said," Uncle George answered with a far-off look in his gray eagle eyes. "I could love that woman for me a wife. She'd be a wonderful wife. I ain't a married man any more, but I'd like to be."

"And you gray-headed?" the

old man asked in amazement.

"Don't men with gray hairs want a wife?" Uncle George asked with his eyes twinkling. "I'm just a trifle over eighty years old. You wouldn't think it, would you?"

"No."

"I got youngins old as you scattered all over th' mountains," Uncle George said. "They got youngins, and a lot of their youngins' youngins' got youngins. My wife's dead. I'm a lonesome man in this world. I'd marry in a minute. I'll never stay with one of my own youngins. I'd die in the poorhouse first."

"Dovey's five years older than my oldest boy," he said. "He was born the year Grover Cleveland was first elected President."

"That makes her about right for me," Uncle George smiled.

There was happiness in the crowd. The people laughed and talked. The young men sat around the white cloths spread on the ground and held the chicken legs for the young girls to eat from. Children ran between the tables to play. Their faces were smeared with grub from the tables. The old men stood in little groups, smoked their pipes and talked.

It seemed like a thunder storm it happened so suddenly. We heard the thunder of horses' feet on the dry hard road. Uncle George put his hand on his pistol holster.

"It's the Blevinses," said a tall, freckled-faced man. "Get in the church-house! Go in a hurry! Run everybody! Hurry—runnnnnnn!"

The guns began to bark. The women grabbed their children from around the tables. They screamed and ran to the battered church-house. Old men ran with the women. Uncle George got behind a tree. He pulled his pistol. "Right to the back of me, Shan," he said. "I'll give 'em the hot lead! I'll dump 'em off'n their hosses if they start this way!"

Women ran headlong to the church-house holding to the hands of their screaming children. They carried their babies in their arms. Their husbands were helping them. They broke dishes and crushed clean chicken bones beneath their feet. They mixed clean white slices of bread, brown pieces of cake, and big pieces of pie with green grass on the ground. The white table spreads were trampled under with footprints!

"Come out'n that church house and fight," Uncle George yelled. "Come all you able-bodied men! They will not take this place!"

"Listen to old Grandpa over there behind that tree," Roy Blevins laughed.

"Pow," barked the long slender pistol that Uncle George held over a knot on the big beech tree.

Roy Blevins' big black hat flew from the top of his head.

"He skint my head," Roy shouted.

"Parted his hair is all," Uncle George said in a low voice.

"We ain't got nothin' to fight with," the tall freckled-faced man yelled from the church-house door.

"Tear up the seats, tear boards

from the house," Uncle George yelled as he carefully took aim at another hat. "Get around 'em with clubs and the first Blevins that draws a pistol on one of you, I'll shoot 'im down hot."

When Uncle George said this, Roy Blevins pulled his pistol from his hip holster and pointed it toward our beech tree.

"Pow," Uncle George's shot brought the pistol from his hand. Sparks flew from Roy's pistol barrel. He threw up both hands. His horse ran off with him.

There was noise like thunder in the church-house now. An army of young and old men were breaking up the seats for clubs.

"Don't try that stuff," Uncle George yelled. "Boys, I'm an old squirrel-barker from Big Sandy!"

As he spoke, he took careful aim with his long-barreled pistol.

"Pow," another hat went off. Tom Blevins threw up his hands.

"Pow," another hat went off. Uncle George's gray eyes twinkled. His thin lips spread in a smile that showed his flint-rock teeth.

"This pistol will do the work," he said. "You stick right behind so if a Blevins shoots there won't be any danger."

All the time Uncle George talked he was aiming at another hat.

"Pow," off went Zorns Blevins' hat.

"Load that empty magazine for me," Uncle George said as he started aiming his long pistol at another hat. "The empty magazine is in my right coat pocket. The cartridges are in my left."

I dipped out a handful of .22 longs.

"These are .22 longs, Uncle George," I said.

"Of course they are," Uncle George said. "This is just a .22 pistol. But it shoots like a rifle."

"Pow!" Off went another hat.

The Blevinses were cursing; their horses were standing on their hind feet and charging. They couldn't charge Uncle George for the Sandy River was behind him, the church-house was on one side and a deep ravine was on the other, a giant beech tree was in front of him. They would have to face his fire if they charged. Uncle George shot again and again. If a Blevins drew his pistol, Uncle George shot it from his hand. He blew long wisps of smoke from his pistol barrel. While he emptied one magazine, I had the other loaded.

"You can't get me, boys," Uncle George laughed. "I've got you fellows where you can't plank me."

"Come from behind that tree."

"You're a coward."

"You're a skunk."

"I'm out-numbered fifty to one," Uncle George said. "I want to live. I'm in love."

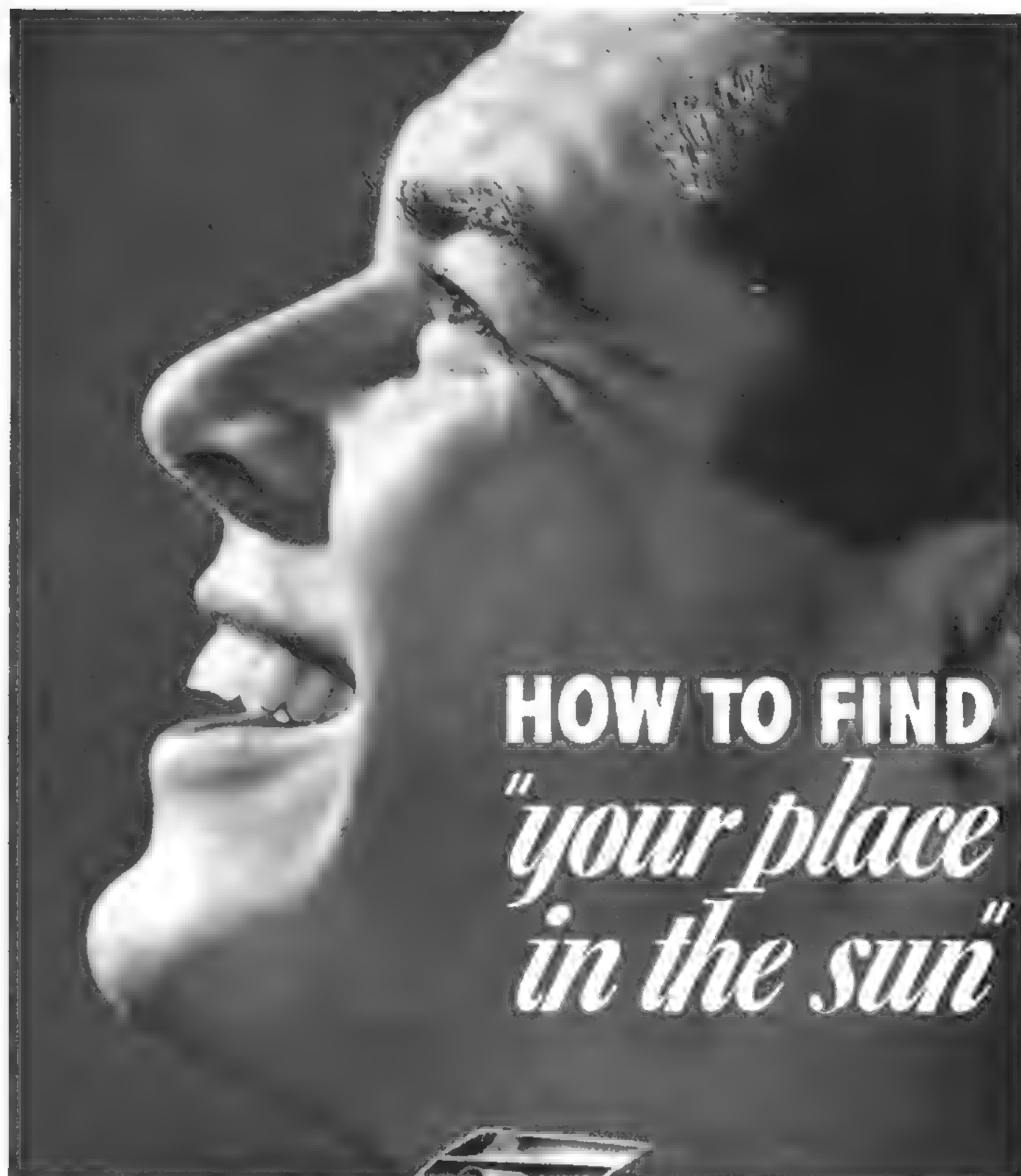
"You old grandpap, what are you talkin' about?"

"Grandpap is in love!"

By this time an army of young and old men marched from the church-house. They carried pieces of seats in their hands for weapons. They marched toward the Blevinses.

"I'll kill the first one that pulls

Continued on page 146



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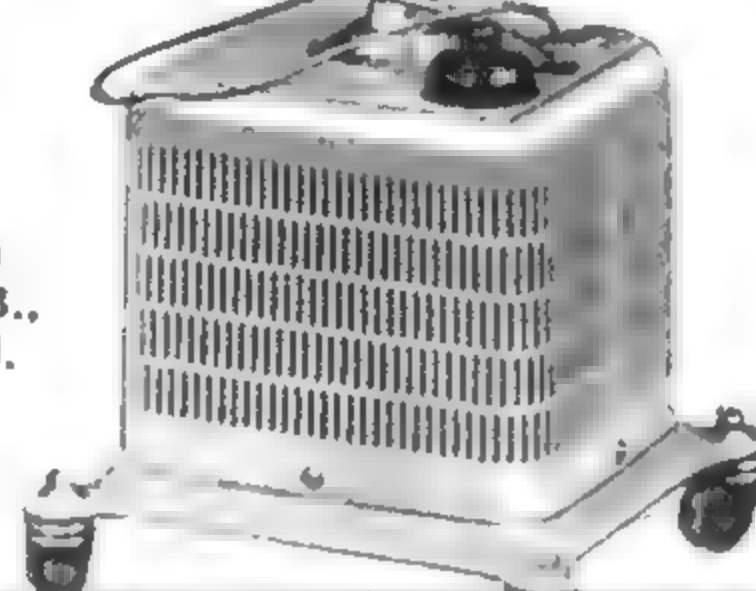
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1. 2

Gather-all in the Hollow

Continued from pages 45-145

his pistol," Uncle George said resting his pistol across the knot. "Go after 'em men! I've got the artillery to back you!"

They marched over and took hold of the bridle reins. They pulled the Blevinses, Carpenters and Turners from their horses and mules.

Then a free-for-all raged. They put two and three men to each Blevins, Carpenter and Turner. They beat them and kicked them. Uncle George stood guard until the job was finished.

"Dovey's fainted," a woman screamed from the church-house.

"Oh, Dovey," Uncle George said. "Hold my pistol right here, Shan. Keep a close eye for a Blevins to pull a pistol."

"No one out there can pull a pistol," I said. "That Blevins crowd is whipped."

"Let 'em beat 'em awhile," Uncle George said as he made it for the church-house.

After the fight ended, Uncle George's men beat the Blevinses, Carpenters and Turners nearly to death. They drove them down the turnpike without their horses. While they rounded up their horses, I walked inside the church to give Uncle George his pistol.

Uncle George was in the middle of the church-house sitting flat on the floor with one arm around

Dovey. With one hand he was tickling Dovey under the chin. Dovey was dressed in a light-checked dress that was trimmed in frills and ruffles. Her curly hair was streaked with gray and her eyes were black as charcoal. She was a tall slender woman with tiny hands and long fingers.

"She's comin' to," an old woman said.

"All of you stand back," Uncle George said. "Give Dovey air. You are crowdin' too close."

The crowded circle of girls, boys, men and women moved back. Uncle George and Dovey were in the center of the circle.

"Did you hurt brother Roy and brother Zorns?" Dovey asked.

"Nope, Honey," Uncle George said with his voice soft as he could make it. "I just skint their heads to make 'em behave."

Uncle George still tickled Dovey under the chin with his big index finger. Uncle George's army came inside the house carryin' their clubs after they had run the gang away and rounded up their horses. They watched Uncle George and Dovey. They watched Uncle George holdin' a Blevins in his arms.

"I love you," said Uncle George. "I think you are a purty woman. I liked the piece of chicken I et off'n your table better 'n any of the chicken I got, and I bet I et

nigh onto thirty pieces, myself."

"Honey, you love me," Dovey said as she tightened her arms around Uncle George's neck.

"Of course I do," Uncle George said softly. The far-off look from his gray-eagle eyes melted as he looked on Dovey's fair face with a few wrinkles around her black eyes. Uncle George held her closer in his arms.

The women and men who ran to the shot-sprinkled church-house now circled closer around the two lovers. They watched eagerly and smiled. The young lovers stood back and took a love lesson from Uncle George. He did not care who saw him hold Dovey in his big brown arms.

"I'll be with your people tonight," Uncle George said. "Then we'll go to Big Sandy. There's a church with an organ in it and you can play it." I knew that Mom would be pleased when I told her.

Twenty years had passed. We had butchered hogs. With blood-stained hands Pa surveyed his winter meat hanging on the scaffold. Bill Hillman had helped us butcher. He was looking upon the hill toward the peach orchard.

"Look, Mr. Powderjay," he said. "What is that up there in the orchard? Looks like a pair of strange shepherd dogs. Look!"

"A pair of red foxes," Pa said.

"It's a long-range shot but I'll try one crack with this rifle," Brother Tim said.

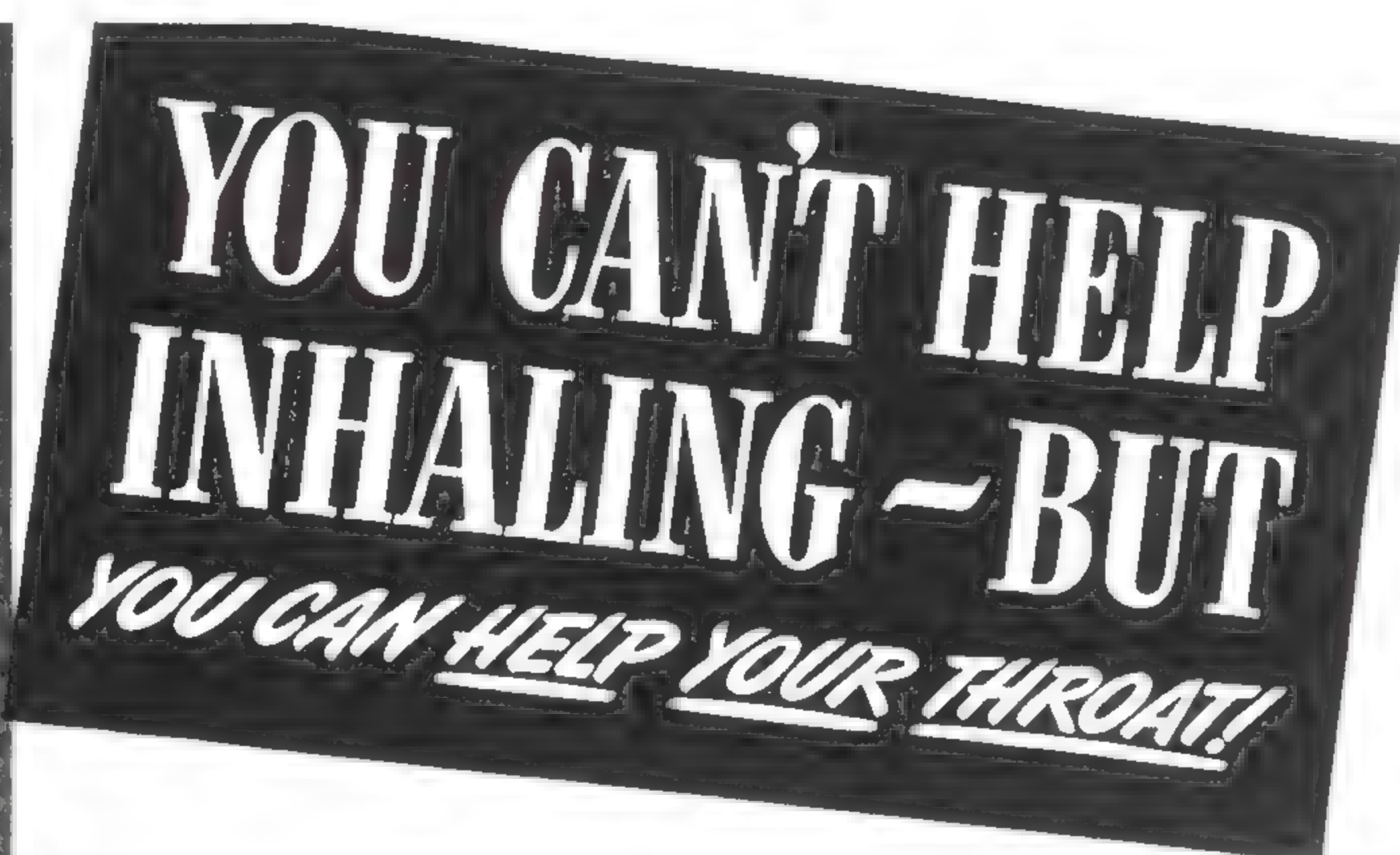
"Don't do it," I said. "Uncle George and Dovey might be back for pork instead of chicken!"

"What's the matter with you?" Pa asked. "Are you goin' crazy? Don't you know that your Uncle George died in the poorhouse last spring at the ripe age of one-hundred and two? He outlived Dovey two months."

"That's just it," I said as I lifted the barrel of Tim's rifle and the ball wheezed harmlessly high over the orchard and cracked among the oak-tops on the other side. "Uncle George said he'd turn into a fox after he died—a fox or a hoot owl. I know he's turned Dovey into one."

At the crack of the rifle, the foxes increased their speed from a slow trot to a gallop. Their long red bodies with white on the ends of their bushy tails, leaped high above the dead ragweeds, and were soon out of sight.

But only last night two owls flew over our barn and mournfully called. I think Uncle George and Dovey are owls instead of foxes because the owls went straight over the barn, the pig-pen, to the oak grove where our chickens roost. #



THAT'S right . . . all smokers sometimes inhale . . . knowingly or unknowingly. And inhaling *increases* the chance of irritation to sensitive nose and throat passages. But—see what eminent doctors found . . . on comparing the leading cigarettes! They report that:

THE SMOKE OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING BRANDS AVERAGED THREE TIMES AS IRRITANT AS THE AMAZINGLY DIFFERENT PHILIP MORRIS — AN IRRITANT EFFECT WHICH LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG!

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Escapist Refreshments

Continued from page 86

usage calls for wine—at table, anyhow. (On skis, sleds, you're on your own.) But anything hatch-worthy is forthcoming by virtue of deep cellars and wide bar skill. Some athletes quaff porter or stout. Some lap the dark luxury of Black Velvet, consisting of Champagne and stout, cautiously poured 50-50 into a tall tumbler. Others go up against Blackjack, assembled with 1 pony Kirsch, 1 dash Brandy, and 1 pony coffee, frappéed with fine ice. Any of these will bring out the figure-skating-champ instincts in you.

Hockey-historic Montreal, whose Mount Royal winter Eden, jingled to in olden time one-hoss sleighs (and isn't this buffalo robe cozy, dear!), is justly toboggan proud, offers floodlit "Feasts of the Night"—skiing, curling, snow-paved bridle pathing, etc.—which oddly enough promote whistle desires. Consequently, Hot Whiskey Toddies, Hot Flips (of rum, brandy, sherry, or port) and Mulled Ale are served up and put down appreciatively. If one were to single out a recipe from the multitude, it might be the memorable:

ALE FLIP

Beat separately 2 egg whites and 4 yolks. Combine them, adding 4 tablespoons of moistened sugar, and $\frac{1}{2}$ nutmeg grated.

Put 1 quart Ale in saucepan and bring to boil. Pour into it the egg-sugar mixture, gradually, stirring as you add.

Transfer the steaming result to robust pitcher and pour back and forth rapidly between this pitcher and its twin brother, each time holding the pourer high above the receiver, till a handsome froth is attained.

Serve in mugs or large goblets. One pillow to every customer.

Out Oregon way haughty Mt. Hood flaunts on its shoulder the rugged-looking but not so rigorous Timberline Lodge, 6,000 feet above sea level in a stupendous play world of its own, draped with thousands of acres of National forests. Hot Spiced Wine and Hot Honeyed and Buttered Rum with Nutmeg fit the situation with amazing precision, and chains of Old Fashioneds, pestled as lustily as though with alpen-stocks, vie with the buoyancy of the mile-long chair-ride-on-a-cable.

Around Mt. Rainier an always apt thought is

PORT WINE NEGUS

Pare off yellow rind of one lemon in thin strips. Put into double boiler with juice of same, two tablespoons of sugar, and one bottle of Port Wine. Heat, stirring until sugar is dissolved. When hot, add one cup boiling water and strain into pre-heated pitcher. Pour into glasses or cups with or without a flick of nutmeg.

Serves a dozen unless really thirsty.

California's much-scenic Yosemite, with its far from hovelish Ahwahnee Hotel, celebrates the winter cheer with the aid of drinkables derived from that state's enviable vineyards. For example, Mulled Wine, made with 1 cup sugar, 3 cups water, rind of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, 18 whole cloves, 6 inches of stick cinnamon, and 2 bottles

of California red wine, heated together and portioned out into glasses garnished with floating orange slices. Or, even better, some palates will assure you, the steaming new version (invented by H. S. McIntosh, catering manager of the Los Angeles Athletic Club) of Wine Julep, entitled:

HOT MINT BURGUNDY DELIGHT

6 fresh crisp mint leaves
1 piece lemon peel
1 tablespoon sugar
3 oz. (or 3 tablespoons) Burgundy

Muddle well together and add a few drops of Maraschino cherry juice syrup, one small stick of cinnamon and two whole cloves. Then add 3 oz. or 3 tablespoons of Burgundy and an equal amount of hot water. Stir and serve.

Colorado Springs, where Pike's Peak devotees bust loose—the stately Antlers and the jocund Broadmoor lending gala assistance—is not strictly committed to bubbles of the spout-out-of-the-rock variety. In fact every bar is a spa for mountain trudgers and giddappers, and the hat check girl will amiably look after your little red sled. How, though, in naming the Garden of the Gods, did they happen to ignore the goddesses you see ankling around?

Heading our dog teams for a push toward warmer climes, we park them in an ice house at the Arizona border and shorten our pants for acclimatization in the sun orgy of adobe-land where the air is so clear of humidity, you can see a freckle at 100 paces. Phoenix's fabulous Arizona-Biltmore, whose gardens are sometimes mistaken for a National Park, and the outlying Camelback Inn, queening amid its fourteen separate guest casas, provide perfect shelter if you want any. Or you can pick your rancho grandioso, dedicated to creature comforts and affording Collinses of well-nigh cactus height. After a couple of them the moon comes down out of that midnight blue sky and kisses you on the brow.

So fertile, this whole Southwest country—so fertile in potive originality. No other region, I imagine, could have inspired my friend J.R.K. to create the glad-some highboy whose name and specifications are these:

CHERRY JULEP

$1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Dry Gin
1 oz. Sloe Gin
1 oz. Cherry Brandy
1 teaspoon Maraschino Cherry syrup and 2 or 3 muddled cherries
Juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon
1 teaspoon sugar

Stir well, pour into 12 oz. glass, add cracked ice, and fill glass with seltzer. Garnish with $\frac{1}{2}$ slice of lemon or orange, if desired as a color effect for the aesthetically-inclined.

Truly outstanding and upstanding are the elbow calisthenics at that California phenomenon known as Palm Springs. There zeal for mud baths takes the form of, "Here's mud in your eye." Back in the days when the Desert

Inn was just an unassuming shack, wayfarers who descended upon it figured blithely that they'd sop the place up in short order and then go on their way as cheery as the fellow who broke the bank at Monte Carlo. Vain ambition! That little Inn, revealing resources which nobody could catch up with, has grown and spread out and attained such elegance that if you bump into a cactus it says, "Poddon me." And now there's an ultra-ultra El Mirador, and a terrific Racquet Club, and what haven't you—all adding up to an oasis which a camel would faint at the sight of. Stars of Hollywood and heights of society join in community Singapore Slings.

Coastal exclusiveness scores a bingo at sumptuous Del Monte, gardened with Bamboo Cocktails (1 jigger Sherry, 1 jigger dry Vermouth, 2 dashes Angostura; ice stirred, not shaken), and hedged about with Gin and Tonic. Lotus Isle Catalina of the enchanted coves, seals, tropic birds, big-name-banded dream casino, glass-bottomed boats for a looksee at Neptune's pretties, and general tone of dolce-far-éclat, is the scene of a busy shaking and concocting industry. One of the specialties turned out while you wait pendant-tongued is the American Beauty Cocktail (1 part Muscatel, 4 parts Champagne, thoroughly chilled and garnished with a large grape). And for sheer gala impressiveness there's the No. 1 prize winner of California:

ARISTOCRAT SPARKLING PUNCH

1 bottle Burgundy
4 ounces Brandy
1 quart Sparkling water
2 bottles Champagne
1 cup cube sugar

Dissolve sugar in a cup of sparkling water and pour into punch bowl. Add Burgundy and Brandy, stirring well. Place block of ice in bowl, and add Champagne and the balance of sparkling water. Garnish top of ice block with strawberries or raspberries, or other fruit in season, and float thin slices of two oranges on top of punch.

Winging East to golf-girdled Augusta, Georgia, we find a European Riviera temperature pitted with nineteenth holes. Steeds whinny as stirrup cups are raised aloft. Quail and skeet marksmen do their stuff and so does Bourbon. As for lordly Sea Island, the social and sports life revolving around its Cloister, Beach Casino, Golf Club, and Gun Club, is refreshmented by trusty sepians, jigger perfect in their repertoire.

The news from Gulf Stream-lined Florida runs to such glitter and gallantry (2 Cuba Libres in every cabaña), it makes one's head swim. The skimpiest resumé of it would take all of Esqy's pages this month, and he won't let me have them, the churl. Rather than be unfair to so variegatedly luscious a romp-and-playground by criminal brevity—as though you could scratch the surface of heaven in a niggard paragraph or two and a few drinks

—well, the hell with it. We'll keep frustratedly silent about Floridian delights, splendors, super-comfort, Frozen Daiquiris, epicurean dishes, gal-draped pools and patios, Roney Plaza and Whitehall, sun terraces and moonlit al fresco dance floors, Hollywood Beach, Versailles, Miami Biltmore, Rum Collinses, night splurgeries and Champagne-sparkled strands, and flit on to Nassau, pleasure capital of the swizzle-imbued Bahamas. Here at the exclusive parked British Colonial Hotel the whitecoated professors are genuine Ph.D's—philosophers of drinkology.

Ron-rich Cuba remains an ever-rewarding port of call, its resplendent Hotel Nacional putting up collector's editions of the Presidente ($\frac{1}{2}$ best blond Rum, $\frac{1}{2}$ Vermouth, dash Grenadine, stirred in ice, twist of orange peel), the Cuban Cooler (tall rum-and-ginger-ale, sprigged with mint), and that fresh minted rum rickey (you and I and the rest of the Castilians pronounce it Mo-hee-to).

Speaking of rum, that's what the secret closet in Bluebeard's Castle (Isle of St. Thomas) in the Virgins is full of. Indeed, anywhere you knock in the Caribbean you are greeted with haughtily individual liquor of the cane. Jamaica of the ripe and heavy bodied, voluptuous bouquet pirate-soother feels that all other rums are pop for kiddies. But that doesn't deter Trinidad, Barbados, Haiti, Martinique, and Demerara from championing their own, with beautiful evidence for the defense. And Porto Rico has gone hog-wild in its determination to outrun any planter's-punchers anywhere. Consequently there's a lot of sightseeing to be done by shore parties, each grog shoppe quainter than the next, displaying well-known names on labels. The restaurant La Mayorquina in San Juan is a neat spot for gathering a bit of local food as well.

Neighborly Old Mexico is receiving a terrific play on the part of air, train, and rubber-tired vacationists. And has it got reasons! High-riding Mexico City itself goes notably nocturnal at El Patio, the very place to cull a Tequila Sour, assembled in the same manner as a whiskey sour. But take a firm grip on the nearest palm tree before you tackle it.

Westward South America is fortified with Peru's ancient native brandy, Pisco, best approached in Pisco Punch (lemon and white of egg, frothed in the shaking). Argentina is irrigated with the Sangria—a julep of brandy, claret, orange juice, Triple Sec, bushed with fresh mint. Rio, staging its world-celebrated Carnival, positively pours the works.

In the interest of science I should state that all potations touched on in this article are concoctable at one's own hearthside. But why liberate one's palate from its leash when its master is still in harness? #

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 79

gone unappreciated by my honored colleagues, the New York reviewers. No such glowing notices as he received on this appearance of his have been bestowed upon an artist since Salvini last acted over here or since Butterfly McQueen showed up as the little colored maid in the sporting house of *Brown Sugar*. There wasn't a dissenting voice, and I am proud to lend my rich baritone to the hallelujah chorus. I'll give you all the profound dramas of Em Jo Basshe, along with all the profounder ones of Virgil Geddes, for even one look at Bobby in his union suit making love to a six-foot blonde. I'll add to them all the acting of Walter Hampden, Stiano Braggiotti and Ezra Stone for the histrionic technique of Bobby when he severely and indignantly cross-examines a friend and gradually finds himself with his own shirt-tail out. And I'll supplement both with all of Michael Chekhov's Russian directorial art, all of Henry Brant's music, all of Ralph Blane's lyrics, and all of Gilbert Miller's forty thousand dollars' worth of scenery and costumes for *Anne Of England* for the privilege of beholding Bobby hopping about with a rug around his middle, flirting the rear of a kilt at the audience, substituting a mouthful of gargled g's and s's for a naughty word, or chasing a woman upstairs to her boudoir and getting the door in his face for his chivalrous, if somewhat lascivious, pains.

And what's more, I apologize to Bobby and all his admirers for this lukewarm notice.

III

Boneyard Item.—I have mentioned *Anne Of England*, long since interred in the storehouse after a disastrous run of less than a week. Unanimously roasted by the reviewers, here was a stuffed turkey dealing with the fat and foolish Queen that sought to substitute enough plush, satin, silk and gold ornamentation to decorate the whole Waldorf-Astoria for reputable historical-biographical drama and that accordingly impressed its sparse and yawning audiences as a ten-dollar de luxe illustrated edition of a ten-cent book, with the print pied.

The authors, the Misses Canfield and Borden, derived their exhibit from a play called *Viceroy Sarah* by one Ginsbury, uncovered in London some seasons ago, and were very apparently of the conviction that if Helen Hayes with a couple of half-apples sequestered in her cheeks could capture the box office as Victoria, an actress who had no need of the apples could capture it even more prosperously as Anne. And they were further evidently persuaded, this time not too incorrectly, that in the battle of the Duchess of Marlborough and Mrs. Masham for the Queen's favor there was the material for fetching drama.

But their dramaturgical and literary treatment of the possible subject was, to put it politely, strictly amateur and the result was a play whose quality would not have met the demands of even such old road historical-biographical-show hams as Madame Rhea and Creston Clarke.

Finding the customarily cagey Gilbert Miller lending his trademark to such juvenility was something of a critical jolt. He deserved what he got from the boys. And, concurring somewhat tardily in their opinion, he threw in the towel. For he appreciated that rarely any longer is there any use in fighting the battle of bad plays at the box office; that the day when the jack, in the face of contrary criticism, could nevertheless be made to roll in from such balderdash as *Richelieu*, *In The Palace Of The King*, *Sweet Nell Of Old Drury* and *Prince Karl* has long since vamoosed; and that dramatic quality isn't a bad thing to have lying around the premises these days.

The records of last season attest to the fact that out of thirty-eight critically denounced bad plays one and only one did not lose money and that one, *Johnny Belinda*, didn't earn enough to buy its producers any perceptible quantity of new seven-dollar neckties. The records also attest to the fact that the real money-makers were without exception plays that at least made some gesture toward quality in their respective fields: *Watch On The Rhine*, *The Corn Is Green* (both of which, incidentally, got the Critics' Circle's prizes), *The Man Who Came To Dinner*, *Life With Father*, *My Sister Eileen*, *Arsenic and Old Lace*, *Claudia*, etc. And the records similarly show that even plays that gestured toward quality but whose gesture was deficient lost money along with the plays that didn't gesture in that direction at all, as for example *Journey To Jerusalem*, *Boyd's Daughter*, *Fledgling*, *Delicate Story*, *Retreat To Pleasure*, *The Old Foolishness*, *Tanyard Street*, *The Cream In The Well*, *The Talley Method*, *Gabrielle*, etc.

Even the very cheapest production of a dramatic play, what with actor guarantees, theatre rental, currently inordinate union labor demands, newspaper advertising and so on, costs anywhere from ten to twelve thousand dollars. If the run is forced for two weeks, about fifteen to eighteen thousand comes nearer the nick. The better productions cost initially from fifteen thousand up, sometimes—what with expensive road tryouts—totaling twenty, twenty-five, thirty, forty thousand and more. The ease with which money may be dropped is thus quickly to be appreciated, particularly as it is estimated that the present average chances of a play's success are about one in fourteen. And when it comes to big success, the odds

are maybe one in twenty-five.

Revivals and musical shows excluded, forty-nine new plays were produced in the Broadway theatre last season. Of the forty-nine, the only real financial successes—holdovers from the season before not counting—were *The Corn Is Green*, *My Sister Eileen*, *Arsenic and Old Lace*, *Claudia* and *Watch On The Rhine*. This was a phenomenally big percentage. The average of real success is very seldom anywhere nearly so high. Forty-nine less these five leaves forty-four. Of the forty-four, *George Washington Slept Here*, *Old Acquaintance* and *Mr. and Mrs. North* managed to get by mildly. Forty-four less these three leaves forty-one. Because it could be produced with very little outlay, *Out of the Frying Pan*, summer stock rights added, made a little on its small investment. That leaves forty. The producing cost of these forty losers ranged from about ten thousand dollars in the case of such an exhibit as *Popsy* to twenty-two thousand or more in the case of such a one as *Journey To Jerusalem*. The general average cost may be set down at from twelve to eighteen thousand. Dividing this amount, we have a net average of fifteen thousand. Now multiply fifteen by forty and you have a total loss of six hundred thousand dollars. Several producers whom I have consulted on the figures say that eight or nine hundred thousand would be much nearer the mark. But let the six hundred thousand stand as a testimonial to what producers can lose if they try hard enough with sufficiently poor plays.

Moral lesson. Paraphrasing Bernard Shaw's "If it's by a good author, it's a good play," if it's by a good author it stands a good chance of making money. Six out of eight of O'Neill's later plays have made money. The last six plays of Robert Sherwood have all made money. Kaufman and Hart write plays that make money four times out of five. Four out of the last half dozen of Behrman's plays have made some money. Lillian Hellman has scored at the box-office three times out of four. And Rose Franken has hit it twice in two tries.

Maybe that's part of the secret.

IV

Youth.—One of the established successes of the season is a musical show called *Best Foot Forward*. With but two objecting voices, the New York reviewers voted it the most exciting thing they had seen since that big moment in Augustus Thomas' *The Witching Hour* when one very sore character couldn't fire a revolver at another just because the other told him he couldn't or since Gypsy Rose Lee first took her pants off. To the two dissenting voices I nevertheless add my own. For if thirty or forty youngsters in their teens galloping around a stage for two uninterrupted hours as if they had been eating Benzedrine tablets by the pound constitutes exciting entertainment,

my idea of entertainment is something that promptly invalidates me as a commentator on matters theatrical.

I have never been one to believe that anyone under twenty years of age is ipso facto not only beautiful and immensely attractive but in all likelihood something of a potential genius. For every good-looking and attractive kid, boy or girl, you can pretty regularly find at least half a dozen persons of somewhat maturer years who are a whole lot better looking and certainly a whole lot more engaging. And for every kid Mozart or kid Mary Anderson with any unusual talent there have been and are a hundred thousand whose admiring parents have made a big mistake. A few of the kids in the show in question can sing almost as well as some lesser Gilbert and Sullivan troupe chorus girl and a few can dance almost as well as the least colored chorus dancer in some such show as *Cabin In The Sky*. But beyond that they and the considerably less talented rest have nothing to offer, save youth, that isn't offered (and promptly spurned) by the subsidiary singers and hoofers in musical flops like last season's *All In Fun* and *Crazy With The Heat* and this season's *Viva O'Brien*.

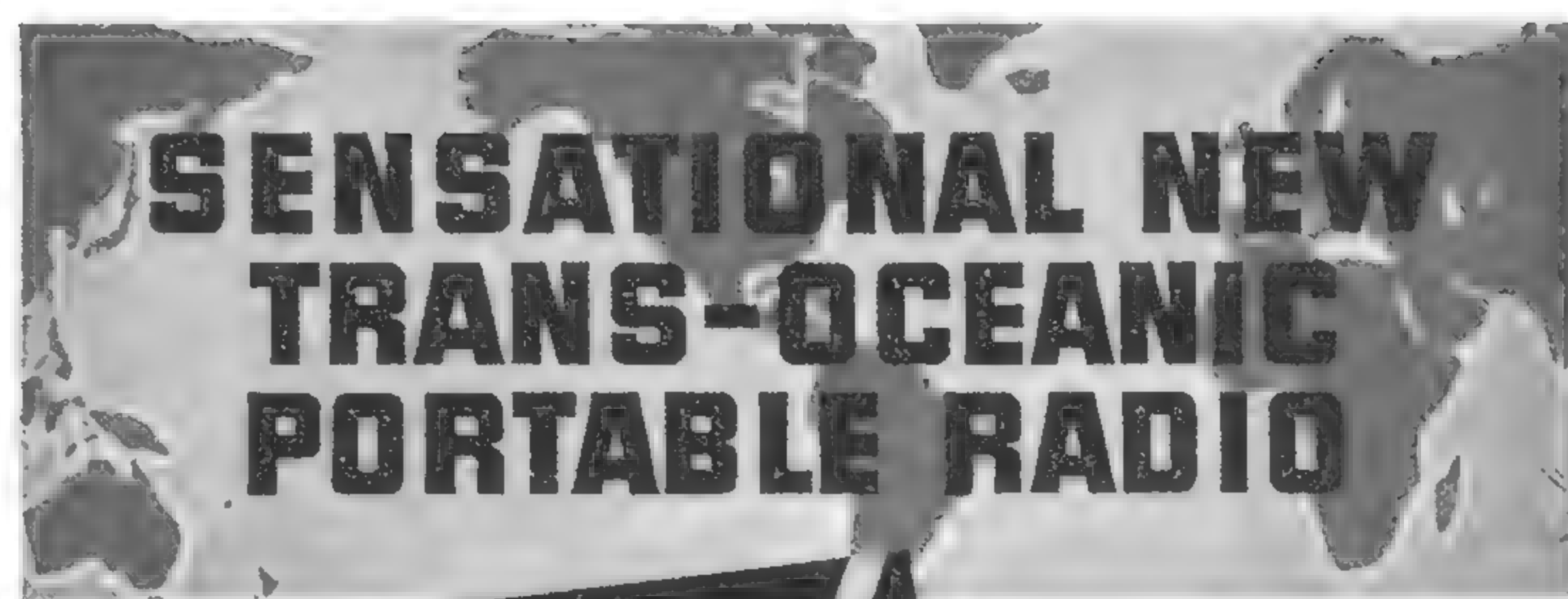
But, argue the defense counsel, you overlook that wonderful youth. In other words, what you overlook is a company of mediocre actors, singers and dancers who would be slept at if they were thirty but who are instantaneously metamorphosed into something inordinately captivating simply because they are in their teens. I don't get it. So far as I am concerned, *Best Foot Forward* is no more arbitrarily a good show because most of its cast is between sixteen and nineteen years old than *Village Green*, say, was arbitrarily a bad one because most of its was between forty and sixty.

V

Seeing Red.—Sinclair ("Red") Lewis several months ago sought to pursue his interest in the theatre by producing a play called *Good Neighbor*, by one Levin, with 25,000 dollars of his own money and by serving his investment in the capacity of stage director. The play, which, he announced, he esteemed an admirable example of high-minded dramatic art, was so completely lousy in every respect, and the production so amateurish, that it ran for just one single performance at the Windsor Theatre and was then promptly carted off to the dump.

As a friend of Red's of long and affectionate standing, I can only hope that he has at last learned his lesson. The Nobel prize winner in literature and the theatre, for all his love for it, are strangers, and apparently the twain shall never meet. A first-rate judge of literary values, Red is a woefully poor judge of dramatic values. A mimic of sterling excellence in the parlor, whether of the plush or booze variety, he is not a stage actor and shouldn't try to be one.

Continued on page 152



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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 79-151

And as a director, the less said the sweeter. We all make mistakes and Red has now made his, several of them and in three directions so far as the theatre goes. So let him forget a medium to which his talents seemingly aren't suited and return to the job he knows and often has done so beautifully well.

No one with an ounce of theatrical knowledge would in this day have invested a nickel in the old Jewish-heart-of-gold hokum, in which *Good Neighbor* was replete. No one with an iota of directorial skill would have taken hold of such obsolete melodramatic wham and made the whole thing doubly ridiculous by directing the chief Ku Klux menace as a low comedian; by playing the secret rendezvous of mother and hunted son, which marked the second act climax, in a highly lighted ante-room with the door wide open; by allowing the heroic old Jewish heroine to be shot with a toy pistol that gave off the sound of a cracked peanut; and by other such summer stock whimsies. No one with the slightest aptitude for direction would have had his old invalid character yell his lines as if he were at a football game, would have caused his young lovers to keep their eyes glued on the audience during their mutual personal raptures, or would have had his cop character dress as scrupulously as the Duke of Windsor and comport himself as cutie-pie as Buddy Rogers. And any man with 25,000 dollars lying around loose who couldn't after reading the first six pages of the *Good Neighbor* script immediately spot it for the awful junk it was would better have invested at least a couple of those 25,000 bucks instant in a prophylactic and safeguarding book of modern theatrical criticism.

I love you, Red old boy, and I know it hurts you more to write this than it hurts me, but I have a job to serve even as you have—and may you serve that job of yours, the novel, in the future as handsomely as you frequently have in your theatreless past.

VI

Facade Drama.—The latest Kaufman-Ferber collaboration, *The Land Is Bright*, is a Saks-Fifth Avenue show window with behind it a Woolworth store. It is all front, handsomely embellished, glittering, attention-arresting and with its papier-mâché manikins attractive and here and there even rather lifelike, but go a few steps deeper into it and you find nothing but ten-cent goods. As drama, in other words, it is worth about a dime, but as a superficial show it is all right, if you take it, as you take any shop window, in your quick stride.

Having observed so much, it is perhaps unreasonable to discuss the exhibit from a drama-critical point of view. Yet a few remarks may profligately be expended.

Considered as dramatists as distinct from mere showmen, the collaborators have taken over some of the hoariest stock figures and some of the pulpiest melodramatics and platitudes of the stage and have attempted to drive them into a last-minute goal push with reflections on the nation's immediate problems. They divide their game into three periods: the late Nineties, the early Twenties, and the present, and through three generations in the family of a robber baron of untold wealth come laboriously to the startling conclusions that money isn't everything, that the future lies in the hands of youth, and that Hitler will be licked only if the United States, personified by an eighteen-year-old flying cadet, goes in and does the job. The final curtain line, incidentally, is the aforesaid young flying cadet's "We'll fix that!", than which Harry Clay Blaney himself never offered the peanut-gallery better, richer, and maybe more tasteless. But if the structure of the play is out of the old *Milestones* wastebasket, if the money-bah and youth-ho theories are out of moldy theatrical relics without end, and if a considerable share of the writing is of the species that brings fancy prices from the kind of magazines that have fifty advertising solicitors for every man on the editorial staff—and all of whom are paid bigger salaries—the paradoxical fact nevertheless remains that George Kaufman's extraordinary skill in theatrical hocus-pocus has contrived to turn the whole chagrined thing into a lively, bouncing, and seldom—save in part of the first act—tedious spectacle.

By casting the show in most of its roles brilliantly, by directing its blood-and-thunder and its mush-and-milk into an appearance of legitimate drama, by injecting into the feeble moments pretty agile gags, and by otherwise dressing up the five-and-ten contents in the choicest tissue paper this Kaufman has actually taken material, part of it his meritless, shabby and unworthy own, which in most other hands would be stupefying, and transformed it into publicly acceptable entertainment. Don't ask me exactly how he did and does it. I don't know. In short, *The Land Is Bright*, no; Kaufman, yes.

VII

Some others.—*Let's Face It*, a musical show by Herbert and Dorothy Fields and Cole Porter, despite the circumstances that it names one of its characters Henry Clay Pigeon, is one of the big successes of the season and fully deserves to be. Its book, broadly derived from that already amusing comedy, *Cradle Snatchers*, of some years ago, is even more amusing than the original; Porter's tunes are good Porter; the dancing is fresh and stimulating; Danny Kaye, who in the past seemed rather dull to this department,

proves himself serviceable music-show material; Eve Arden is an altogether charming and expert comédienne; Nanette Fabray is an engaging addition to the proceedings; and various others help out considerably. In the chorus and with a couple of lines to speak there is also a young girl who is incontrovertibly the prettiest thing observed on a musical comedy stage since Ziegfeld stopped picking them. Failing to decipher from the welter of names in the program who the paragon was, I dispatched an instantaneously hired posse hither and yon to learn her identity and finally ran down her name as Jane Ball. Jane is a lulu, and no mistake. So don't evermore say I don't do my duty by you readers.

Although, as I have noted, Kaye does a nice job in the show, I still can't persuade myself to share most everybody else's enthusiasm over him for his gift in rattling off without a hitch ditties made up of the names of a lot of Russians or, in the present instance, of a succession of polysyllables. Many a Gilbert and Sullivan singer has

been negotiating much the same business for years and nobody has lost a hat in the air because of it.

George Jessel's *High Kickers*, with a cast headed by that jovial twain, Jessel and Sophie Tucker, had this often stuffy old professor frequently laughing fit to kill and was to be commended to anyone whose taste in jocosity ran to the broad, wide and handsome. The unduly refined, those luckless souls, found their sensibilities offended, but as for the rest of us bums it was a tasty, if crude, low and artistically sour show. Maybe one of the troubles of the theatre is that there aren't enough of us loafers left.

The Man With Blond Hair, by Hollywood's Norman Krasna, was Hollywood "pursuit" claptrap involving a couple of Nazis, one of whom was finally won over to racial tolerance by a kindly Jewish family.

Blithe Spirit, Noel Coward's latest, is an unduly stretched but periodically humorous farce dealing with the ghosts of a man's two wives who come back to play the dickens with him. ##

The Grand Finale

Continued from page 49

the Marquise de la Foliatte. Without further ado, he murmured, 'I love only you, Nicola' and fell back, beautifully dead.

"After I had rushed her out and was preparing to let in the Marquise, he hissed, 'Tiring as this is, you'd better send for Madame de Valare. She mustn't be cheated out of her share of this wholesale swan song.'

"I brought in the titian-haired Marquise and although her electric blue eyes were in bloodshot settings, her brittle manner was unthawed. She did not fall on her knees, nor did she wail hysterically. This was puzzling to the Master, who had come to expect it. Feebly he blew her a kiss and though he was weak, he wasn't as weak as all that. Still she stood there, tragically immobile, and for a moment I almost liked her. I saw Landreau's jaw tighten as he resolved to smash her reserve.

"My Arabelle,' he whispered, 'soon this candle will be gutted and the flame that burned so brightly for you will be no more.' He kissed her hands softly. 'Don't forget me—too soon—' he said with plaintive sadness.

"Her poise suddenly disintegrated.

"Let me go with you,' she said huskily.

"No,' he replied generously, 'Stay here and let me live through your memories.' Then, fix-eyed, he fell forward, crying 'Arabelle!' and for the fourth time launched into eternity.

"If the Marquise had been poised before, she made up for it now and it took two more servants to pull her shrieking and sobbing to her carriage.

"The last one, the most beautiful and the most utterly worthless, Madame de Valare, was late. I re-

member she rushed in, snow still flecking her sable cape and hood.

"If I had missed you, I would have killed myself. Killed myself!' she cried. Knowing her mad-cap reputation, I took her wraps and sure enough, found a small revolver in her bag. On my return I heard him laugh softly.

"Believe the words of a dying man who has nothing to gain,' he said. 'I have loved many, idolized a few. But you I should have one day married.' And as he turned from her to die again, he gave the mirror an outrageously broad wink.

"As I covered him, she hysterically ran for her bag. Finding the gun was not there, she fainted and it took such a time to revive and send her away, I was afraid the Maestro would become bored lying still. Fortunately, she was carried to her carriage first.

"Tired, but exhilarated, Landreau sat up and sipped some brandy, smiling like a satyr.

"You fool!' I said. 'You've used up enough energy in deceiving those silly things to have completed the concerto in fine style.'

"Completing my life in fine style is important, too,' he whispered. 'Don't you see, my dear—I gave them so little of my life. Perhaps giving each of them my death will make up for it.'

"Then weakly he reached for his pen and continued writing and re-writing in peace," said Miss Mott. "He barely had time to finish—"

For a moment we were both silent, watching the dancers pirouette with glacial gaiety.

"Tell me," I said at last. "How did the Master really meet death?"

Miss Mott closed her fan with a snap and for a moment her plain, unloved face glistened with triumph.

"In my arms," she said. ##



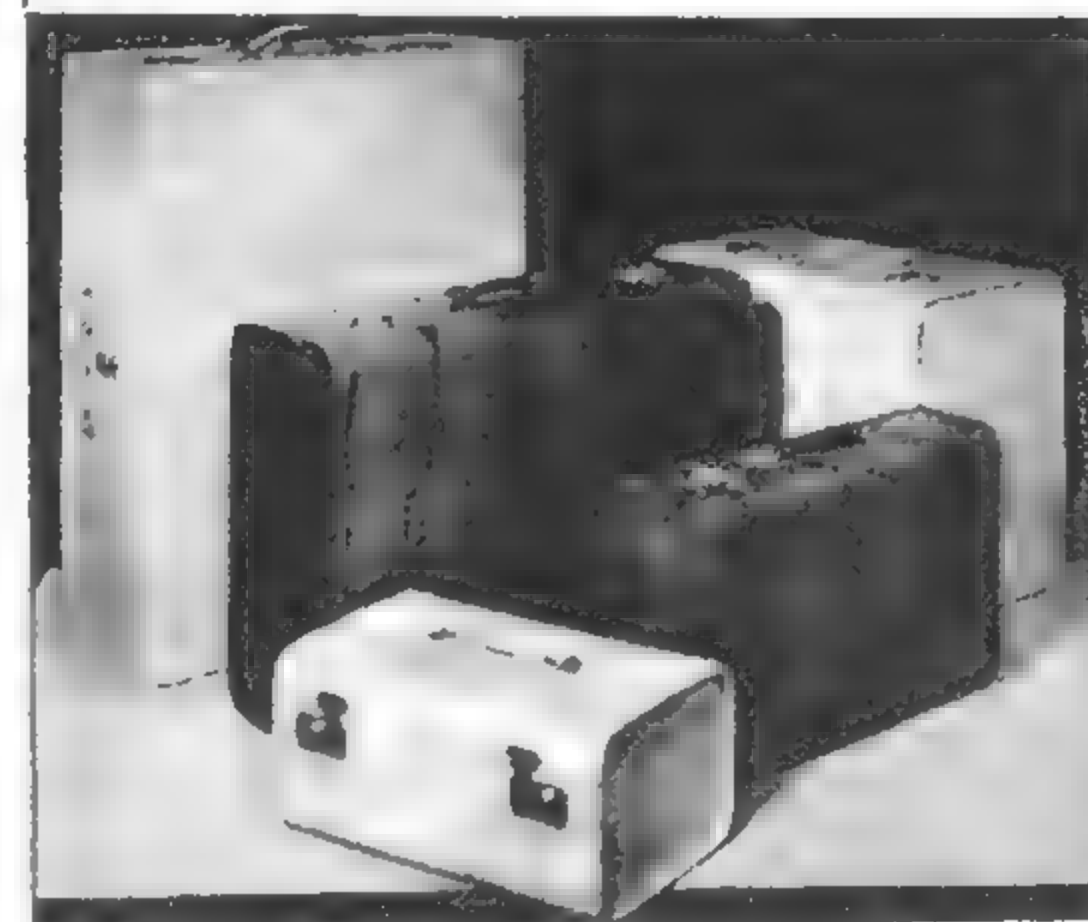
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Design for a Bachelor's Roost

Continued from page 72

as standard items with this type of bed and slip cover.

Even in a one-man house there are times when privacy is welcome, and it's better to have your personal books and papers in your own room rather than the living room. The desk shown might be built in, of plywood, with shelves above it for books, files, a small radio, or storage cabinets.

There is plenty of storage space for clothes and other personal and household effects, and this is all concentrated in the dressing room. There is also a place for a heating unit, squarely amidships. In milder climates this might become an additional closet. There is a standard oil-heating unit, popular in the South, which is installed entirely outside the house. In this one it could go in a well-insulated lean-to alongside the cooking alcove or in a portion of the storage cabinet under the car shelter.

The living room is small but adequate. One of those big, echoing club-sized living rooms is dandy for a populous family but lonesome on quiet evenings alone. Quite a few people can sprawl comfortably around this room, and move here and there without falling all over each other.

The small piano might be replaced by another easy chair and a radio-phonograph combination.

The dining arrangement is handy. Most of the time, you will find it more convenient to put the food and fixings on a tray and eat in whatever corner, indoors or out, seems at the moment inviting.

For larger feeds the drop leaf table opens up. This has drawers at both ends for your silverware, linens and other things.

In place of regular dining chairs we have suggested using circular Chinese peel cane chairs. They are comfortable for general sitting around, which dining chairs are not; one is shown in the living room, another in the dressing room, another in the bedroom-den, to be brought out when needed.

The living room also doubles as guest room by means of the studio couch. The arrangement will take care of overnight guests but discourage long visits; a happy thought.

Storage space under the car shelter takes care of trunks, tools and the clutter which in most homes accumulates around the kitchen door.

Going indoors again, the plan indicates a combination tub and shower in the bathroom. If you prefer just a shower the rest of the space can be occupied by a large cabinet with shelves and drawers.

The dressing room will receive light either by glass brick in the partition, as shown, or with a frosted-glass bathroom door.

It will be pointed out by somebody that money can be saved by arranging the bath and kitchen alcove to back up against each other. A practical idea, to be sure, but dull, like marrying a woman for her cooking. The arrangement

shown is better from several stand-points and is not worth spoiling for the cost of a few extra feet of water pipe.

The plan is as simple as possible. It will be most economical to build and a man handy with tools could construct part or all of it himself in not too long a time. It is adaptable to construction by whatever materials are best and cheapest in your locality.

Architecturally the house follows no precedents. It is a tiny thing, but has about it a certain dignity and character. The chimney, by the way, is copied from one seen on the cookhouse of what was once a great colonial estate on Andros Island in the Bahamas.

It is by accident of the plan that there are no windows whatever on the street elevation of the house but a happenstance you will appreciate if your neighborhood is average suburban nosey.

There is nothing to restrain you from altering the plan as shown. There are reasons not to, however; everything including the dimensions has been carefully thought out. Don't put on a flat or shed roof. The place is so small that the resemblance to a cracker box will be unmistakable.

The size, shape, exposure and other features of your lot may dictate certain changes in detail; the plan can be reversed to place the living room on the other end if that will give you a better view, light and breeze; the car shelter can be turned at right angles to the house; or the house can be placed to make the chimney-end its street exposure with entrance at the side, and the car shelter, either as originally planned or moved to the rear, entered via an alley driveway.

Complete, less furniture, this little house should cost around \$1,000. It will fit with room to spare on a standard lot but in placing it thereon give thought to the turning radius your car will require to get into the shelter and to the possibility that you may want to add rooms.

The cost picture on building materials is extremely fuzzy at this writing. A resourceful fellow might shop for second-hand materials, particularly in the lumber, plumbing and hardware divisions. By thus cutting material costs, and doing some of the work yourself, it is entirely possible to build such a house without blasting more than a few hundred dollars out of your Postal Savings. If it is built as a summer place only, or in the amiable climate of the South and West, construction can be simpler and cheaper.

Here, then, is a minute house that will supply most of the items missing from the life of a normally contented and popular bachelor. Be warned, however. If you do build such a Bachelor's Roost as this, some woman is pretty sure to fall in love with it and try to marry you for your house. #

When Golf Is No Fun

Continued from page 46

discouraged with his game and you find the opposite condition. He gets disgusted with a bad shot and goes to his next shot either scared or in a mad mood. If he's scared he has an unreasoning hunch that brute force will hammer the next shot home. If he's sore he wants to take out his grouch on the ball. So he doesn't stop to think about the first two things: whether his grip gives him a chance to swing the club-head squarely into the ball, and whether the location of the ball with respect to placement of his feet will allow the club to do its work right.

Even if the fellow did stop to think, he probably wouldn't know what to do because he's so set in his own wrong way that the right way probably would feel awkward to him. That's why you hear men say so many times that the lesson they just took threw them off their game. It sure enough did. That is what the pro was paid for. The game the pupil had was lousy; he should have been thrown off it long ago. No effort at correction can be 100 per cent successful immediately.

It would amaze the fellow who is discouraged with his golf to realize what patience and heart has been required for many of the greatest pros to discover and overcome mysterious flaws that were giving them trouble.

Denny Shute was sick of his golf in 1928. He made a change in his grip that took him about a year to master. His first big victory was in the Los Angeles Open in 1930. From that he went on to win a British Open, two P.G.A. Championships, lose a U. S. National Open title in a play-off, and keep good enough to finish second in the 1941 U. S. Open.

Ralph Guldahl went into a bad slump after finishing a stroke out of a tie for the 1933 National Open Championship. It took him three years of practicing and studying before he came back to win two U. S. Open and three Western Opens. In the past year or so some aggravating defect has developed in Ralph's game, although 999 out of a thousand might say he's just not getting the breaks he deserves, and Ralph's again in a period of analysis and correction.

Hagen, Sarazen, Horton Smith, Lawson Little and other great stars have had their slumps. But they've also had the hearts that make champions. They've found out what they needed to get scoring again and they worked on it until they got it.

I wouldn't expect anyone like the man who wrote me the letter I quoted to apply himself to correcting his game with the same intensity, and as long, as the playing pros work on theirs. He'd be crazy if he did. He's primarily in the game for fun and unless he is willing to enjoy himself at supervised practice for some months, he'd better get used to the sort of

golf fun that isn't dependent on the score card.

Thinking of the discouraged man's case and of the many pupils I've taught—or tried to teach—to score well, it occurs to me that private golf clubs and the usual procedure of instruction are not fitted to a very large per cent of club members.

The truth is that about three-fourths of a golf club's membership doesn't know how to swing a golf club properly. They have just enough knowledge of the technicalities of the swing that they've read or heard to be able to mess up natural impulses toward a smooth and effective swing. They were pretty fair baseball players when they were boys so why shouldn't they be good at this game where the ball stays still? That's the notion they have.

They insist that their children take weekly piano lessons for a couple of years and practice faithfully. The children are imitative, unmarked by incorrect habits of performance, and flexible enough to have their muscles do their minds' bidding. Yet their parents don't expect the impossible development of piano maestros in a few months.

But the parents whose muscles are getting numb and whose minds rarely can be disciplined to even brief concentration on a sport come out to a golf club and expect a professional to make them good players in six lessons.

There must be genius in golf instruction or the pros wouldn't have done as well as they have in teaching in the way that fundamentally hasn't changed for almost one hundred years.

Golf has to be learned as it is being taught. If the golf clubs had night-lighted practice tees of the stop-and-sock type and the pros were paid to get the pupils set on the first principles of grip, stance and swing, then walk up and down the tee supervising the practice, you'd see the standard of golf scoring greatly improved at golf clubs. Conditions would be right for learning, as well as for teaching. And I'm sure that the pupils would get a great deal of pleasant and healthy exercise out of the change in procedure.

Consider the fellow who wrote me. This past golfing season he has probably had plenty of business problems. He made dates to take a lesson, or to play. He rushes out to the club, throws in a quick lunch, makes a telephone call he forgot to make at the office, and hurries out to the tee tired already and with his nerves dancing.

I might tell the man that if I'd go out to a golf course the way he does I'd feel lucky if I ever was able to break 90. He's a nervous basket case before he gets to the golf course—and he blames his score for making him that way! It's not the man's golf game, it's his entire physical and mental

condition that has upset him about his golf. I'll bet if he'd analyze himself frankly he'd find that he was easily and severely upset about other things undoubtedly more important than his golf score.

Yet, as long as the average American has a good strong element of competition in his nature, this fellow just can't be told to forget his score and not worry. That's like somebody telling me: "Think nothing of it; all you need is three pars to win."

The situation with this man is that he hasn't got the first thing for good golf scoring, and that's a sound golf stroke. If he could combine his instruction and his practice in the evening at his club when he could apply himself in a relaxed mood to mild physical exercise, he would get the physical part of his game in good shape. It would do him a lot of good all around. He'd probably go to bed tired enough physically to go right to sleep.

He has probably been taking his lessons in the afternoon at his club and seeing, out of a corner of his eye, pals of his in competitive play. He figures he's missing something. He can't make up his mind what he wants to do, play or practice. That doesn't contribute anything to his enjoyment of golf.

So he misses developing the second thing he needs for a good score, a disciplined temperament.

Adding it all up, I'd say that if the fellow is scoring around 100, he isn't doing bad. Considering what he's up against in factors that handicap the development of the physical and mental phases of his game the man is lucky to hit a shot well now and then.

If this man is really on the level about wanting to improve his golf, he can do what I've done for several years; take a putter and use it from 15 minutes to a couple of hours almost every night putting at a glass laid on a carpet.

If he'll see where the ball is, with respect to his feet and eyes, when he gets uniformly good results, and how his grip is, and how the path of the putter blade is when he's regularly stroking putts into the glass, then he'll begin to get fun out of really studying his golf.

If he doesn't want to do that, what he wants is a miracle worked to improve his golf. Should there be any miracle that can be worked on a golf game I want it for myself.

When you get right down to it I guess that it actually isn't a few details about golf that have been bothering the man who wrote me. Maybe it's something he ate, the war, priorities, taxes or something else far away from a golf course. Golf is a very convenient thing for him to blame as the source of his unhappiness. He should be happy he has golf handy for that alibi and relief. ##



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The Shorthand Caricaturist

Continued from page 91

training in art and with no more promise of achievement than is possessed by the most commonplace of art hacks. Within ten years he had become an artist with an individual way of treating subject matter in pigment, the possessor of an observant and discriminating eye and a tolerant and amusing style in depicting the life of the streets and the parks, and with a special flair for the qualities and the antics of children, including the gamin. He is fairly successful, too, within a realm which, a few years ago, he did not have the remotest possibility of penetrating. The lithographic prints made from his drawings find a ready sale for their human interest and the humorous clarity of their story statement; his paintings are so readily sold that his gallery—the Associated American Artists—cannot gather together enough unsold paintings to organize his first one-man show. In other words, he has broken the rules of the game by failing to wait until he had made his debut. What with portrait commissions and demands for paintings of another kind, only tenuously bordering on the commercial, Smith does not find enough hours in the day within which to complete all that is required of him. Ten years ago he was little more than a callow college boy. Today he is a mature artist on the march toward a clearly defined goal. What happened? Did some inner crisis accelerate his development? Did some particularly observant teacher, perceiving the drift in which his student's promise lay, clear away the debris that cluttered his path? Perhaps there is no secret about it. Lawrence Beall Smith, deliberately, determinedly set about to become an artist and listened to the best counsel that came his way. His career, brief as it is, shows that genius is all right in its place, but that other qualities are not to be despised.

In June, 1931, there became available to him a sum of money sufficient for art study abroad. He had been told of the effective teaching of a certain Munich painter. That painter was then teaching in California, but in Gloucester, Massachusetts, he was told, there was another teacher who exemplified capably the methods of the Munich master, and to Gloucester Smith went. It was to be a summer's experiment, at the least. He enrolled in the class of Ernest Thurn, a painter with a good modern reputation and a considerable following along the art-vacation coast of Massachusetts. In Gloucester Smith met his fate in more senses than one. There was that vivid and vivacious young woman art student from New Jersey, Harriette Winn Revere, now Mrs. Smith, and there was Charles Hopkinson. Hopkinson was a painter of the old school, who executed large

and stately portraits of successful and important people for the drawing rooms of the still extant Boston mansions and for the halls and lounges of clubs of such public institutions as Harvard University. He conducted a class at the Boston School of Fine Arts, to which he invited Smith that fall (1931) as a scholarship student.

For almost seven years Smith was connected with this school, surviving changes in ownership, in scope and in name, his responsibilities increasing with the years until he had complete charge of the beginners' class. He was in the curious position of being a teacher of art at the same time that he was a student. Beginning as monitor under Hopkinson he gradually took over control of the class, his earliest remuneration being the use of a private studio in the building. Not until June, 1938, did Smith relinquish his post in the school to devote himself exclusively to painting.

Hopkinson was all right, but Harold Zimmerman was Smith's man. Hopkinson taught dependence upon the model, Zimmerman taught freedom from it. Without Zimmerman Smith might never have taken those early steps toward becoming a painter of people and children in parks and streets. Had Zimmerman come along several years later in Smith's development, after he had already hardened into the static portrait painter he threatened to become, his teaching might have been in vain. Fortunately, he came early enough. In the fall of 1932, after Smith had had another session with Thurn at Gloucester, Hopkinson bought a ticket for Egypt and turned over his Boston class to Zimmerman. The first time Zimmerman appeared he did not put a model on the stand but asked the students to draw—out of their heads—something in which they were interested.

"For half an hour I sat like a bump on a log trying to think of what I was interested in." Then, in desperation, just to have something to show, he drew a pair of prizefighters. Smith swears it was a botch. That session taught him how little he knew, how much he had to learn. Thereafter he concentrated on the human figure, clothed, in action and in relation to other figures and against the backgrounds to which they are integral. Zimmerman opened up to Smith the possibilities of a world to conquer. He made the younger man realize the need of going beyond the posed model toward the feel of life itself, and Smith has never ceased to feel an abiding sense of gratitude toward the older man. "Was it," I asked, "because he sensed the possibilities in you?" The answer was that there was no art student in whom Zimmerman did not sense possibilities, none in whose work he did not see the spark. In 1932 Zimmerman gave to Smith, and

possibly to others, that same sense of release which, a generation before, such painter-teachers as Henri, Bellows, Luks and Sloan had given to larger groups of art students. As a result of his own success in playing with the life of the street, Smith has come to the conclusion that there is too much dependence on the nude model in art school, in view of the fact that most artists see most people clothed and paint them clothed; artists should study the nude only for reference after they have learned to suggest the form and motion of the attired body. Smith has yet to paint his first nude. There is not one among his published lithographs, or in any canvas sent to his gallery. There is no reason for believing that this represents a moral preference.

Shortly after Zimmerman opened up the world for Smith, a friend in Chicago sent him an announcement of an international contest for a set of illustrations for an edition of *Madame Bovary* to be published by the Limited Editions Club. He stopped all painting and for six months made a set of creditable illustrations which gave him a great sense of satisfaction—they *are* excellent—but did not win the prize. He does not regret the experiment and he has learned since the pleasure of working against a deadline. He likes to paint a picture because someone wants it at a definite time, which is one reason he has so small a reserve supply of easel pictures for exhibition purposes.

There are other reasons. Born in Washington and educated in Chicago though he may have been, he belongs to Boston by virtue of a conscience that may easily be called Puritan. That is, he is hard on his own work. Except for several portrait commissions and several pictures done in 1934 while on a non-relief government painting project, all his canvases completed up to 1936 and several beyond that date are in the class of experiments, not to be shown even in the privacy of his studio. This doesn't mean that he has cleared all the hurdles yet, but around 1937 he began sensing a click in his work which he had not felt before. There was a decided jump in professional competence, in the ability to tie his work together and create fresher color. The values were clearer, there was an end to chalkiness. If the paintings don't sing, they certainly hum.

There is no statement of propaganda, no shrill insistence or urgency. There is in his canvases mainly the record of one observer's pleasant wanderings through street and park, put down in clean, fresh, unmuddy colors through forms which suggest the shorthand of caricature, but which contain also enough localizing detail to prove that observation, as well as a degree of stylization, went into each picture. #

... Went Up the Hill

Continued from page 51

had already been told to look out for him.

No, far better to go right over the top down into Switzerland where those people's power ended, and from where one could fight back. There must be millions in Germany whom one could yet rally, with whom one could still continue to fight!

Wearily now, the man pushed on.

Amazing how those fellows had let him escape. Maybe they had wanted him to escape, there could be no other explanation for it. One doesn't just arrest a person, shove him into a police car with some bulky guards spiked with guns, only to have the car stop where the forest comes closest to the road, only to leave him alone while the guards go off to see if they can get a bite at the Gasthaus. What had they expected him to do, sit there and wait till they came back?

For a moment he had thought that this was a trick, that they might be hiding somewhere, waiting for the moment when he would make his dash for freedom, to shoot him in the back and to report that he was "shot while trying to escape." For seconds only that thought had restrained him, and then he had ducked out of the car, crept into the woods and started to run, and they didn't seem to have troubled to follow him at all.

Maybe, for all their grim silence and all the dirty looks they had given him, those black-shirts had actually wanted him to escape. Funny the way that Lieutenant had looked at him when he got out of the car. "He can't escape—there's no running away for him," he had said. Stupid ass! He had shown him that he could get away. He had shown him that he could take advantage of an opportunity. That Lieutenant would be kicking himself now. Can't run away! What did he think he was—crippled?

Now he was free again. Free to struggle up the mountain. Free to reach the top of that hill. Free—with a chance to go on fighting.

If only that mountain top would get a bit nearer. It seemed just as far away now as it did half an hour ago, and fatigue was slowly creeping upwards from the knees.

Now the sun had gone down it was bitterly cold. The brown tunic didn't keep out the biting wind, and the heavy black boots made walking doubly uncomfortable.

As the man climbed upwards the wind whipped hard snow crystals into his face, nearly blinding him and giving him a frightening sense of giddiness. It was getting hard to see where one was going. Dusk was turning into darkness, and the wind was increasing every second.

That couldn't be the end, freezing to death on a deserted mountain top. That couldn't be what the stars had destined him to be-

come, a stiff, frozen body clinging to the rocks, battered by the winds.

He stumbled and fell.

Pulling himself up again, he screamed into the wind: "Forward! Forward!" That was the cry with which he had roused them so often, the cry that held all the promise in the world, the cry that had made men and women willing to face death. "Forward! Forward!"

Queer, how the wind tore the sound from your mouth and pulled it away into space, pulverized it, and made all your screaming sound so senseless. Maybe Time had those same qualities, that same pulverizing effect, the same power of reducing the emotions to the basic facts of common sense.

With every step it was getting harder to fight the gale that now was blowing across the mountain top. Leaning against the wind with all his strength, pushing his head forward into the blizzard of cutting icicles, the man blindly struggled upwards.

Over the top lay new life. Over the top, a few hundred yards away, lay the chance to begin anew, to fight to victory again, to a definite victory which would stand for all time.

But the man knew that his strength was waning. If he didn't reach the crest soon, he would have to give up.

"Forward! Forward!" he screamed hysterically, straining his ears to catch the sound of his own voice, but there was nothing but the wailing of the wind.

The man pitched forward as the pressure of the wind suddenly relaxed, and getting up he found himself standing in front of the observatory. Light was coming through the upstairs window, and the huge dome loomed large against the black sky.

Standing in the shadow of the wind, he was able to catch his breath, and with breath returned the coherence of thought.

He could not face the prospect of struggling on over the crest of the hill. He knew he could not drag his tired body through the gale for more than a hundred yards. He would have to risk discovery and ask for help at the observatory.

It was as much as he could do to push his body forward to the door which yielded to his pressure. He stumbled into the warmth of the house.

He didn't know how long he lay feeling the blood tingling in his veins and the warmth slowly creeping into his body, relaxing his tense nerves.

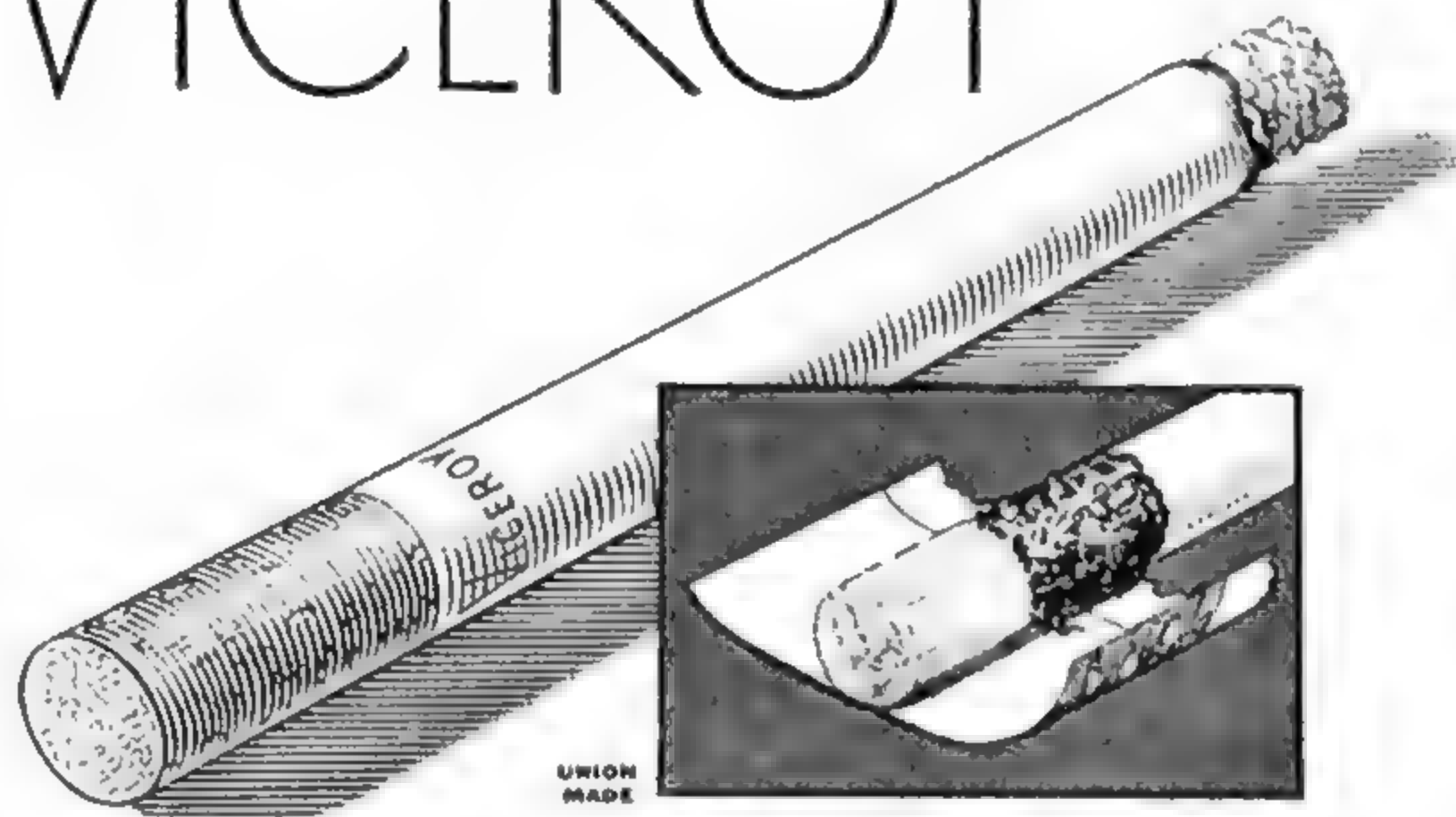
"Shut that door, will you?" a voice came from above. "Who in blazes left that door open?"

And then footsteps came pounding down the stairs. Helping hands groped at his armpits and hot, rum-laden tea trickled down his throat, made him sit up with a

Continued on page 158

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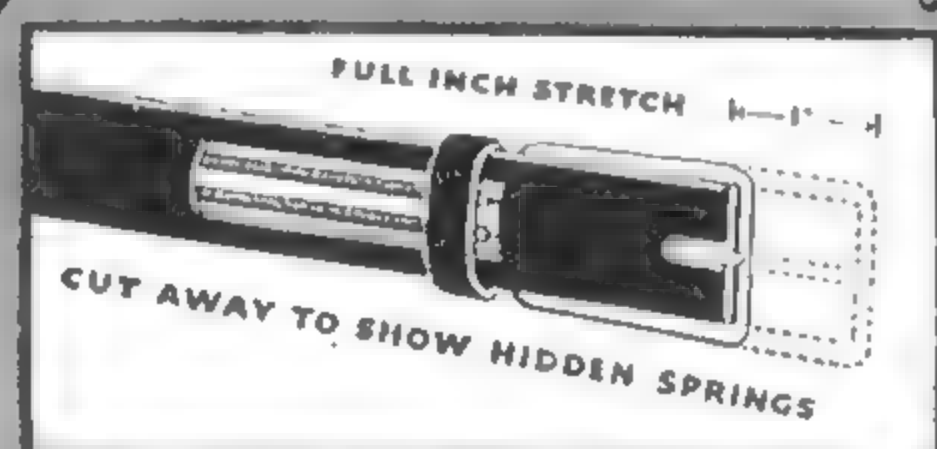
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... Went Up the Hill

Continued from pages 51-157

start, made him spit and splutter in disgust.

"What are you trying to do, poison me?" he screamed in a pitched voice, and frantically struggled to his feet.

"Steady, man, steady. No one's poisoning you. You're all right. Just lie down and rest. Take those boots off. Come on, let me help you."

"No, no! I've got to go on! Forward! Upward! Over the top!"

"Not tonight—not with that gale blowing. You can wait here till morning. I'll make you another cup of tea, without any rum this time." A slightly ironical smile danced on the man's lips. "China tea, the drink of the gods. They bring it up here from Switzerland. And then you just lie down and relax. Before mid-day tomorrow you'll be across the border in the land of freedom and chocolate. No one will come chasing after you on a night like this. Come on, let's take off those boots and relax."

With the boots off his swollen feet, the man lay on the bench which ran around the warm kitchen stove.

"You just get some sleep and you'll feel much better. I'll see you later, I've got to go upstairs."

And the man remained alone.

When he awoke, the house was filled with the boom of an excited voice barking short, staccato sentences.

The man sat bolt upright. So they had come after all! He listened intently but couldn't catch a word of what the voice was saying. It came from the floor above, and anyone who had walked into the house must have seen him lying there on the bench, drugged by that filthy alcohol which that fellow had poured down his throat.

But he was still free. There were no ropes around his arms or his legs, and it suddenly dawned upon him that it was only the radio that was going upstairs.

Slowly he rose to his naked feet, gulped down some of the tea that stood at his elbow, and noiselessly walked up the stairs.

The meteorologist was sitting in a large armchair, his back turned to the door, listening to the voice that emerged from the small brown box on the table.

"...who was reported killed by the angry crowd which invaded the Propaganda Ministry this evening has just been reported safe in the hands of the police who have taken him into protective custody.

"Rioting is reported from Berlin, Munich, Breslau, Leipzig, Vienna and the Rhineland.

"Communications with Hamburg, Bremen, Wilhelmshaven, have been cut and their radio stations have gone dead. It is feared that those unprotected ports are being shelled by the British fleet which was reported steaming past Heligoland at eight o'clock last night in battle formation.

"Reports from Prague speak of a terrible blood bath among German civilians and troops in the Czech protectorate and the Sudeten-Gau. Reports reaching here state that all German garrisons have been practically wiped out and that an independent Czech government has been established at Prague.

"The disappearance of Adolf Hitler still remains a mystery. The erstwhile Führer and his escort have disappeared into thin air. No trace of either the prisoner or his guards has as yet been found.

"Gestapo Chief Heinrich Himmler was set upon by the mob as he left the Brown House in Munich, and has since disappeared. He is believed dead.

"The fate of the occupation armies in Norway, Poland, Roumania, Hungary, Bulgaria, Italy, and northern France are as yet unknown.

"No reports concerning our civil and military forces in the Ukraine, Ostland and the delivered provinces of Russia are as yet available.

"In a few minutes the Reichs-sender Königswusterhausen will bring you a spokesman of the provisional government which has been set up in Berlin. In the meantime we bring you recorded music."

When the first bars of a Viennese waltz came floating out of the instrument and hung sweetly in the thin mountain air, the man at the radio raised his head from his hands, pushed his chair back, and stood up.

The fugitive stepped forward into the room.

"Oh, here you are. Feeling better?"

"A bit, thank you. What did they say?"

"Well, at least they have begun eating each other up it seems. The Himmler-Ribbentrop crowd tried to take advantage of the existing unrest and dissatisfaction amongst the people and staged a coup d'état against Goering and the army lot. First of all Hitler was arrested, but before they got anywhere, riots broke out all over Germany, and now the country is rising against the Nazis of every shade and color. There seems to be complete chaos everywhere.

"Amazing that it should have come! We all knew it would, but somehow none of us believed we'd live to see it. And now it has come."

The fugitive limply dropped into a chair and buried his head in his arms which spread out over the table.

"Achtung! Achtung! Reichs-sender Königswusterhausen calling. We now bring you Herr Muller who will address you in the name of the provisional Reichs government."

"German men and women! The nightmare is over! The Brown Battalions have been

swept off the streets which they have dominated so long, and the power of Germany's leader to misfortune has been broken. Coward that he is, that man himself has fled the country, but most of his accomplices are safely behind lock and key.

"Peoples of Germany! The nightmare of National Socialism is over, but the nightmare of Anarchy still hangs over you. At this critical moment in Germany's history, rioting is taking place all over the country. We call upon you to remain calm and to keep order so as to enable us to face what the future has in store with the assurance that we have the German peoples behind us.

"The British fleet at this moment is landing troops at our North Sea ports, and we, your provisional government, have issued orders not to offer any resistance. We have accepted a British peace offer on a basis of equal rights, and any rioting or disorder will, no doubt, be taken as an excuse for refusing to accept our consent.

"On the left bank of the Rhine, Herman Goering is, to all appearances, trying to gather sufficient troops to enable him to invade the Reich and to establish a military dictatorship. We shall, with the help of the German peoples, ward off that attempt.

"Germans—we call upon you to remain calm. We beg you to keep order and we promise you that the crimes of the last ten years will all be punished by law, but we beg you not to let the understandable personal desire for revenge get the better of you.

"Hitler's mad dream of Nazidom's right to dominate the whole of Europe is ended. With the dawn of tomorrow a new age of European collaboration, based upon individual man's equal rights, will begin.

"The misery which one madman has brought upon the German people first, and upon all the rest of the civilized world in consequence, cannot and will not be blamed upon the German people. Only a small minority of you is guilty of the terrible crimes which have drowned the Old World in a sea of blood. We implore you not to make yourself guilty of baptizing the new age with blood too.

"Stand by, keep calm, and all will be well."

With a groan, the man lifted his head from the table, and his bloodshot eyes stared into the distance for a second before he jumped up and screamed, flaying his arms, "Fools! Idiots! They're throwing away everything! This is 1918 all over again. Fourteen years of humiliation and dishonor..."

"Oh stop!" the other said. "I know that stuff! But this isn't 1918 all over again! It's much worse! In 1918 the German people had some ideals to fall back upon. Today they have nothing. Ten years of Naziism have robbed

them of every faith except the belief in brute force, in the superiority of the armed man over the unarmed. Those ten years of Nazidom have robbed the German people of all the ideals it ever had, and there is nothing—absolutely nothing—left today for the German people to fall back upon.

"Everybody who wasn't completely mad knew all along that sooner or later National Socialism was bound to collapse, and knew that nothing else could take its place in Germany but utter and complete chaos, and that chaos is here now.

"In time, something new may be born. But before that happens the German peoples will have to catch up with all that suffering which National Socialism itself has imposed upon all mankind. Before anything new can be born German towns will have to go up in smoke like London and Coventry; German people will have to be sold into slavery like the Poles; German men and women will have to die writhing in the streets as they did in Roumania; hundreds of German families will have to be wiped out by hunger as they were in Spain; and millions of Germans will have to grovel in the depths of humility and despair, before Germany has caught up with all the misery of the rest of Europe. Only then can anything new be born.

"Those feeble cries, those appeals to the reason of the unreasonable mass, which that man at Berlin just whined into the radio won't prevent the German peoples from paying the price for National Socialism.

"Millions of Germans will die, and other millions will live, with one and the same curse on their lips. That curse will become the German national prayer. That curse will ring in the ears of every man, woman and child from dawn to dusk. That curse will follow the German people into the nightmares of their sleep. They will die and they will carry the burden of life with that curse on their breath. Curse Adolf Hitler!"

He strolled over to the window and looked out. "Look! The sun's coming up. It's still pitch dark down in the valleys, but up here we already have the sun. Look at that dawn! That's the way she comes up every day, year in and year out, and for ten years now I've watched her making her daily round. Through ten years of that earthly nightmare she serenely prescribed her unchangeable course.

"I think I understand what it is that turns men into beasts, that makes them cowards and brutes. I have learnt to look upon everything man does as natural—his cruelty, his greed, his faithlessness, and his cowardice. The one thing I do not understand is why the sun goes on shining in spite of it all."

"I think I shall go now," the

Continued at top of page 160

HOW TO TELL A GENTLEMAN...



Jaro Fabry

1. He never overlooks the lady on his left
2. He always blends his Scotch with 7-up*

* If you haven't tried blending Scotch with 7-UP, you're really missing something. For 7-UP has a delicate body and flavor that blends perfectly with the Scotch...

...makes a highball with wonderfully distinctive tang and zest. Next time you're Scotch-highball-minded, serve... or order... Scotch and 7-UP.



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different flavor leaves your
mouth sweet, clean, fresh.

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... Went Up the Hill

Continued from pages 51-157-159

fugitive said, getting up unsteadily. "Thanks for the rest."

"Do you really think you should? You might turn back now. A new sun rose today."

"No, no. I must go."

"Well, if you're sure of it..."

And slowly he led the fugitive to the front door. "This path leads straight into Switzerland. Thousands have trod it before you, their bodies broken, their hearts raw and aching, full of bitterness, of hatred. But they all hated because they had been robbed of what they had loved. They all walked this path knowing that injustice wouldn't last forever, that they had done nothing to deserve their fate. Not one walked without hope in his heart and without gratefulness to Destiny for a clear conscience. I know the misery that lies beyond, and so did they. But they cheerfully walked towards it, knowing that they were walking into a world which spoke their language. Not one of them was running away. They went driven, with aching hearts, and from here they looked back for the last time.

"If you must go, go—but don't turn around to look back at that

land which you leave behind you with its curse hanging over it. Go now, but don't imagine that you can run away from anything by walking across mountains. No man can run away from his past.

"I thank God that He led you up here, the last of the refugees whom I can save. It's your life I want to save most of all."

"Mine?"

"Yes, yours. I don't know what made you do it—but when you've walked over the crest of this hill, you'll be gone and forgotten. I thank God they didn't make you die down there."

His head bent, the man walked away into the shadows of the valley. The other turned and stepped back into the house.

Lifting the telephone receiver he spoke: "Schulte speaking. Please report to the police that I watched a man walking across the hills here in the early dawn—general direction Switzerland. I am pretty positive that I recognized Adolf Hitler.

"Lowest temperature during the night—minus 15. Highest—minus 2. Strong northeasterly wind. Slight snowfall. Three-quarters cloudy. Goodbye." ##

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If every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

*C*hristmas

*S*pirits

—without
the
hangover!

The best way to avoid hangovers, as a Yogi once yodeled in his shower, is to *stay* stewed, imbued, fou'd.

Similarly, though some sober soul is bound to point out that the way to avoid a post-Holiday let-down is to have no Holiday at all, we like to think that ours is the perfect hail-fellow solution. Here it is:

*we're going to have
Christmas all
year 'round!*

The December and January Esquires—turn out to be mere samples of the festive fiestas to come. *Witness* the 50% increase in color inserts in this very issue... the beautiful beginnings of four new series of lush illustrations, ranging from photo-dreams of painters' models to virile sportsworld art. *Watch* for more and more hilarious cartoons... more big seasonal issues... more Smileage packed into every word and every picture.

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THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN
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Rotate the Center-Jump

Continued from page 56

player who was used only for the tap out of the game. In this prediction they were badly mistaken. Instead, there has been a progressive increase in the altitude of the stratospheric players. As a matter of fact, the tall players did not win any games at the tip-off circle. They were and are more potent under both the defensive and offensive baskets where their height stands them in good stead for ball dunking and ball recovery.

These tall players are still winning their games under the basket.

The curse of extremely tall players playing under the basket against short and average height players could be easily remedied by raising the college basket to a height of twelve feet. Then the tall players could not dunk them in and the little fellow as well as the tall one could deftly arch his shot higher. A goal shooter accommodates his eyes to height as readily as he does to varying horizontal distances. But this higher basket is another story.

Running, jumping, and leaping are some of the fundamental activities of man. These are also the fundamental activities of basketball.

By re-establishing the fundamental activity of jumping to basketball and by equalizing this center-jumping privilege among all players through an ordered rotation, it is my honest conviction that we would restore to both the game and to the players much of the enrichment that the game has lost.

We now have thirty per cent as much jumping from held balls between odd-sized opponents as we had during the days of the center-jump. Under the old rules, opposing coaches always placed their best jumpers at center. The centers of course did all the jumping.

Years ago when I was still a player, specialists on each team threw the free throws for their respective teams. At present, the player fouled throws them. This is the newer method of distributing skills.

Doubtless the center-jump did entail too much strain upon the two jumping centers. The rotation of the center-jump after each goal would entirely eliminate this problem. Too, these pauses in the game would afford breathing spells for both the spectators and players. The administration of the rotation of the center-jump should be as efficient as is the enforcement of the batting order in baseball.

Before the game would begin, the respective coaches would give to the scorekeeper the order in which their players were to jump—just as the batting order is handled in baseball. Substitutes coming in would follow the jumping order of their predecessors. Naturally, many people will ques-

tion the successful administration of such a rule.

Similar objections were made of many suggested changes which are today integral parts of the present rules. The coach will drill his charges on these rule changes as he also does on all necessary fundamentals of the game. With the co-operation of the referee, the scorekeeper and the coaches, this suggested rotation of jumpers should be as easily administered as have been other rule changes in the past.

"Leave the rules alone," cry some of the coaches. Baseball would still be "One Old Cat" if intelligent rule makers, through numerous wise revisions, had not developed it into its present magnificent game. Baseball is 100 years old. Basketball is but one-half of that. Whether or not basketball as a sport lives to see the century mark depends largely upon intelligent rules revisions which will at every turn protect the permanent well-being of its participants.

Many of the outstanding college coaches of the nation opposed the elimination of the center-jump. Now after four years we find them still wanting the center-jump returned to the game. Lou Andreas, Varsity Basketball Coach of Syracuse University, decries the horse race effects of the present game by saying, "It is like watching a table tennis match. The ball is always going back and forth with no stops. It puts a severe strain on the youngsters."

Lon Jourdet, Varsity Basketball Coach at the University of Pennsylvania, believes that basketball is taking too great a toll. "Basketball rule makers must return the center-jump to the game before secondary school authorities legislate against the sport," he says. "College boys, too, are finding the going a lot rougher than it was a few years back when the center tip-off was the vogue."

George Keogan, Varsity Basketball Coach of Notre Dame, has been a bitter critic of the elimination of the center-jump. He says, "The theory that even a great center could dominate the game was never anything but nonsense."

Henry "Hank" Iba, the brilliant young mentor of Oklahoma A. and M. College at Stillwater, Oklahoma; Dave McMillan, Coach of the Minnesota Gophers; and a host of other outstanding coaches of the nation have consistently pled for the return of the center-jump.

In the words of H. V. Porter, Secretary of the National Federation of State High School Athletic Associations, "Basketball is not static. It is capable of continued growth and improvement."

On this premise I offer my solution for a return to the sanity of the game by restoring the center-jump and rotating every man on the team to jump center. #

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Naval Hit and Run Power

Continued from page 95

the night.

"In total darkness at 5:30 A. M. the *PT-11* ran hard aground on a coral reef and radioed that she was filling rapidly . . . squadron running in "V" formation at the time with the flagship *PT-17* at the apex and the *PT-11* the first boat on the starboard beam and about 100 yards aft . . .

"On receipt of the distress signal the Commander ordered all boats instantly to sea. He feared the presence of an extensive reef upon which the balance of the squadron might dash itself.

"The Commander had stopped the *PT-17* and put all reverse gears in neutral while he considered the situation. Suddenly, out of the pitch darkness, came the high bow of a mosquito coming directly down upon us. Before all boat engine clutches could be engaged, the Commander was forced to give full throttle or suffer a fatal collision. The *PT-17* lurched forward under the power of two engines while the port motor raced wild under the freedom of a disengaged clutch . . . Only the quick judgment of the Commander and the powerful engines saved us a bow-on collision . . .

"*PT-15* and *17* spent most of the day trying to pull *PT-11* off reef. No success. On March 12, removed gear and dumped 2,500 gallons of gasoline.

"At daylight on the morning of March 13, decided to try and remove torpedoes and lighten ship. Torpedoes were loaded with several hundred pounds of TNT and had to be dropped in water approximately two feet deep. The torpedoes were snubbed in rope slings and lowered to within eight inches of knife-edge coral. Operation completed at 11:30. With heavier lines brought from mother ship *Niagara*, the *PT-12* and *14* broke the reefed *11* loose from the coral and dragged her full speed to the side of the *Niagara*. Here . . . the *PT-11* was made fast before she could sink.

" . . . later developed we were fortunate that the *PT-11* had rammed this small reef around which other boats passed safely. Three miles farther, on the same course, lurked Sambo Reef, large enough to accommodate all boats in the squadron."

The Southern cruise of Torpedo Boat Squadron Two brought conclusive proof that the mosquitoes were capable of blue water navigation in ugly weather. With motors and hulls equal to speeds in excess of sixty miles an hour and a cruising radius of several thousand miles, the mosquito boats have graduated from the "suicide" class to formidable deep-sea weapons capable of standing to a long chase and a closing fight.

A few years ago the great sea-going aircraft carriers that launch and receive fighting planes on their broad flight decks would have been considered impractical. Today, such vessels as the *Sara-*

toga and *Lexington* service and base both planes and personnel, and in general provide all of the facilities of a land-based aerial fighting unit.

Out of developing experience with deep-sea surface torpedo boats, it is now possible to visualize the construction of a sea-going carrier, or "mother ship" to provide facilities for basing, launching, docking and servicing, in the manner of the aircraft carrier.

One not impractical scheme would see the basing of torpedo boat squadrons inside a mother ship whose facilities would include everything necessary to the extended operations of such a fleet. The sea-borne mosquito swarms would be launched directly from the mother ship by means of propulsion ways fitted into an escape hatch in the stern of the carrier.

The torpedo boats would be nested in storage racks on the hangar deck ready for active service at all times. An action alarm would bring officers and crews scurrying to the storage deck and aboard their respective torpedo boats. With engines warming up, the torpedo boats would be lifted from their nests and brought by an overhead conveyor back to the launching mechanism at the stern exit port. This port would be hydraulically operated and located several feet above water line. When the torpedo boats were lowered from the overhead track to the launching ways, crews would be in place with engines idling.

In launching, the port would be opened and hydraulic jacks would elevate the after end of the launching trough to a suitable angle for release of the boat. At the same time, a telescoping extension of the ways would be run out and downward almost to the water line. On a signal from the launching crew, the torpedo boat would be kicked loose from her holding chocks and catapulted down the ways by compressed air pressure.

Striking the water at a gentle angle, the mosquito boat would immediately engage its engines and proceed to its objective while another craft was being brought to launching position.

Their assignment completed, the torpedo squadrons would return to the carrier ship and take turns being hoisted aboard by powerful lifting gear. They would be lowered directly to the storage deck through a hatch on the top deck. Such carrier-based torpedo squadrons would operate in conjunction with a scouting plane, housed and catapulted from the top deck. This "spotter" plane would serve as the eyes of the mosquito fleet, keeping contact by radio and working as an advance scout in locating submarines and surface craft of the enemy.

Operating with the fleet battle force, the torpedo boat carrier might have multiple uses. With extreme speed and maneuverabil-

ity, its mosquito boats would be ideal for laying advance smoke screens. Having accomplished their screening mission, they could contact and harry the enemy with deadly torpedo fire.

Fighting submarines, the mosquito boat has the edge of immunity to mines or under-water explosions fatal to displacement vessels with non-planing hulls.

Particularly effective in submarine attack, these craft would be capable of moving over a submarine location and planting depth charges in half the time required by a destroyer to alter course and come about. Each such boat in a torpedo unit would be co-ordinated from the pilot house or conning station to permit instantaneous remote control of torpedoes, depth charges, smoke-screening equipment, and anti-aircraft guns. Contact with spotter ships and units of the battle force could be maintained by radio-telephone, each squadron having several frequencies.

Deep-sea torpedo boats of the United States and British Navies may be found useful and economical as an adjunct to, or in partial replacement of more costly and precious destroyers and light cruisers in merchant convoy duty. Their armament of torpedoes and depth charges is equal in striking force to that of a destroyer, although their fire capacity is not as great. Faster than destroyers, they could move through a convoy at twice the speed and half the danger of collision. The high-speed torpedo boat can turn on a fair-sized barnacle, and offers a near-impossible target to attacking aircraft.

In order to conserve fuel for trans-Atlantic convoy service, entire torpedo boat squadrons might be towed by the merchant ships they protect. Spotted through the "staggered" convoy and towed on long cables, the small craft would use only enough power to maintain way. At the first danger signal from a scouting destroyer or plane, the mosquito boat would cast off her lines and proceed to the danger spot.

The use of such a squadron in each convoy would replace two or more costly destroyers or cruisers.

There is precedent for this plan in the very fact of operating aircraft carriers, parachute troops, sea-going tanks, 400-mile-an-hour planes and other miracles of this mechanized age that were impractical dreams of another century.

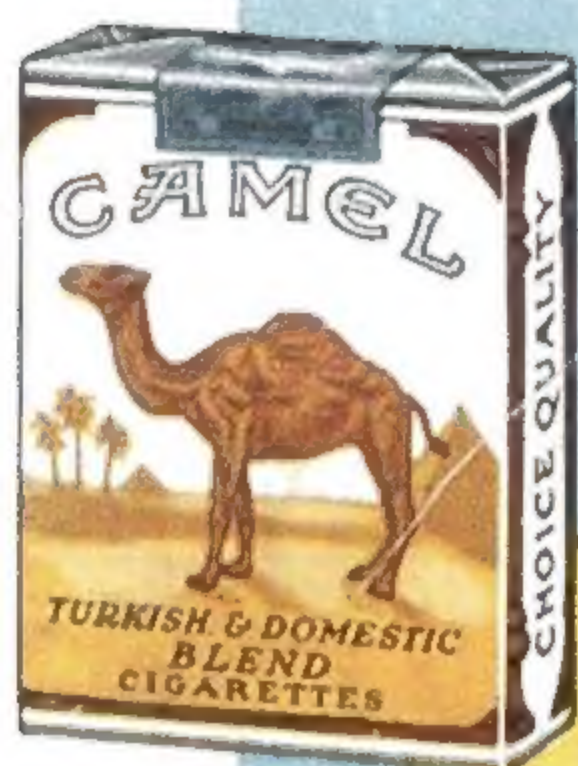
The mosquito boat cannot be visualized as a jack-of-all-trades, nor will it completely replace any existing surface fighting craft. While its operations are, at present, restricted to a small coastal sphere, naval men predict for it a future as brilliant on the high seas as the dive bomber in the air.

These mosquito babies of Uncle Sam's fleet will grow longer stingers as the world pace accelerates in the race for hit-and-run power. #

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